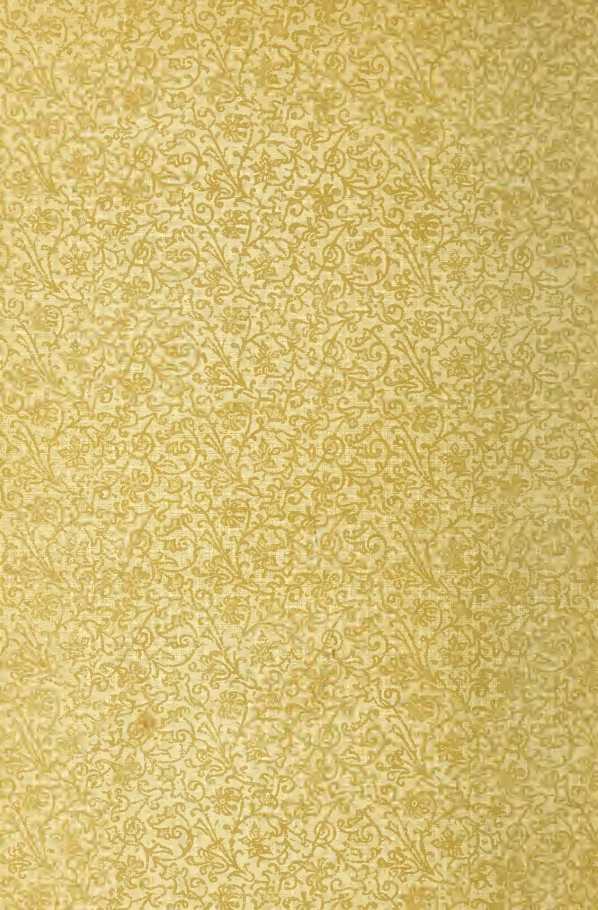


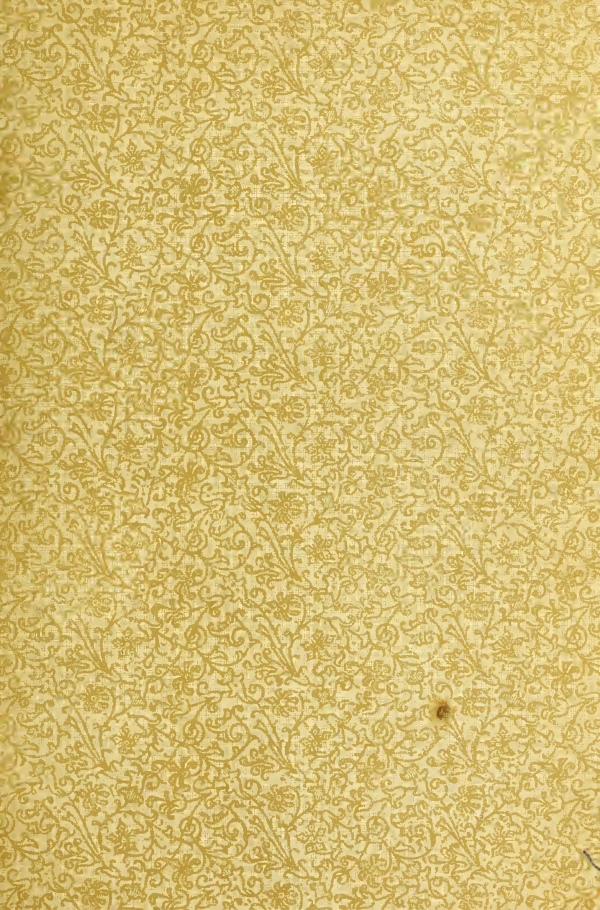



LONGFELLOW'S

CHRISTUS

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CHRISTUS:

A MYSTERY.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN THREE PARTS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



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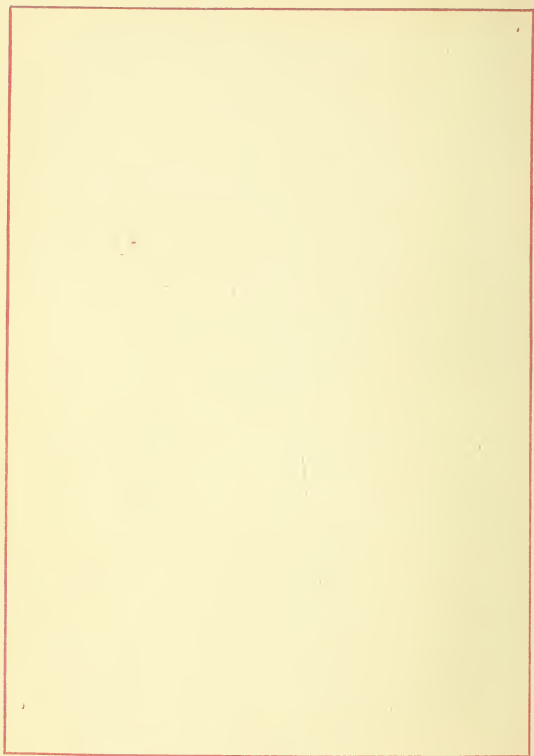
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INTROITUS.

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET
HABAKKUK through the air.*

Prophet. Why dost thou bear me
aloft,
O Angel of God, on thy pinions
O'er realms and dominions ?
Softly I float as a cloud
In air, for thy right hand upholds me,
Thy garment enfolds me !

Angel. Lo ! as I passed on my way
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,
When no man compelled thee,
Bearing with thine own hands
This food to the famishing reapers,
A flock without keepers !
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat
Made the air above them sweet ;
Sweeter and more divine
Was the scent of the scattered grain,
That the reaper's hand let fall
To be gathered again
By the hand of the gleaner !
Sweetest, divinest of all,
Was the humble deed of thine,
And the meekness of thy demeanor !

Prophet. Angel of Light,
I cannot gainsay thee,
I can but obey thee !

Angel. Beautiful was it in the Lord's
sight,
To behold his Prophet
Feeding those that toil,
The tillers of the soil.
But why should the reapers eat of it
And not the Prophet of Zion
In the den of the lion ?
The Prophet should feed the Prophet !
Therefore I thee have uplifted,
And bear thee aloft by the hair
Of thy head, like a cloud that is drifted
Through the vast unknown of the air !
Five days hath the Prophet been lying

In Babylon, in the den
Of the lions, death-defying,
Defying hunger and thirst ;
But the worst
Is the mockery of men !
Alas ! how full of fear
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer !
Forevermore, forevermore,
It shall be as it hath been heretofore ;
The age in which they live
Will not forgive
The splendor of the everlasting light,
That makes their foreheads bright,
Nor the sublime
Fore-running of their time !

Prophet. O tell me, for thou knowest,
Wherefore and by what grace,
Have I, who am least and lowest,
Been chosen to this place,
To this exalted part ?

Angel. Because thou art
The Struggler ; and from thy youth
Thy humble and patient life
Hath been a strife
And battle for the Truth ;
Nor hast thou paused nor halted,
Nor ever in thy pride
Turned from the poor aside,
But with deed and word and pen
Hast served thy fellow-men ;
Therefore art thou exalted !

Prophet. By thine arrow's light
Thou goest onward through the night,
And by the clear
Sheen of thy glittering spear !
When will our journey end ?

Angel. Lo, it is ended !
Yon silver gleam
Is the Euphrates stream.
Let us descend,
Into the city splendid,
Into the City of Gold !

Prophet. Behold !

As if the stars had fallen from their
places

Into the firmament below,
The streets, the gardens, and the va-
cant spaces

With light are all aglow ;
And hark !

As we draw near,
What sound is it I hear
Ascending through the dark ?

Angel. The tumultuous noise of the
nations,
Their rejoicings and lamentations,

The pleadings of their prayer,
The groans of their despair,
The cry of their imprecations,
Their wrath, their love, their hate !

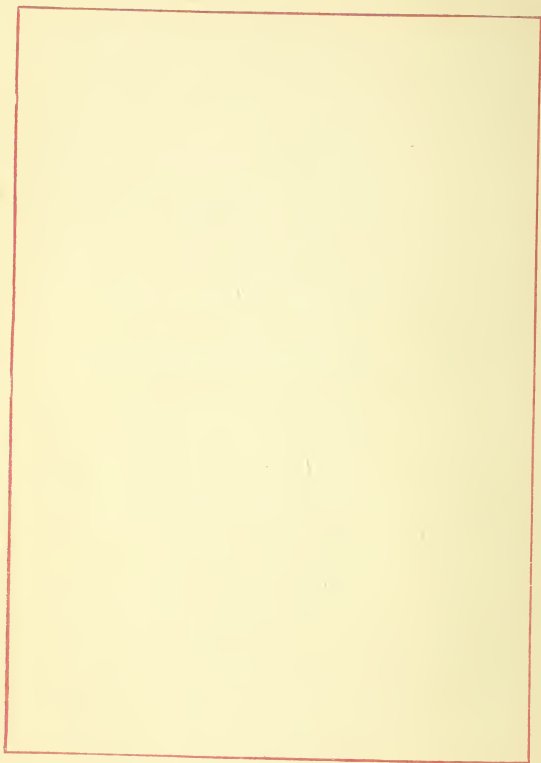
Prophet. Surely the world doth wait
The coming of its Redeemer !

Angel. Awake from thy sleep, O
dreamer !

The hour is near, though late ;
Awake ! write the vision sublime,
The vision, that is for a time,
Though it tarry, wait ; it is nigh ;
In the end it will speak and not lie.

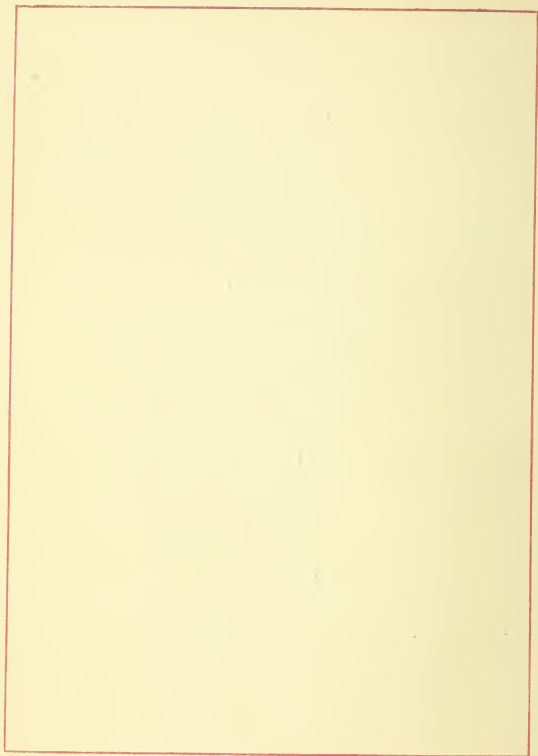
PART ONE.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.



THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.

THE FIRST PASSOVER.



THE FIRST PASSOVER.

I.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

John the Baptist. Repent ! repent !
repent !

For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall
be

As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent !

Repent ! repent ! repent !
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old,
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh !
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor his voice be heard in the street ;
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
Nor quench the smoking flax ;
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day,
And the wicked shall wail and weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent ! repent ! repent !

O Priest, and Pharisee,
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be ?
From the coming anguish and ire ?
The axe is laid at the root
Of the trees, and every tree
That bringeth not forth good fruit
Is hewn down and cast into the fire !

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither ?
In the hour that is uncertain,

In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as a cur-
tain

And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall
wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you away
as stubble !

Repent ! repent ! repent !

Priest. Who art thou, O man of
prayer !

In raiment of camel's hair,
Begirt with leathern thong,
That here in the wilderness,
With a cry as of one in distress,
Preachest unto this throng ?
Art thou the Christ ?

John. Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess
I am not the Christ !

Priest. What shall we say unto
them

That sent us here ? Reveal
Thy name, and naught conceal !
Art thou Elias ?

John. No !

Priest. Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter ?

John. Nay.

I am not he thou namest !

Priest. Who art thou, and what is
the word

That here thou proclaimest ?

John. I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone :
Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;

Architriclinus. How serene
His aspect is ! manly yet womanly.

Paranymphus. Most beautiful among
the sons of men !
Oft known to weep, but never known
to laugh.

Architriclinus. And tell me, she
with eyes of olive tint,
And skin as fair as wheat, and pale
brown hair,
The woman at his side ?

Paranymphus. His mother, Mary.

Architriclinus. And the tall figure
standing close behind them,
Clad all in white, with face and beard
like ashes,
As if he were Elias, the White Wit-
ness,
Come from his cave on Carmel to fore-
tell

The end of all things ?

Paranymphus. That is Manahem
The Essenian, he who dwells among
the palms
Near the Dead Sea.

Architriclinus. He who foretold
to Herod
He should one day be King ?

Paranymphus. The same.

Architriclinus. Then why
Doth he come here to sadden with his
presence
Our marriage feast, belonging to a
sect

Haters of women, and that taste not
wine ?

The Musicians. My undefiled is but
one,

The only one of her mother,
The choice of her that bare her ;
The daughters saw her and blessed
her ;

The queens and the concubines praised
her,

Saying : Lo ! who is this
That looketh forth as the morning ?

Manahem (aside). The Ruler of the
Feast is gazing at me,
As if he asked, why is that old man
here

Among the revellers ? And thou, the
Anointed !

Why art thou here ? I see as in a
vision

A figure clothed in purple, crowned
with thorns ;

I see a cross uplifted in the darkness,
And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo
Forever and forever through the world !

Architriclinus. Give us more wine.

These goblets are all empty.

Mary (to Christ). They have no
wine !

Christus. O woman, what have I
To do with thee ? Mine hour is not
yet come.

Mary (to the servants). Whatever
he shall say to you, that do.

Christus. Fill up these pots with
water.

The Musicians. Come, my beloved,
Let us go forth into the field,
Let us lodge in the villages ;
Let us get up early to the vineyards,
Let us see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth.

Christus. Draw out now,
And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.

Manahem (aside). O thou, brought
up among the Essenians,
Nurtured in abstinence, taste not the
wine !

It is the poison of dragons from the
vineyards

Of Sodom, and the taste of death is in it.

Architriclinus (to the Bridegroom).
All men set forth good wine at
the beginning,

And when men have well drunk, that
which is worse ;

But thou hast kept the good wine until
now.

Manahem (aside). The things that
have been and shall be no more,
The things that are, and that hereafter
shall be,

The things that might have been, and
yet were not,

The fading twilight of great joys de-
parted,

The daybreak of great truths as yet un-
risen,

The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come, is
not the same,

But only like its forecast in men's
dreams,

The longing, the delay, and the delight,
Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope,
love, death,
And disappointment which is also death,
All these make up the sum of human
life;

A dream within a dream, a wind at
night

Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost, it cannot
find.

Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name
Men call it, matters not; what is to be
Hath been fore-written in the thought
divine

From the beginning. None can hide
from it,

But it will find him out; nor run from
it,

But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord hath
said it.

*The Bridegroom (to the Bride, on
the balcony).* When Abraham
went with Sarah into Egypt,

The land was all illumined with her
beauty;

But thou dost make the very night it-
self

Brighter than day! Behold, in glad
procession,

Crowding the threshold of the sky
above us,

The stars come forth to meet thee with
their lamps;

And the soft winds, the ambassadors
of flowers,

From neighboring gardens and from
fields unseen,

Come laden with odors unto thee, my
Queen!

The Musicians. Awake, O north-
wind,

And come, thou wind of the South,
Blow, blow upon my garden,

That the spices thereof may flow out.

IV.

IN THE CORNFIELDS.

Philip. Onward through leagues of
sun-illumined corn,
As if through parted seas, the pathway
runs,

And crowned with sunshine as the
Prince of Peace

Walks the beloved Master, leading us,
As Moses led our fathers in old times
Out of the land of bondage! We have
found

Him of whom Moses and the Prophets
wrote,

Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph.
Nathanael. Can any good come out
of Nazareth?

Can this be the Messiah?

Philip. Come and see.

Nathanael. The summer sun grows
hot; I am anhungered.

How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking
quail

Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his
Feast

Of Wheat Sheaves! How the bearded,
ripening ears

Toss in the roofless temple of the air;
As if the unseen hand of some High-
Priest

Waved them before Mount Tabor as
an altar!

It were no harm, if we should pluck and
eat.

Philip. How wonderful it is to walk
abroad

With the Good Master! Since the
miracle

He wrought at Cana, at the marriage
feast,

His fame hath gone abroad through
all the land,

And when we come to Nazareth, thou
shalt see

How his own people will receive their
Prophet,

And hail him as Messiah! See, he
turns

And looks at thee.

Christus. Behold an Israelite

In whom there is no guile.

Nathanael. Whence

knowest thou me?

Christus. Before that Philip called
thee, when thou wast

Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

Nathanael. Rabbi!

Thou art the Son of God, thou art the
King
Of Israel!

Christus. Because I said I saw thee
Under the fig-tree, before Philip called
thee,

Believest thou? Thou shalt see great-
er things.

Hereafter thou shalt see the heavens
unclosed,
And angels of God ascending and
descending

Upon the Son of Man!

Pharisees (passing). Hail, Rabbi!
Christus. Hail!

Pharisees. Behold how thy disciples
do a thing

Which is not lawful on the Sabbath-
day,

And thou forbiddest them not!

Christus. Have ye not read
What David did when he anhungered
was,

And all they that were with him?
How he entered

Into the house of God, and ate the
shewbread,

Which was not lawful saving for the
priests?

Have ye not read, how on the Sabbath-
days

The priests profane the Sabbath in the
Temple,

And yet are blameless? But I say to you,
One in this place is greater than the
Temple!

And had ye known the meaning of the
words,

I will have mercy and not sacrifice,
The guiltless ye would not condemn.

The Sabbath
Was made for man, and not man for
the Sabbath.

(Passes on with the disciples.)

Pharisees. This is, alas! some poor
demoniac

Wandering about the fields, and utter-
ing

His unintelligible blasphemies
Among the common people, who re-
ceive

As prophecies the words they compre-
hend not!

Deluded folk! The incomprehensible
Alone excites their wonder. There is
none

So visionary, or so void of sense,
But he will find a crowd to follow him!

V.

NAZARETH.

*Christus (reading in the Syna-
gogue).* The Spirit of the Lord
God is upon me.

He hath anointed me to preach good
tidings

Unto the poor; to heal the broken-
hearted;

To comfort those that mourn, and to
throw open

The prison doors of captives, and pro-
claim

The Year Acceptable of the Lord, our
God!

(He closes the book and sits down.)

A Pharisee. Who is this youth? He
hath taken the Teacher's seat!
Will he instruct the Elders?

A Priest. Fifty years
Have I been Priest here in the Syna-
gogue,

And never have I seen so young a man
Sit in the Teacher's seat!

Christus. Behold, to-day
This scripture is fulfilled. One is ap-
pointed

And hath been sent to them that
mourn in Zion,

To give them beauty for ashes, and the
oil

Of joy for mourning! They shall
build again

The old waste-places; and again raise
up

The former desolations, and repair
The cities that are wasted! As a

bridegroom
Decketh himself with ornaments, as a

bride
Adorneth herself with jewels, so the

Lord
Hath clothed me with the robe of
righteousness.

A Priest. He speaks the Prophet's
words; but with an air

As if himself had been foreshadowed
in them!

Christus. For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace,
 And for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest
 Until its righteousness be as a brightness,
 And its salvation as a lamp that burneth !
 Thou shalt be called no longer the Forsaken,
 Nor any more thy land, the Desolate.
 The Lord hath sworn, by his right hand hath sworn,
 And by his arm of strength : I will no more
 Give to thine enemies thy corn as meat ;
 The sons of strangers shall not drink thy wine.
 Go through, go through the gates !
 Prepare a way
 Unto the people ! Gather out the stones !
 Lift up a standard for the people !

A Priest. Ah !
 These are seditious words !

Christus. And they shall call them
 The holy people ; the redeemed of God !
 And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be called
 Sought out,
 A city not forsaken !

A Pharisee. Is not this
 The carpenter Joseph's son ? Is not
 his mother
 Called Mary ? and his brethren and his
 sisters
 Are they not with us ? Doth he make
 himself
 To be a Prophet ?

Christus. No man is a Prophet
 In his own country, and among his kin.
 In his own house no Prophet is accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel
 Were many widows in Elijah's day,
 When for three years and more the
 heavens were shut,
 And a great famine was throughout the
 land ;
 But unto no one was Elijah sent
 Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,
 And to a woman there that was a widow.

And many lepers were there in the land
 Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus
 The Prophet, and yet none of them
 was cleansed,

Save Naaman the Syrian !
A Priest. Say no more !
 Thou comest here into our Synagogue
 And speakest to the Elders and the
 Priests,
 As if the very mantle of Elijah
 Had fallen upon thee ! Art thou not
 ashamed ?

A Pharisee. We want no Prophets
 here ! Let him be driven
 From Synagogue and city ! Let him
 go
 And prophesy to the Samaritans !

An Elder. The world is changed.
 We Elders are as nothing !
 We are but yesterdays, that have no
 part
 Or portion in to-day ! Dry leaves that
 rustle,
 That make a little sound, and then are
 dust !

A Pharisee. A carpenter's apprentice !
 a mechanic,
 Whom we have seen at work here in
 the town
 Day after day : a stripling without
 learning,
 Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of
 God

To men grown old in study of the Law ?
 (CHRISTUS is thrust out.)

VI.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

PETER and ANDREW, mending
 their nets.

Peter. Never was such a marvellous
 draught of fishes
 Heard of in Galilee ! The market-
 places
 Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum
 Are full of them ! Yet we had toiled
 all night
 And taken nothing, when the Master
 said :
 Launch out into the deep, and cast your
 nets ;

And doing this, we caught such multitudes

Our nets like spiders' webs were snapped asunder.

And with the draught we filled two ships so full

That they began to sink. Then I knelt down

Amazed, and said: O Lord, depart from me,

I am a sinful man. And he made answer:

Simon, fear not; henceforth thou shalt catch men!

What was the meaning of those words?

Andrew. I know not. But here is Philip, come from Nazareth.

He hath been with the Master. Tell us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring?

Philip. Most wonderful! As we drew near to Nain, out of the gate

Upon a bier was carried the dead body Of a young man, his mother's only son,

And she a widow, who with lamentation Bewailed her loss, and the much people

with her; And when the Master saw her he was filled

With pity; and he said to her: Weep not!

And came and touched the bier, and they that bare it

stood still; and then he said: Young man, arise!

And he that had been dead sat up, and soon

began to speak; and he delivered him unto his mother. And there came a fear

on all the people, and they glorified The Lord, and said, rejoicing: A

great Prophet

Is risen up among us! and the Lord Hath visited his people!

Peter. A great Prophet? Ay, greater than a Prophet: greater

even Than John the Baptist!

Philip. Yet the Nazarenes Rejected him.

Peter. The Nazarenes are dogs!

As natural brute beasts, they growl at things

They do not understand; and they shall perish,

Utterly perish in their own corruption. The Nazarenes are dogs!

Philip. They drave him forth Out of their Synagogue, out of their

city, And would have cast him down a precipice,

But, passing through the midst of them, he vanished

Out of their hands.

Peter. Wells are they without water, Clouds carried with a tempest, unto

whom The mist of darkness is reserved forever!

Philip. Behold he cometh. There is one man with him

I am amazed to see!

Andrew. What man is that?

Philip. Judas Iscariot; he that cometh last,

Girt with a leathern apron. No one knoweth

His history; but the rumor of him is He had an unclean spirit in his youth.

It hath not left him yet.

Christus (passing). Come unto me, All ye that labor and are heavy laden,

And I will give you rest! Come unto me,

And take my yoke upon you and learn of me,

For I am meek, and I am lowly in heart,

And ye shall all find rest unto your souls!

Philip. O, there is something in that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit! I feel that it might say unto the blind:

Receive your sight! and straightway they would see!

I feel that it might say unto the dead, Arise! and they would hear it and obey!

Behold he beckons to us! *Christus (to Peter and Andrew).* Follow me!

Peter. Master, I will leave all and follow thee.

VII.

THE DEMONIAC OF GADARA.

A Gadarene. He hath escaped,
hath plucked his chains asunder,
And broken his fetters; always night
and day

Is in the mountains here, and in the
tombs,
Crying aloud, and cutting himself with
stones,
Exceeding fierce, so that no man can
tame him!

The Demoniac (from above, unseen).
O Aschmedai! O Aschmedai,
have pity!

A Gadarene. Listen! It is his
voice! Go warn the people
Just landing from the lake!

The Demoniac. O Aschmedai!
Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have
pity!

It was enough to hurl King Solomon,
On whom be peace! two hundred
leagues away
Into the country, and to make him
scullion,

In the kitchen of the King of Masch-
keimen!

Why dost thou hurl me here among
these rocks,

And cut me with these stones?

A Gadarene. He raves and mutters
He knows not what.

*The Demoniac (appearing from a
tomb among the rocks).* The wild
cock Tarnegal

Singeth to me, and bids me to the ban-
quet,

Where all the Jews shall come; for
they have slain

Behemoth the great ox, who daily
cropped

A thousand hills for food, and at a
draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and have
slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched his
skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,
And made them shine from one end of

the world
Unto the other; and the fowl Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse the sun,
and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the conti-
nents!

And we shall drink the wine of Paradise
From Adam's cellars.

A Gadarene. O, thou unclean spirit!
The Demoniac (hurling down a

stone). This is the wonderful
Barjuchne's egg,

That fell out of her nest, and broke to
pieces,

And swept away three hundred cedar-
trees,

And threescore villages! — Rabbi Elie-
zer,

How thou didst sin there in that sea-
port town,

When thou hadst carried safe thy chest
of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!
I too have sinned beyond the reach of

pardon.
Ye hills and mountains, pray for mercy
on me!

Ye stars and planets, pray for mercy on
me!

Ye sun and moon, O pray for mercy on
me!

(CHRISTUS *and his disciples pass.*)

A Gadarene. There is a man here
of Decapolis,

Who hath an unclean spirit; so that
none

Can pass this way. He lives among
the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls
down stones

On those who pass beneath.
Christus. Come out of him,

Thou unclean spirit!

The Demoniac. What have I to do
With thee, thou Son of God? Do

not torment us.
Christus. What is thy name?

Demoniac. Legion;
for we are many.

Cain, the first murderer; and the King
Belshazzar,

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,
And Admatha, the death-cloud, prince

of Persia;
And Aschmedai, the angel of the pit,

And many other devils. We are Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decapolis :
Command us not to go into the deep !
There is a herd of swine here in the
pastures,
Let us go into them.

Christus. Come out of him,
Thou unclean spirit !

A Gadarene. See, how stupefied,
How motionless he stands ! He cries
no more ;

He seems bewildered and in silence
stares

As one who, walking in his sleep,
awakes

And knows not where he is, and looks
about him,

And at his nakedness, and is ashamed.

The Demoniac. Why am I here
alone among the tombs ?

What have they done to me, that I am
naked ?

Ah, woe is me !

Christus. Go home unto thy friends
And tell them how great things the
Lord hath done

For thee, and how he had compassion
on thee !

A Swineherd (running). The
herds ! the herds ! O most un-
lucky day !

They were all feeding quiet in the sun,
When suddenly they started, and grew
savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and to-
gether

Rushed down a precipice into the sea !
They are all drowned !

Peter. Thus righteously are punished
The apostate Jews, that eat the flesh
of swine,

And broth of such abominable things !

Greeks of Gadara. We sacrifice a
sow unto Demeter

At the beginning of harvest, and another
To Dionysus at the vintage-time.

Therefore we prize our herds of swine,
and count them

Not as unclean, but as things consecrate
To the immortal gods. O great magi-
cian,

Depart out of our coasts ; let us alone,
We are afraid of thee !

Peter. Let us depart ;
For they that sanctify and purify
Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of
swine,
And the abomination, and the mouse,
Shall be consumed together, saith the
Lord !

VIII.

TALITHA CUMI.

Jairus (at the feet of Christus). O
Master ! I entreat thee ! I im-
plore thee !

My daughter lieth at the point of death ;
I pray thee come and lay thy hands
upon her,

And she shall live !

Christus. Who was it touched
my garments ?

Simon Peter. Thou seest the multi-
tude that throng and press thee,
And sayest thou : Who touched me ?
"I was not I.

Christus. Some one hath touched
my garments ; I perceive

That virtue is gone out of me.

A Woman. O Master !
Forgive me ! For I said within myself,
If I so much as touch his garment's

hem,
I shall be whole.

Christus. Be of good comfort,
daughter !

Thy faith hath made the whole. De-
part in peace.

A Messenger from the house. Why
troublest thou the Master ?
Hearst thou not

The flute-players, and the voices of the
women

Singing their lamentation ? She is
dead !

The Minstrels and Mourners. We
have girded ourselves with sack-
cloth !

We have covered our heads with ashes !
For our young men die, and our
maidens

Swoon in the streets of the city ;

And into their mother's bosom
They pour out their souls like water !

Christus (going in). Give place.
Why make ye this ado, and weep?

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

The Mother (from within). Cruel death!

To take away from me this tender blossom!

To take away my dove, my lamb, my darling!

The Minstrels and Mourners. He hath led me and brought into darkness,

Like the dead of old in dark places!

He hath bent his bow, and hath set me

Apart as a mark for his arrow!

He hath covered himself with a cloud,
That our prayer should not pass through and reach him!

The Crowd. He stands beside her bed! He takes her hand!

Listen, he speaks to her!

Christus (within). Maiden, arise!

The Crowd. See, she obeys his voice! She stirs! She lives!

Her mother holds her folded in her arms!

O miracle of miracles! O marvel!

IX.

THE TOWER OF MAGDALA.

Mary Magdalene. Companionless,
unsatisfied, forlorn,

I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision

All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come
to me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of
Damascus,

And pass, and disappear, and are no
more;

But leave behind their merchandise
and jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold, and
their disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory
of them

Is unto me, as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dal-
manutha!

What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with
them

Grown hideous and decrepit in their
sins,

And hear them say: Thou that hast
brought us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon this raiment that I wear,
These silks, and these embroideries,
and they seem

Only as cerements wrapped about my
limbs!

I look upon these rings thick set with
pearls

And emerald and amethyst and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my
flesh!

This serpent on my wrist becomes
alive!

Away, thou viper! and away, ye gar-
lands

Whose odors bring the swift remem-
brance back

Of the unhallowed revels in these
chambers!

But yesterday, — and yet it seems to
me

Something remote, like a pathetic song
Sung long ago by minstrels in the
street, —

But yesterday, as from this tower I
gazed,

Over the olive and the walnut trees
Upon the lake and the white ships, and
wondered

Whither and whence they steered, and
who was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the landing-
place

Under the oleanders, and the people
Came up from it, and passed beneath
the tower,

Close under me. In front of them, as
leader,

Walked one of royal aspect, clothed in
white,

Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at
me,

And all at once the air seemed filled
 and living
 With a mysterious power, that streamed
 from him,
 And overflowed me with an atmos-
 phere
 Of light and love. As one entranced I
 stood,
 And when I woke again, lo! he was
 gone;
 So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream.
 But from that very hour the seven
 demons
 That had their habitation in this body
 Which men call beautiful, departed
 from me!

This morning, when the first gleam of
 the dawn
 Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
 And all below was darkness, I beheld
 An angel, or a spirit glorified,
 With wind-tossed garments walking on
 the lake.

The face I could not see, but I dis-
 tinguished

The attitude and gesture, and I knew
 'T was he that healed me. And the
 gusty wind

Brought to mine ears a voice, which
 seemed to say:

Be of good cheer! 'Tis I! Be not
 afraid!

And from the darkness, scarcely heard,
 the answer:

If it be thou, bid me come unto thee
 Upon the water! And the voice said:
 Come!

And then I heard a cry of fear: Lord,
 save me!

As of a drowning man. And then the
 voice:

Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little
 faith!

At this all vanished, and the wind was
 hushed,

And the great sun came up above the
 hills,

And the swift-flying vapors hid them-
 selves

In caverns among the rocks! O, I
 must find him

And follow him, and be with him for-
 ever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
 The souls of flowers lie pent, the pre-
 cious balm

And spikenard of Arabian farms, the
 spirits

Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
 Nursed by the sun and dew, not all
 unworthy

To bathe his consecrated feet, whose
 step

Makes every threshold holy that he
 crosses;

Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
 Thou and I only! Let us search for
 him

Until we find him, and pour out our
 souls

Before his feet, till all that's left of
 us

Shall be the broken caskets, that once
 held us!

X.

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE
 PHARISEE.

A Guest (at table). Are ye deceived?
 Have any of the Rulers

Believed on him? or do they know in-
 deed

This man to be the very Christ? How-
 beit

We know whence this man is, but
 when the Christ

Shall come, none knoweth whence he
 is.

Christus. Whereunto shall I liken,
 then, the men

Of this generation? and what are they
 like?

They are like children sitting in the
 markets,

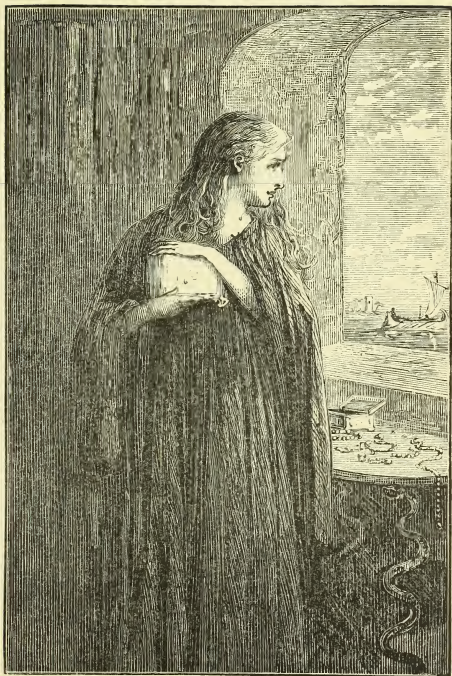
And calling unto one another, say-
 ing:

We have piped unto you, and ye have
 not danced;

We have mourned unto you, and ye
 have not wept!

This say I unto you, for John the
 Baptist

Came neither eating bread nor drink-
 ing wine;



Ye say he hath a devil. The Son of
Man

Eating and drinking cometh, and ye
say :

Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-
bibber ;

Behold a friend of publicans and sin-
ners !

A Guest (aside to Simon). Who is
that woman yonder, gliding in
So silently behind him ?

Simon. It is Mary,
Who dwelleth in the Tower of Magdala.

The Guest. See, how she kneels
there weeping, and her tears

Fall on his feet ; and her long, golden
hair

Waves to and fro and wipes them dry
again.

And now she kisses them, and from a
box

Of alabaster is anointing them
With precious ointment, filling all the

house

With its sweet odor !

Simon (aside). O, this man, for-
sooth

Were he indeed a Prophet, would have
known

Who and what manner of woman this
may be

That toucheth him ! would know she
is a sinner !

Christus. Simon, somewhat have I
to say to thee.

Simon. Master, say on.

Christus. A certain creditor

Had once two debtors ; and the one of
them

Owed him five hundred pence ; the
other, fifty.

They having naught to pay withal, he
frankly

Forgave them both. Now tell me
which of them

Will love him most ?

Simon. He, I suppose, to whom
He most forgave.

Christus. Yea, thou hast rightly
judged.

Seest thou this woman ? When thine
house I entered,

Thou gavest me no water for my feet,
But she hath washed them with her

tears, and wiped them
With her own hair ! Thou gavest me

no kiss ;
This woman hath not ceased, since I

came in,
To kiss my feet ! My head with oil

didst thou

Anoint not ; but this woman hath
anointed

My feet with ointment. Hence I say
to thee,

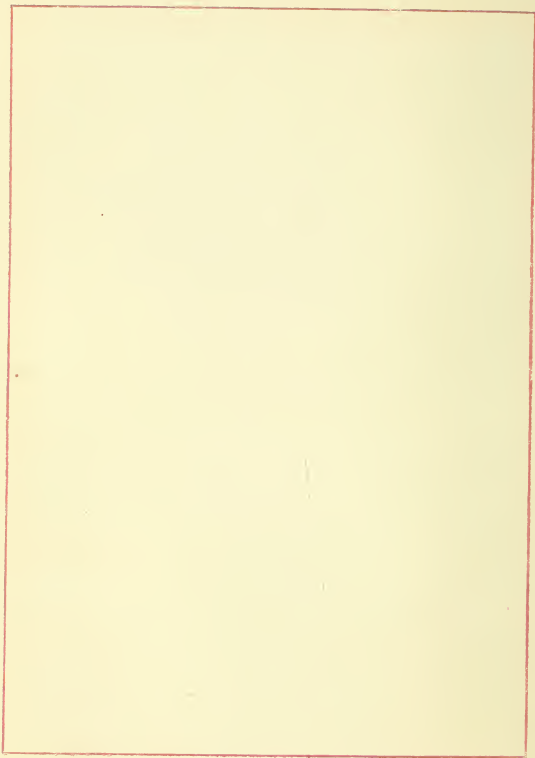
Her sins, which have been many, are
forgiven,

For she loved much.

The Guests. O, who, then, is
this man

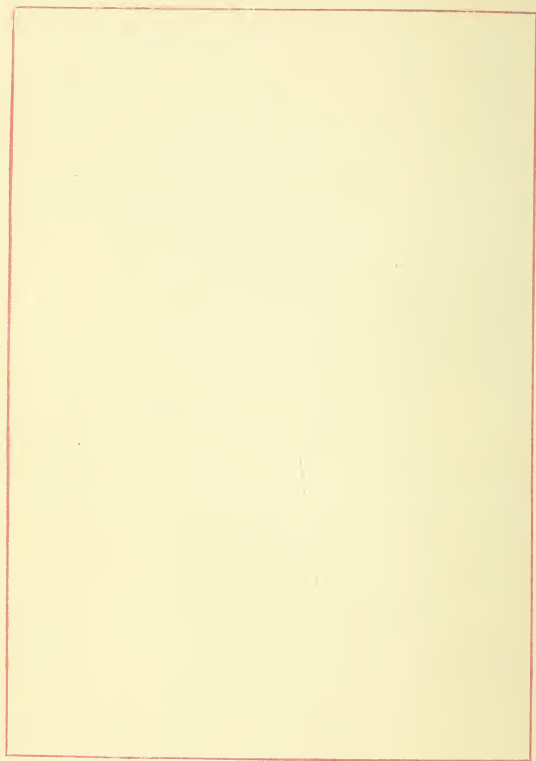
That pardoneth also sins without atone-
ment ?

Christus. Woman, thy faith hath
saved thee ! Go in peace !



THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.

THE SECOND PASSOVER.



THE SECOND PASSOVER.

I.

BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS.

Manahem. Welcome, O wilderness,
and welcome, night
And solitude, and ye swift-flying stars
That drift with golden sands the barren
heavens,
Welcome once more! The Angels of
the Wind
Hasten across the desert to receive me ;
And sweeter than men's voices are to
me
The voices of these solitudes ; the sound
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-pools.
And lo! above me, like the Prophet's
arrow
Shot from the eastern window, high in
air
The clamorous cranes go singing
through the night.
O ye mysterious pilgrims of the air,
Would I had wings that I might follow
you !
I look forth from these mountains, and
behold
The omnipotent and omnipresent night,
Mysterious as the future and the fate
That hangs o'er all men's lives! I see
beneath me
The desert stretching to the Dead Sea
shore,
And westward, faint and far away, the
glimmer
Of torches on Mount Olivet, announc-
ing
The rising of the Moon of Passover.

Like a great cross it seems, on which
suspended,
With head bowed down in agony, I
see
A human figure! Hide, O merciful
heaven,
The awful apparition from my sight !

And thou, Machærus, lifting high and
black
Thy dreadful walls against the rising
moon,
Haunted by demons and by apparitions,
Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon,
How grim thou showest in the uncer-
tain light,
A palace and a prison, where King
Herod
Feasts with Herodias, while the Bap-
tist John
Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life !
And in thy court-yard grows the un-
tithed rue,
Huge as the olives of Gethsemane,
And ancient as the terebinth of Hebron,
Coeval with the world. Would that its
leaves
Medicinal could purge thee of the de-
mons,
That now possess thee, and the cun-
ning fox
That burrows in thy walls, contriving
mischief !

(Music is heard from within.)

Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou
that weavest
The prayers of men into immortal gar-
lands,
And thou, Metatron, who dost gather
up

Their songs, and bear them to the gates of heaven,
 Now gather up together in your hands
 The prayers that fill this prison, and the songs
 That echo from the ceiling of this palace,
 And lay them side by side before God's feet!

(*He enters the castle.*)

II.

HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL.

Manahem. Thou hast sent for me,
 O King, and I am here.

Herod. Who art thou?

Manahem. Manahem,
 the Essenian.

Herod. I recognize thy features, but what mean
 These torn and faded garments? On thy road
 Have demons crowded thee, and rubbed against thee,
 And given thee weary knees? A cup of wine!

Manahem. The Essenians drink no wine.

Herod. What wilt thou, then?

Manahem. Nothing.

Herod. Not even a cup of water?

Manahem. Nothing.
 Why hast thou sent for me?

Herod. Dost thou remember
 One day when I, a school-boy in the streets
 Of the great city, met thee on my way

To school, and thou didst say to me:
 Hereafter

Thou shalt be King?

Manahem. Yea, I remember it.

Herod. Thinking thou didst not know me, I replied:

I am of humble birth; whereat, thou, smiling,

Didst smite me with thy hand, and saidst again:

Thou shalt be King; and let the friendly blows

That Manahem hath given thee on this day

Remind thee of the fickleness of fortune.

Manahem. What more?

Herod. No more.

Manahem. Yea, for I said to thee:
 It shall be well with thee if thou love justice

And clemency towards thy fellow-men.
 Hast thou done this, O King?

Herod. Go, ask my people.

Manahem. And then, foreseeing all thy life, I added:

But these thou wilt forget; and at the end

Of life the Lord will punish thee.

Herod. The end!
 When will that come? For this I sent to thee.

How long shall I still reign? Thou dost not answer!

Speak! shall I reign ten years?

Manahem. Thou shalt reign twenty, Nay, thirty years. I cannot name the end.

Herod. Thirty? I thank thee, good Essenian!

This is my birthday, and a happier one Was never mine. We hold a banquet here.

See, yonder are Herodias and her daughter.

Manahem (aside). 'T is said that devils sometimes take the shape Of ministering angels, clothed with air,

That they may be inhabitants of earth,
 And lead man to destruction. Such are these.

Herod. Knowest thou John the Baptist?

Manahem. Yea, I know him;
 Who knows him not?

Herod. Know, then,
 this John the Baptist

Said that it was not lawful I should marry

My brother Philip's wife, and John the Baptist

Is here in prison. In my father's time
 Matthias Margaloth was put to death
 For tearing the golden eagle from its station

Above the Temple Gate, — a slighter
 crime
 Than John is guilty of. These things
 are warnings
 To intermeddlers not to play with
 eagles,
 Living or dead. I think the Essenians
 Are wiser, or more wary, are they
 not?

Manahem. The Essenians do not
 marry.

Herod. Thou hast given
 My words a meaning foreign to my
 thought.

Manahem. Let me go hence, O
 King!

Herod. Stay yet awhile,
 And see the daughter of Herodias
 dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,
 In her best days, was not more beau-
 tiful.

(*Music.* THE DAUGHTER OF HERO-
 DIAS dances.)

Herod. O, what was Miriam dan-
 cing with her timbrel,
 Compared to this one?

Manahem (aside). O thou Angel of
 Death,
 Dancing at funerals among the women,
 When men bear out the dead! The
 air is hot

And stifles me! O for a breath of air!
 Bid me depart, O King!

Herod. Not yet. Come hither,
 Salome, thou enchantress! Ask of me
 Whate'er thou wilt; and even unto the
 half

Of all my kingdom, I will give it thee,
 As the Lord liveth!

Daughter of Herodias (kneeling).
 Give me here the head
 Of John the Baptist on this silver
 charger!

Herod. Not that, dear child! I
 dare not; for the people
 Regard John as a prophet.

Daughter of Herodias. Thou hast
 sworn it.

Herod. For mine oath's sake, then.
 Send unto the prison;

Let him die quickly. O accursed oath!

Manahem. Bid me depart, O King!

Herod. Good Manahem
 Give me thy hand. I love the Esseni-
 ans.

He's gone and hears me not! The
 guests are dumb,
 Awaiting the pale face, the silent wit-
 ness.

The lamps flare; and the curtains of
 the doorways

Wave to and fro as if a ghost were
 passing!

Strengthen my heart, red wine of Asca-
 lon!

III.

UNDER THE WALLS OF
 MACHÆRUS.

Manahem (rushing out). Away from
 this Palace of sin!

The demons, the terrible powers
 Of the air, that haunt its towers
 And hide in its water-spouts,
 Deafen me with the din
 Of their laughter and their shouts
 For the crimes that are done within!

Sink back into the earth,
 Or vanish into the air,
 Thou castle of despair!
 Let it all be but a dream
 Of the things of monstrous birth,
 Of the things that only seem!
 White Angel of the Moon,
 Onafiel! be my guide
 Out of this hateful place
 Of sin and death, nor hide
 In yon black cloud too soon
 Thy pale and tranquil face!

(*A trumpet is blown from the walls.*)

Hark! hark! It is the breath
 Of the trump of doom and death,
 From the battlements overhead
 Like a burden of sorrow cast
 On the midnight and the blast,
 A wailing for the dead,
 That the gusts drop and uplift!
 O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!
 O Herodias, thou hast been
 The demon, the evil thing,
 That in place of Esther the Queen,
 In place of the lawful bride,

Hast lain at night by the side
Of Ahasuerus the king !

(The trumpet again.)

The Prophet of God is dead !
At a drunken monarch's call,
At a dancing-woman's beck,
They have severed that stubborn neck,
And into the banquet-hall
Are bearing the ghastly head !

(A body is thrown from the tower.)

A torch of lurid red
Lights the window with its glow ;
And a white mass as of snow
Is hurled into the abyss
Of the black precipice,
That yawns for it below !
O hand of the Most High,
O hand of Adonai !
Bury it, hide it away
From the birds and beasts of prey,
And the eyes of the homicide,
More pitiless than they,
As thou didst bury of yore
The body of him that died
On the mountain of Peor !

Even now I behold a sign,
A threatening of wrath divine,
A watery, wandering star,
Through whose streaming hair, and the
white
Unfolding garments of light,
That trail behind it afar,
The constellations shine !
And the whiteness and brightness ap-
pear

Like the Angel bearing the Seer
By the hair of his head, in the might
And rush of his vehement flight.
And I listen until I hear
From fathomless depths of the sky
The voice of his prophecy
Sounding louder and more near !

Malediction ! malediction !
May the lightnings of heaven fall
On palace and prison wall,
And their desolation be
As the day of fear and affliction,
As the day of anguish and ire,
With the burning and fuel of fire,
In the Valley of the Sea !

IV.

NICODEMUS AT NIGHT.

Nicodemus. The streets are silent.
The dark houses seem
Like sepulchres, in which the sleepers
lie
Wrapped in their shrouds, and for the
moment dead.
The lamps are all extinguished ; only
one
Burns steadily, and from the door its
light
Lies like a shining gate across the
street.
He waits for me. Ah, should this be
at last
The long-expected Christ ! I see him
there
Sitting alone, deep-buried in his
thought,
As if the weight of all the world were
resting
Upon him, and thus bowed him down.
O Rabbi,
We know thou art a Teacher come from
God,
For no man can perform the miracles
Thou dost perform, except the Lord be
with him.
Thou art a Prophet, sent here to pro-
claim
The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold in
me
A Ruler of the Jews, who long have
waited
The coming of that kingdom. Tell me
of it.
Christus. Verily, verily I say unto
thee,
Except a man be born again, he cannot
Behold the Kingdom of God !
Nicodemus. Be born again ?
How can a man be born when he is
old ?
Say, can he enter for a second time
Into his mother's womb, and so be
born ?
Christus. Verily I say unto thee,
except
A man be born of water and the spirit,
He cannot enter into the Kingdom of
God.

For that which of the flesh is born, is
flesh ;
And that which of the spirit is born, is
spirit.

Nicodemus. We Israelites from the
Primeval Man
Adam Ahelion derive our bodies ;
Our souls are breathings of the Holy
Ghost.

No more than this we know, or need
to know.

Christus. Then marvel not, that I
said unto thee
Ye must be born again.

Nicodemus. The mystery
Of birth and death we cannot compre-
hend.

Christus. The wind bloweth where
it listeth, and we hear
The sound thereof, but know not
whence it cometh,
Nor whither it goeth. So is every one
Born of the spirit !

Nicodemus (aside). How can these
things be ?
He seems to speak of some vague realm
of shadows,

Some unsubstantial kingdom of the air !
It is not this the Jews are waiting
for,

Nor can this be the Christ, the Son of
David,
Who shall deliver us !

Christus. Art thou a master
Of Israel, and knowest not these
things ?

We speak that we do know, and testify
That we have seen, and ye will not re-
ceive

Our witness. If I tell you earthly
things,
And ye believe not, how shall ye be-
lieve,

If I should tell you of things heavenly ?
And no man hath ascended up to heav-
en,

But he alone that first came down from
heaven,
Even the Son of Man which is in
heaven !

Nicodemus (aside). This is a
dreamer of dreams : a visionary,
Whose brain is overtaken, until he
deems

The unseen world to be a thing sub-
stantial,

And this we live in an unreal vision !
And yet his presence fascinates and
fills me

With wonder, and I feel myself exalted
Into a higher region, and become
Myself in part a dreamer of his dreams
A seer of his visions !

Christus. And as Moses
Uplifted the serpent in the wilderness,
So must the Son of Man be lifted
up ;

That whosoever shall believe in him
Shall perish not, but have eternal life.
He that believes in him is not con-
demned ;

He that believes not, is condemned
already.

Nicodemus (aside). He speaketh
like a Prophet of the Lord !

Christus. This is the condemnation :
that the light
Is come into the world, and men loved
darkness

Rather than light, because their deeds
are evil !

Nicodemus (aside). Of me he speak-
eth ! He reproveth me
Because I come by night to question
him !

Christus. For every one that doeth
evil deeds
Hateth the light, nor cometh to the
light,

Lest he should be reprovèd.

Nicodemus (aside). Alas, how truly
He readeth what is passing in my
heart !

Christus. But he that doeth truth
comes to the light,
So that his deeds may be made mani-
fest,

That they are wrought in God.

Nicodemus. Alas ! alas !

V.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Bartimeus. Be not impatient, Chil-
ion ; it is pleasant
To sit here in the shadow of the walls

Under the palms, and hear the hum of
 bees,
 And rumor of voices passing to and fro,
 And drowsy bells of caravans on their
 way
 To Sidon or Damascus. This is still
 The City of Palms, and yet the walls
 thou seest
 Are not the old walls, not the walls
 where Rahab
 Hid the two spies, and let them down
 by cords
 Out of the window, when the gates
 were shut,
 And it was dark. Those walls were
 overthrown
 When Joshua's army shouted, and the
 priests
 Blew with their seven trumpets.
Chilion. When was that?
Bartimeus. O, my sweet rose of
 Jericho, I know not.
 Hundreds of years ago. And over
 there
 Beyond the river, the great prophet
 Elijah
 Was taken by a whirlwind up to
 heaven
 In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.
 That is the plain of Moab; and beyond
 it
 Rise the blue summits of Mount
 Abarim,
 Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where Mo-
 ses
 Died, whom the Lord knew face to
 face, and whom
 He buried in a valley, and no man
 Knows of his sepulchre unto this day.
Chilion. Would thou couldst see
 these places, as I see them.
Bartimeus. I have not seen a glim-
 mer of the light
 Since thou wast born. I never saw
 thy face,
 And yet I seem to see it; and one day
 Perhaps shall see it; for there is a
 Prophet
 In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of
 David,
 Who heals the blind, if I could only
 find him.
 I hear the sound of many feet ap-
 proaching

And voices, like the murmur of a
 crowd!
 What seest thou?
Chilion. A young man clad in white
 Is coming through the gateway, and a
 crowd
 Of people follow.
Bartimeus. Can it be the Prophet?
 O neighbors, tell me who it is that
 passes!
One of the Crowd. Jesus of Nazareth.
Bartimeus (crying). O Son of Da-
 vid!
 Have mercy on me!
Many of the Crowd. Peace, Blind
 Bartimeus!
 Do not disturb the Master.
*Bartimeus (crying more vehement-
 ly).* Son of David,
 Have mercy on me!
One of the Crowd. See, the Master
 stops.
 Be of good comfort; rise, he calleth
 thee!
Bartimeus (casting away his cloak).
 Chilion! good neighbors! lead
 me on.
Christus. What wilt thou
 That I should do to thee?
Bartimeus. Good Lord! my sight—
 That I receive my sight!
Christus. Receive thy sight!
 Thy faith hath made thee whole!
The Crowd. He sees again!
 (CHRISTUS passes on. The crowd gath-
 ers round BARTIMEUS.)
Bartimeus. I see again; but sight
 bewilders me!
 Like a remembered dream, familiar
 things
 Come back to me. I see the tender sky
 Above me, see the trees, the city walls,
 And the old gateway, through whose
 echoing arch
 I groped so many years; and you, my
 neighbors;
 But know you by your friendly voices
 only.
 How beautiful the world is! and how
 wide!
 O, I am miles away, if I but look!
 Where art thou, Chilion?
Chilion. Father, I am here.

Bartimeus. O let me gaze upon thy face, dear child !
 For I have only seen thee with my hands !
 How beautiful thou art ! I should have known thee ;
 Thou hast her eyes whom we shall see hereafter !
 O God of Abraham ! Elion ! Adonai !
 Who art thyself a Father, pardon me
 If for a moment I have thee postponed
 To the affections and the thoughts of earth,
 Thee, and the adoration that I owe thee,
 When by thy power alone these darkened eyes
 Have been unsealed again to see thy light !

VI.

JACOB'S WELL.

A Samaritan Woman. The sun is hot ; and the dry east-wind blowing
 Fills all the air with dust. The birds are silent ;
 Even the little fieldfares in the corn
 No longer twitter ; only the grasshoppers
 Sing their incessant song of sun and summer.
 I wonder who those strangers were I met
 Going into the city ? Galileans
 They seemed to me in speaking, when they asked
 The short way to the market-place.
 Perhaps
 They are fishermen from the lake ; or travellers,
 Looking to find the inn. And here is some one
 Sitting beside the well ; another stranger ;
 A Galilean also by his looks.
 What can so many Jews be doing here
 Together in Samaria ? Are they going
 Up to Jerusalem to the Passover ?
 Our Passover is better here at Sychem,
 For here is Ebal ; here is Gerizim,

The mountain where our father Abraham
 Went up to offer Isaac ; here the tomb
 Of Joseph, — for they brought his bones from Egypt
 And buried them in this land, and it is holy.

Christus. Give me to drink.

Samaritan Woman. How can it be that thou,
 Being a Jew, askest to drink of me
 Which am a woman of Samaria ?
 You Jews despise us ; have no dealings with us ;

Make us a by-word ; call us in derision
 The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how is it
 Thou askest drink of me ?

Christus. If thou hadst known
 The gift of God, and who it is that sayeth

Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him ;
 He would have given thee the living water.

Samaritan Woman. Sir, thou hast naught to draw with, and the well

Is deep ! Whence hast thou living water ?

Say, art thou greater than our father Jacob,
 Which gave this well to us, and drank thereof

Himself and all his children, and his cattle ?

Christus. Ah, whosoever drinketh of this water

Shall thirst again ; but whosoever drinketh

The water I shall give him shall not thirst

Forevermore, for it shall be within him
 A well of living water, springing up
 Into life everlasting.

Samaritan Woman. Every day I must go to and fro, in heat and cold,
 And I am weary. Give me of this water,

That I may thirst not, nor come here to draw.

Christus. Go call thy husband, woman, and come hither.

Samaritan Woman. I have no husband, Sir.

Christus. Thou hast well said
I have no husband. Thou hast had
five husbands;
And he whom now thou hast is not thy
husband.

Samaritan Woman. Surely thou
art a Prophet, for thou readest
The hidden things of life! Our fathers
worshipped
Upon this mountain Gerizim; and ye say
The only place in which men ought to
worship
Is at Jerusalem.

Christus. Believe me, woman,
The hour is coming, when ye neither
shall

Upon this mount, nor at Jerusalem;
Worship the Father; for the hour is
coming,

And is now come, when the true wor-
shippers

Shall worship the Father in spirit and
in truth!

The Father seeketh such to worship him.
God is a spirit; and they that worship
him

Must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Samaritan Woman. Master, I know
that the Messiah cometh,
Which is called Christ; and he will
tell us all things.

Christus. I that speak unto thee am
he!

The Disciples (returning). Behold,
The Master sitting by the well, and
talking

With a Samaritan woman! With a
woman

Of Sychar, the silly people, always
boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount Geri-
zim,

Their Everlasting Mountain, which
they think

Higher and holier than our Mount
Moriah!

Why, once upon the Feast of the New
Moon,

When our great Sanhedrim of Jerusa-
lem

Had all its watch-fires kindled on the
hills

To warn the distant villages, these
people

Lighted up others to mislead the Jews,
And make a mockery of their festival!
See, she has left the Master; and is
running
Back to the city!

The Samaritan Woman. O, come
see a man
Who hath told me all things that I
ever did!

Say, is not this the Christ?

The Disciples. Lo, Master, here
Is food, that we have brought thee
from the city.

We pray thee eat it.

Christus. I have food to eat
Ye know not of.

The Disciples (to each other). Hath
any man been here,

And brought him aught to eat, while
we were gone?

Christus. The food I speak of is to
do the will

Of him that sent me, and to finish his
work.

Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet four
months

And cometh harvest? I say unto you,
Lift up your eyes, and look upon the
fields,

For they are white already unto har-
vest!

VII.

THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA
PHILIPPI.

Christus (going up the mountain).
Who do the people say I am?

John. Some say
That thou art John the Baptist; some,

Elias;
And others Jeremiah.

James. Or that one
Of the old Prophets is arisen again.

Christus. But who say ye I am?

Peter. Thou art the Christ!
Thou art the Son of God!

Christus. Blessed art thou,
Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood hath
not

Revealed it unto thee, but even my
Father,

Which is in Heaven. And I say unto thee

That thou art Peter ; and upon this rock I build my Church, and all the gates of Hell

Shall not prevail against it. But take heed

Ye tell to no man that I am the Christ. For I must go up to Jerusalem, And suffer many things, and be rejected Of the Chief Priests, and of the Scribes and Elders,

And must be crucified, and the third day

Shall rise again !

Peter. Be it far from thee, Lord ! This shall not be !

Christus. Get thee behind me, Satan !

Thou savorest not the things that be of God,

But those that be of men ! If any will Come after me, let him deny himself, And daily take his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it,

And whosoever will lose his life shall find it.

For wherein shall a man be profited If he shall gain the whole world, and shall lose

Himself or be a castaway ?

James (after a long pause). Why doth

The Master lead us up into this mountain ?

Peter. He goeth up to pray.

John. See, where he standeth Above us on the summit of the hill !

His face shines as the sun ! and all his raiment

Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller

On earth can white them ! He is not alone ;

There are two with him there ; two men of eld,

Their white beards blowing on the mountain air,

Are talking with him.

James. I am sore afraid !

Peter. Who and whence are they ?

John. Moses and Elias !

Peter. O Master ! it is good for us to be here !

If thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles ;

For thee one, and for Moses and Elias !
John. Behold a bright cloud sailing in the sun !

It overshadows us. A golden mist Now hides them from us, and envelops us

And all the mountain in a luminous shadow !

I see no more. The nearest rocks are hidden.

Voice from the cloud. Lo ! this is my beloved Son ! Hear him !

Peter. It is the voice of God. He speaketh to us,

As from the burning bush he spake to Moses !

John. The cloud-wreaths roll away. The veil is lifted ;

We see again. Behold ! he is alone. It was a vision that our eyes beheld, And it hath vanished into the unseen.

Christus (coming down from the mountain). I charge ye, tell the vision unto no one,

Till the Son of Man be risen from the dead !

Peter (aside). Again he speaks of it ! What can it mean,

This rising from the dead ?

James. Why say the Scribes Elias must first come ?

Christus. He cometh first, Restoring all things. But I say to you,

That this Elias is already come.

They knew him not, but have done unto him

Whate'er they listed, as is written of him.

Peter (aside). It is of John the Baptist he is speaking.

James. As we descend, see, at the mountain's foot,

A crowd of people ; coming, going, thronging

Round the disciples, that we left behind us,

Seeming impatient that we stay so long.

Peter. It is some blind man, or some paralytic
That waits the Master's coming to be healed.

James. I see a boy, who struggles and demeans him
As if an unclean spirit tormented him!

A certain Man (running forward).
Lord! I beseech thee, look upon my son.

He is mine only child; a lunatic,
And sorely vexed; for oftentimes he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh him
He teareth him. He gnasheth with his teeth,

And pines away. I spake to thy disciples
That they should cast him out, and they could not.

Christus. O faithless generation and perverse!
How long shall I be with you, and suffer you?

Bring thy son hither.

Bystanders. How the unclean spirit
Seizes the boy, and tortures him with pain!

He falleth to the ground and wallows, foaming!
He cannot live.

Christus. How long is it ago
Since this came unto him?

The Father. Even of a child.
O have compassion on us, Lord, and help us,
If thou canst help us.

Christus. If thou canst believe!
For unto him that verily believeth,
All things are possible.

The Father. Lord, I believe!
Help thou mine unbelief!

Christus. Dumb and deaf spirit,
Come out of him, I charge thee, and no more

Enter thou into him!

(The boy utters a loud cry of pain, and then lies still.)

Bystanders. How motionless
He lieth there. No life is left in him.
His eyes are like a blind man's, that see not.

The boy is dead!

Others. Behold! the Master stoops,
And takes him by the hand, and lifts him up.

He is not dead.

Disciples. But one word from those lips,
But one touch of that hand, and he is healed!

Ah, why could we not do it?

The Father. My poor child!
Now thou art mine again. The unclean spirit

Shall never more torment thee! Look at me!

Speak unto me! Say that thou knowest me!

Disciples to Christus (departing).
Good Master, tell us, for what reason was it

We could not cast him out?

Christus. Because of your unbelief!

VIII.

THE YOUNG RULER.

Christus. Two men went up into the temple to pray.

The one was a self-righteous Pharisee,
The other a Publican. And the Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within himself:
O God,

I thank thee I am not as other men,
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,
Or even as this Publican. I fast

Twice in the week, and also I give tithes
Of all that I possess! The Publican,
Standing afar off, would not lift so much
Even as his eyes to heaven, but smote

his breast,
Saying: God be merciful to me a sinner!

I tell you that this man went to his house

More justified than the other. Every one

That doth exalt himself shall be abased,
And he that humbleth himself shall be exalted!

Children (among themselves). Let us go nearer! He is telling stories!
Let us go listen to them.

An old Jew. Children, children !
What are ye doing here ? Why do ye
crowd us ?

It was such little vagabonds as you,
That followed Elisha, mocking him and
crying :

Go up, thou bald-head ! But the bears
— the bears

Came out of the wood, and tare them !

A Mother. Speak not thus !
We brought them here, that he might
lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

Christus. Suffer little children
To come unto me, and forbid them not ;
Of such is the kingdom of heaven ; and
their angels

Look always on my Father's face.

*(Takes them in his arms and blesses
them.)*

A Young Ruler (running). Good
Master !

What good thing shall I do, that I may
have
Eternal life ?

Christus. Why callest thou me good ?
There is none good but one, and that is
God.

If thou wilt enter into life eternal,
Keep the commandments.

Young Ruler. Which of them ?

Christus. Thou shalt not
Commit adultery ; thou shalt not kill ;
Thou shalt not steal ; thou shalt not
bear false witness ;

Honor thy father and thy mother ; and
love

Thy neighbor as thyself.

Young Ruler. From my youth up
All these things have I kept. What
lack I yet ?

John. With what divine compassion
in his eyes
The Master looks upon this eager youth,
As if he loved him !

Christus. Wouldst thou perfect be,
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come, take up thy cross, and follow
me,
And thou shalt have thy treasure in the
heavens.

John. Behold, how sorrowful he
turns away !

Christus. Children ! how hard it is
for them that trust
In riches to enter into the kingdom of
God !

'T is easier for a camel to go through
A needle's eye, than for the rich to
enter

The kingdom of God !

John. Ah, who then can be saved ?

Christus. With men this is indeed
impossible,
But unto God all things are possi-
ble !

Peter. Behold, we have left all, and
followed thee.

What shall we have therefor ?

Christus. Eternal life.

IX.

AT BETHANY.

MARTHA busy about household affairs.
*MARY sitting at the feet of CHRIS-
TUS.*

Martha. She sitteth idly at the Mas-
ter's feet,
And troubles not herself with house-
hold cares.

'T is the old story. When a guest ar-
rives

She gives up all to be with him ; while I
Must be the drudge, make ready the
guest-chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in or-
der,

And see that naught is wanting in the
house.

She shows her love by words, and I by
works.

Mary. O Master ! when thou com-
est, it is always

A Sabbath in the house. I cannot
work ;

I must sit at thy feet ; must see thee,
hear thee !

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting
heart,

Incapable of endurance or great
thoughts,

Striving for something that it cannot
reach,

Baffled and disappointed, wounded,
hungry ;

And only when I hear thee am I happy,
And only when I see thee am at peace!

Stronger than I, and wiser, and far
better

In every manner, is my sister Martha.
You see how well she orders everything
To make thee welcome ; how she comes
and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with much
serving,

While I but welcome thee with foolish
words !

Whene'er thou speakest to me, I am
happy ;

When thou art silent, I am satisfied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask no
more.

Only to be with thee, only to see thee,
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.
I wonder I am worthy of so much.

Martha. Lord, dost thou care not
that my sister Mary
Hath left me thus to wait on thee
alone ?

I pray thee, bid her help me.

Christus. Martha, Martha,
Careful and troubled about many
things

Art thou, and yet one thing alone is
needful !

Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good
part,

Which never shall be taken away from
her !

X.

BORN BLIND.

A Jew. Who is this beggar blinking
in the sun ?

Is it not he who used to sit and beg
By the Gate Beautiful ?

Another. It is the same.

A Third. It is not he, but like him,
for that beggar
Was blind from birth. It cannot be
the same.

The Beggar. Yea, I am he.

A Jew. How
have thine eyes been opened ?

The Beggar. A man that is called
Jesus made a clay
And put it on mine eyes, and said to
me :

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thyself.
I went and washed, and I received my
sight.

A Jew. Where is he ?

The Beggar. I know not.

Pharisees. What is this crowd
Gathered about a beggar ? What has
happened ?

A Jew. Here is a man who hath
been blind from birth,
And now he sees. He says a man
called Jesus

Hath healed him.

Pharisees. As God liveth, the Naza-
rene !

How was this done ?

The Beggar. Rabboni, he put clay
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and now
I see.

Pharisees. When did he this ?

The Beggar. Rabboni, yesterday.

Pharisees. The Sabbath-day. This
man is not of God
Because he keepeth not the Sabbath-
day !

A Jew. How can a man that is a
sinner do
Such miracles ?

Pharisees. What dost thou say of
him

That hath restored thy sight ?

The Beggar. He is a Prophet.

A Jew. This is a wonderful story,
but not true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not born
blind,

And never has been blind !

Others. Here are his parents.
Ask them.

Pharisees. Is this your son ?

The Parents. Rabboni, yea ;
We know this is our son.

Pharisees. Was he born blind ?

The Parents. He was born blind.

Pharisees. Then how doth he now
see ?

The Parents (aside). What answer
shall we make ? If we confess
It was the Christ, we shall be driven
forth

Out of the Synagogue! We know,
Rabboni,
This is our son, and that he was born
blind;
But by what means he seeth, we
know not,
Or who his eyes hath opened, we know
not.

He is of age; ask him; we cannot say;
He shall speak for himself.

Pharisees. Give God the praise!
We know the man that healed thee is
a sinner!

The Beggar. Whether he be a sin-
ner, I know not;

One thing I know; that whereas I was
blind,
I now do see.

Pharisees. How opened he thine
eyes?

What did he do?

The Beggar. I have already told
you.

Ye did not hear; why would ye hear
again?

Will ye be his disciples?

Pharisees. God of Moses!
Are we demoniacs, are we halt or blind,
Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the like,
That we should join the Synagogue of
Satan,
And follow jugglers? Thou art his
disciple,

But we are disciples of Moses; and we
know

That God spake unto Moses; but this
fellow,

We know not whence he is!

The Beggar. Why, herein is
A marvellous thing! Ye know not
whence he is,

Yet he hath opened mine eyes! We
know that God

Heareth not sinners; but if any man
Doeth God's will, and is his worship-
per,

Him doth he hear. O, since the world
began

It was not heard that any man hath
opened

The eyes of one that was born blind.
If he

Were not of God, surely he could do
nothing!

Pharisees. Thou, who wast alto-
gether born in sins
And in iniquities, dost thou teach us?
Away with thee out of the holy places,
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou
blasphemer!

(THE BEGGAR is cast out.)

XI.

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN
OF TYRE.

*On the house-top at Endor. Night.
A lighted lantern on a table.*

Simon. Swift are the blessed Im-
mortals to the mortal
That perseveres! So doth it stand re-
corded

In the divine Chaldaean Oracles
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,
Who in his native East betook himself
To lonely meditation, and the writing
On the dried skins of oxen the Twelve
Books

Of the Avesta and the Oracles!
Therefore I persevere; and I have
brought thee

From the great city of Tyre, where
men deride

The things they comprehend not, to
this plain

Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew tongue
Called Armageddon, and this town of
Endor,

Where men believe; where all the air
is full

Of marvellous traditions, and the En-
chantress

That summoned up the ghost of
Samuel

Is still remembered. Thou hast seer
the land:

Is it not fair to look on?

Helen. It is fair,
Yet not so fair as Tyre.

Simon. Is not Mount Tabor
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea?

Helen. It is too silent and too soli-
tary;

I miss the tumult of the streets; the
sounds

Of traffic, and the going to and fro

Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of purple,
And gold and silver jewelry !

Simon. Inventions
Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,
The Evil Spirit !

Helen. I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbors at the open
door

On summer nights.

Simon. An idle waste of time.

Helen. The singing and the dancing,
the delight

Of music and of motion. Woe is me,
To give up all these pleasures, and to
lead

The life we lead !

Simon. Thou canst not raise thyself
Up to the level of my higher thought,
And though possessing thee, I still re-
main

Apart from thee, and with thee, am
alone

In my high dreams.

Helen. Happier was I in Tyre.
O, I remember how the gallant ships
Came sailing in, with ivory, gold and
silver,

And apes and peacocks ; and the sing-
ing sailors ;

And the gay captains, with their silken
dresses,

Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon !

Simon. But the dishonor, Helen !
Let the ships

Of Tarshish howl for that !

Helen. And what dishonor ?
Remember Rahab, and how she became
The ancestress of the great Psalmist
David ;

And wherefore should not I, Helen of
Tyre,

Attain like honor ?

Simon. Thou art Helen of Tyre,
And hast been Helen of Troy, and hast
been Rahab,

The Queen of Sheba, and Semiramis,
And Sara of seven husbands, and
Jezebel,

And other women of the like allure-
ments ;

And now thou art Minerva, the first
Æon,

The Mother of Angels !

Helen. And the concubine
Of Simon the Magician ! Is it honor
For one who has been all these noble
dames,

To tramp about the dirty villages
And cities of Samaria with a juggler ?
A charmer of serpents ?

Simon. He who knows himself,
Knows all things in himself. I have
charmed thee,

Thou beautiful asp ; yet am I no
magician.

I am the Power of God, and the Beau-
ty of God !

I am the Paraclete, the Comforter !

Helen. Illusions ! Thou deceiver,
self-deceived !

Thou dost usurp the titles of another ;
Thou art not what thou sayest.

Simon. Am I not ?

Then feel my power.

Helen. Would I had
ne'er left Tyre !

(*He looks at her, and she sinks into a
deep sleep.*)

Simon. Go, see it in thy dreams,
fair unbeliever !

And leave me unto mine, if they be
dreams,

That take such shapes before me, that
I see them ;

These effable and ineffable impressions
Of the mysterious world, that come to
me

From the elements of Fire and Earth
and Water,

And the all-nourishing Ether ! It is
written,

Look not on Nature, for her name is
fatal !

Yet there are Principles, that make
apparent

The images of unapparent things,
And the impression of vague charac-
ters

And visions most divine appear in
ether.

So speak the Oracles ; then wherefore
fatal ?

I take this orange-bough, with its five
leaves,

Each equidistant on the upright stem ;
And I project them on a plane below,

In the circumference of a circle drawn
 About a centre where the stem is plant-
 ed,
 And each still equidistant from the oth-
 er ;
 As if a thread of gossamer were drawn
 Down from each leaf, and fastened with
 a pin.
 Now if from these five points a line be
 traced
 To each alternate point, we shall obtain
 The Pentagram, or Solomon's Pentan-
 gle,
 A charm against all witchcraft, and a
 sign,
 Which on the banner of Antiochus
 Drove back the fierce barbarians of the
 North,
 Demons esteemed, and gave the Syrian
 King
 The sacred name of Soter, or of Savior.
 Thus Nature works mysteriously with
 man ;
 And from the Eternal One, as from a
 centre,
 All things proceed, in fire, air, earth,
 and water,
 And all are subject to one law, which
 broken
 Even in a single point, is broken in all ;
 Demons rush in, and chaos comes again.

By this will I compel the stubborn spir-
 its,
 That guard the treasures, hid in caverns
 deep
 On Gerizim, by Uzzi the High-Priest,
 The ark and holy vessels, to reveal
 Their secret unto me, and to restore
 These precious things to the Samari-
 tans.

A mist is rising from the plain below
 me,
 And as I look, the vapors shape them-
 selves
 Into strange figures, as if unawares
 My lips had breathed the Tetragram-
 maton,
 And from their graves, o'er all the bat-
 tle-fields

Of Armageddon, the long-buried cap-
 tains
 Had started, with their thousands, and
 ten thousands,
 And rushed together to renew their
 wars,
 Powerless, and weaponless, and with-
 out a sound !
 Wake, Helen, from thy sleep ! The air
 grows cold ;
 Let us go down.

Helen (awaking). O would I were at
 home !

Simon. Thou sayest that I usurp
 another's titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of the
 East,
 Magalath and Pangalath, and Saracen,
 Who followed the bright star, but home
 returned

For fear of Herod by another way.
 O shining worlds above me ! in what
 deep

Recesses of your realms of mystery
 Lies hidden now that star? and where
 are they
 That brought the gifts of frankincense
 and myrrh !

Helen. The Nazarene still liveth.

Simon. We have heard
 His name in many towns, but have not
 seen him.

He flits before us; tarries not; is
 gone
 When we approach, like something un-
 substantial,

Made of the air, and fading into air.
 He is at Nazareth, he is at Nain,
 Or at the Lovely Village on the Lake,
 Or sailing on its waters.

Helen. So say those
 Who do not wish to find him.

Simon. Can this be
 The King of Israel, whom the Wise
 Men worshipped?
 Or does he fear to meet me? It would
 seem so.

We should soon learn which of us twain
 usurps
 The titles of the other, as thou sayest.

(*They go down.*)



THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.

THE THIRD PASSOVER.



THE THIRD PASSOVER.

I.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN and her DAUGHTER on the house-top at Jerusalem.

The Daughter (singing). Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath

Say: It is Christ of Nazareth!
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say: He calleth thee!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνέει σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd: What wilt thou at my hands?

And he replies: O, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε·*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, Ὑπάγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

The Mother. Thy faith hath saved thee!
Ah, how true that is!
For I had faith; and when the Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, fleeing
From those who sought to slay him, I went forth
And cried unto him, saying: Have mercy on me,
O Lord, thou Son of David! for my daughter
Is grievously tormented with a devil.
But he passed on, and answered not a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching him:
Send her away! She crieth after us!
And then the Master answered them and said:

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep
Of the House of Israel! Then I worshipped him,
Saying: Lord, help me! And he answered me,
It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it unto dogs! Truth, Lord, I said;

And yet the dogs may eat the crumbs which fall
From off their master's table; and he turned,

And answered me; and said to me: O woman,
Great is thy faith; then be it unto thee,
Even as thou wilt. And from that very hour

Thou wast made whole, my darling!
my delight!

The Daughter. There came upon my dark and troubled mind
A calm, as when the tumult of the city
Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear
The silver trumpets of the Temple blowing

Their welcome to the Sabbath. Still I wonder,
That one who was so far away from me,
And could not see me, by his thought alone
Had power to heal me. O that I could see him!

The Mother. Perhaps thou wilt; for I have brought thee here
To keep the holy Passover, and lay Thine offering of thanksgiving on the altar.
Thou mayst both see and hear him.
Hark!

Voices afar off. Hosanna!
The Daughter. A crowd comes pouring through the city gate!
O mother, look!

Voices in the street. Hosanna to the Son
Of David!

The Daughter. A great multitude of people
Fills all the street; and riding on an ass
Comes one of noble aspect, like a king!
The people spread their garments in the way,
And scatter branches of the palm-trees!

Voices. Blessed
Is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

Other Voices. Who is this?
Voices. Jesus of Nazareth!
The Daughter. Mother, it is he!
Voices. He hath called Lazarus of Bethany

Out of his grave, and raised him from the dead!

Hosanna in the highest!
Pharisees. Ye perceive
That nothing we prevail. Behold, the world

Is all gone after him!
The Daughter. What majesty,
What power is in that care-worn countenance!

What sweetness, what compassion! I no longer
Wonder that he hath healed me!

Voices. Peace in heaven,
And glory in the highest!

Pharisees. Rabbi! Rabbi!
Rebuke thy followers!
Christus. Should they hold their peace
The very stones beneath us would cry out!

The Daughter. All hath passed by me like a dream of wonder!
But I have seen him, and have heard his voice,
And I am satisfied! I ask no more!

II.

SOLOMON'S PORCH.

Gamaliel the Scribe. When Rabban Simeon, upon whom be peace!
Taught in these Schools, he boasted that his pen
Had written no word that he could call his own,
But wholly and always had been consecrated
To the transcribing of the Law and Prophets.
He used to say, and never tired of saying,
The world itself was built upon the Law.
And ancient Hillel said, that whosoever
Gains a good name, gains something for himself,
But he who gains a knowledge of the Law
Gains everlasting life. And they spake truly.
Great is the Written Law; but greater still
The Unwritten, the Traditions of the Elders,
The lovely words of Levites, spoken first
To Moses on the Mount, and handed down
From mouth to mouth, in one unbroken sound
And sequence of divine authority,
The voice of God resounding through the ages.
The Written Law is water; the Unwritten
Is precious wine; the Written Law is salt,

The Unwritten costly spice ; the Writ-
ten Law
Is but the body ; the Unwritten, the
soul
That quickens it, and makes it breathe
and live.

I can remember, many years ago,
A little bright-eyed school-boy, a mere
stripling,
Son of a Galilean carpenter,
From Nazareth, I think, who came one
day
And sat here in the Temple with the
Scribes,
Hearing us speak, and asking many
questions,
And we were all astonished at his
quickness.
And when his mother came, and said :
Behold
Thy father and I have sought thee, sor-
rowing ;
He looked as one astonished, and made
answer :
How is it that ye sought me ? Wist ye
not
That I must be about my Father's
business ?
Often since then I see him here among
us,
Or dream I see him, with his upraised
face
Intent and eager, and I often wonder
Unto what manner of manhood he hath
grown !
Perhaps a poor mechanic, like his
father,
Lost in his little Galilean village
And toiling at his craft, to die un-
known
And be no more remembered among
men.

Christus (in the outer court). The
Scribes and Pharisees sit in
Moses' seat ;

All, therefore, whatsoever they com-
mand you,
Observe and do ; but follow not their
works ;
They say and do not. They bind
heavy burdens
And very grievous to be borne, and
lay them

Upon men's shoulders, but they move
them not
With so much as a finger !

Gamaliel (looking forth). Who is
this
Exhorting in the outer courts so loud-
ly ?

Christus. Their works they do for to
be seen of men.
They make broad their phylacteries,
and enlarge
The borders of their garments, and
they love
The uppermost rooms at feasts, and
the chief seats
In Synagogues, and greetings in the
markets,
And to be called of all men Rabbi,
Rabbi !

Gamaliel. It is that loud and turbu-
lent Galilean,
That came here at the Feast of Dedic-
tion,
And stirred the people up to break the
Law !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye shut up the
kingdom
Of heaven, and neither go ye in your-
selves
Nor suffer them that are entering to go
in !

Gamaliel. How eagerly the people
throng and listen,
As if his ribald words were words of
wisdom !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye devour the
houses
Of widows, and for pretence ye make
long prayers ;
Therefore shall ye receive the more
damnation.

Gamaliel. This brawler is no Jew,
— he is a vile
Samaritan, and hath an unclean spirit !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! ye compass sea and
land
To make one proselyte, and when he is
made

Ye make him twofold more the child of
hell

Than you yourselves are !

Gamaliel. O my father's father !
Hillel of blessed memory, hear and
judge !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye pay tithes of
mint,

Of anise and of cumin, and omit
The weightier matters of the law of God,
Judgment and faith and mercy ; and
all these

Ye ought to have done, nor leave un-
done the others !

Gamaliel. O Rabban Simeon ! how
must thy bones

Stir in their grave to hear such blas-
phemies !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye make clean and
sweet

The outside of the cup and of the plat-
ter,

But they within are full of all excess !

Gamaliel. Patience of God ! canst
thou endure so long ?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a jour-
ney ?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! for ye are very like
To whited sepulchres, which indeed
appear

Beautiful outwardly, but are within
Filled full of dead men's bones and all
uncleanness !

Gamaliel. Am I awake ? Is this
Jerusalem ?

And are these Jews that throng and
stare and listen ?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes
and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! because ye build the
tombs

Of Prophets, and adorn the sepulchres
Of righteous men, and say : If we had
lived

When lived our fathers, we would not
have been

Partakers with them in the blood of
Prophets.

So ye be witnesses unto yourselves,
That ye are children of them that
killed the Prophets !

Fill ye up then the measure of your
fathers.

I send unto you Prophets and Wise
Men,

And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and
some

Scourge in your Synagogues, and per-
secute

From city to city ; that on you may
come

The righteous blood that hath been
shed on earth,

From the blood of righteous Abel to
the blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,
Ye slew between the Temple and the
altar !

Gamaliel. O, had I here my subtle
dialectician,

My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-
maker,

Whose wit is sharper than his needle's
point,

He would delight to foil this noisy
wrangler !

Christus. Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
O thou

That killest the Prophets, and that
stonest them

Which are sent unto thee, how often
would I

Have gathered together thy children,
as a hen

Gathereth her chickens underneath her
wing,

And ye would not ! Behold, your
house is left

Unto you desolate !

The People. This is a Prophet !
This is the Christ that was to come !

Gamaliel. Ye fools !
Think ye, shall Christ come out of
Galilee ?

III.

LORD, IS IT I ?

Christus. One of you shall betray me.
The Disciples. Is it I ?
Lord, is it I ?

Christus. One of the Twelve it is
That dippeh with me in this dish his
hand;

He shall betray me. Lo, the Son of
Man

Goeth indeed as it is written of him ;
But woe shall be unto that man by
whom

He is betrayed ! Good were it for that
man

If he had ne'er been born !

Judas Iscariot. Lord, is it I ?

Christus. Ay, thou hast said. And
that thou doest, do quickly.

Judas Iscariot (going out). Ah, woe
is me !

Christus. All ye shall be offended
Because of me this night ; for it is
written :

Awake, O sword against my shepherd !
Smite

The shepherd, saith the Lord of hosts,
and scattered

Shall be the sheep !— But after I am
risen

I go before you into Galilee.

Peter. O Master ! though all men
shall be offended

Because of thee, yet will not I be !

Christus. Simon, Behold how Satan hath desired to have
you,

That he may sift you as one sifteth
wheat !

Whither I go thou canst not follow me,
Not now ; — but thou shalt follow me
hereafter.

Peter. Wherefore can I not follow
thee ? I am ready

To go with thee to prison and to death.

Christus. Verily say I unto thee, this
night,

Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny me
thrice !

Peter. Though I should die, yet
will I not deny thee.

Christus. When first I sent you
forth without a purse,
Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack any-
thing ?

The Disciples. Not anything.

Christus. But he that hath a purse,
Now let him take it, and likewise his
scrip ;

And he that hath no sword, let him go
sell

His clothes and buy one. That which
hath been written

Must be accomplished now : He hath
poured out

His soul even unto death ; he hath
been numbered

With the transgressors, and himself
hath borne

The sin of many, and made intercession
For the transgressors. And here have
an end

The things concerning me.

Peter. Behold, O Lord,
Behold, here are two swords !

Christus. It is enough.

IV.

THE GARDEN OF GETH-
SEMANE.

Christus. My spirit is exceeding
sorrowful
Even unto death ! Tarry ye here and
watch.

(*He goes apart.*)

Peter. Under this ancient olive-tree,
that spreads
Its broad centennial branches like a
tent,

Let us lie down and rest.

John. What are those torches,
That glimmer on Brook Kedron there
below us ?

James. It is some marriage feast ;
the joyful maidens
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

Peter. I am weary.
The struggles of this day have over-
come me.

(*They sleep.*)

Christus (falling on his face). Fa-
ther ! all things are possible to
thee, —

O let this cup pass from me ! Never-
theless

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be done !

(*Returning to the Disciples.*)

What! could ye not watch with me for one hour?

O watch and pray, that ye may enter not
Into temptation. For the spirit indeed
Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

John. Alas!
It is for sorrow that our eyes are
heavy. —

I see again the glimmer of those torches
Among the olives; they are coming
hither.

James. Outside the garden wall the
path divides;
Surely they come not hither.

(*They sleep again.*)

Christus (as before). O my Father!
If this cup may not pass away from
me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

(*Returning to the Disciples.*)

Sleep on; and take your rest!

John. Beloved Master,
Alas! we know not what to answer
thee!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are
heavy. —

Behold, the torches now encompass us.

James. They do but go about the
garden wall,
Seeking for some one, or for something
lost.

(*They sleep again.*)

Christus (as before). If this cup may
not pass away from me,
Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

(*Returning to the Disciples*)

It is enough! Behold, the Son of
Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands of
sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us be
going;

For he that shall betray me is at hand.

John. Ah me! See, from his fore-
head, in the torchlight,
Great drops of blood are falling to the
ground!

Peter. What lights are these?
What torches glare and glisten

Upon the swords and armor of these
men?

And there among them Judas Iscariot!
(*He smites the servant of the High-
Priest with his sword.*)

Christus. Put up thy sword into its
sheath; for they
That take the sword shall perish with
the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me to
drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou
that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that he shall
give me

More than twelve legions of angels
presently?

Judas (to Christus, kissing him).
Hail, Master! hail!

Christus. Friend, wherefore art thou
come?

Whom seek ye?

Captain of the Temple. Jesus of
Nazareth.

Christus. I am he.

Are ye come hither as against a thief,
With swords and staves to take me?

When I daily

Was with you in the Temple, ye
stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is
your hour,

And this the power of darkness. If ye
seek

Me only, let these others go their way.

(*The Disciples depart. CHRISTUS is
bound and led away. A certain
young man follows him, having a
linen cloth cast about his body. They
lay hold of him, and the young man
sleeps from them naked.*)

V.

THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS.

Pharisees. What do we? Clearly
something must we do,
For this man worketh many miracles.

Caiaphas. I am informed that he is
a mechanic;

A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant,
Keeping disreputable company.

Pharisees. The people say that here
in Bethany
He hath raised up a certain Lazarus,
Who had been dead three days.

Caiaphas. Impossible !
There is no resurrection of the dead ;
This Lazarus should be taken, and put
to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean
Would be content to stay in Galilee,
And preach in country towns, I should
not heed him.

But when he comes up to Jerusalem
Riding in triumph, as I am informed,
And drives the money-changers from
the Temple,

That is another matter.

Pharisees. If we thus
Let him alone, all will believe on him,
And then the Romans come and take
away

Our place and nation.

Caiaphas. Ye know nothing at all.
Simon Ben Camith, my great predecessor,

On whom be peace ! would have dealt
presently

With such a demagogue. I shall no
less.

The man must die. Do ye consider
not

It is expedient that one man should die,
Not the whole nation perish ? What
is death ?

It differeth from sleep but in duration.
We sleep and wake again ; an hour or
two

Later or earlier, and it matters not,
And if we never wake it matters
not ;

When we are in our graves we are at
peace,

Nothing can wake us or disturb us
more.

There is no resurrection.

Pharisees (aside). O most faithful
Disciple of Hircanus Maccabæus,
Will nothing but complete annihilation
Comfort and satisfy thee ?

Caiaphas. While ye are talking
And plotting, and contriving how to
take him,

Fearing the people, and so doing
naught,

I, who fear not the people, have been
acting ;

Have taken this Prophet, this young
Nazarene,

Who by Beelzebub the Prince of devils
Casteth out devils, and doth raise the
dead,

That might as well be dead, and left
in peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent him
hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your Galilean !

(CHRISTUS is brought in bound.)

Servant (in the vestibule.) Why art
thou up so late, my pretty damsel ?

Damsel. Why art thou up so early,
pretty man ?

It is not cock-crow yet, and art thou
stirring ?

Servant. What brings thee here ?

Damsel. What brings the rest of you ?

Servant. Come here and warm thy
hands.

Damsel (to Peter.) Art thou not also
One of this man's disciples ?

Peter. I am not.

Damsel. Now surely thou art also
one of them ;

Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech
Bewrayeth thee.

Peter. Woman, I know him not !

Caiaphas (to Christus, in the Hall).

Who art thou ? Tell us plainly
of thyself

And of thy doctrines, and of thy disci-
ples.

Christus. Lo, I have spoken openly
to the world,

I have taught ever in the Synagogue,
And in the Temple, where the Jews re-
sort ;

In secret have said nothing. Where-
fore then

Askest thou me of this ? Ask them
that heard me

What I have said to them. Behold
they know

What I have said !

Officer (striking him). What, fellow !
answerest thou

The High-Priest so ?

Christus. If I have spoken evil,
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,
Why smitest thou me?

Caiaphas. Where are the witnesses?
Let them say what they know.

The two False Witnesses. We
heard him say:

I will destroy this Temple made with
hands,

And will within three days build up
another

Made without hands.

Scribes and Pharisees. He is o'er-
whelmed with shame

And cannot answer!

Caiaphas. Dost thou answer nothing?
What is this thing they witness here

against thee?

Scribes and Pharisees. He holds
his peace.

Caiaphas. Tell us, art thou the
Christ?

I do adjure thee by the living God,
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ?

Christus. I am.
Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man

Sit on the right hand of the power of
God,

And come in clouds of heaven!

Caiaphas (rending his clothes). It is
enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy! What
further need

Have we of witnesses? Now ye have
heard

His blasphemy. What think ye? Is
he guilty?

Scribes and Pharisees. Guilty of
death!

*Kinsman of Malchus (to Peter, in
the vestibule.)* Surely I know thy
face,

Did I not see thee in the garden with
him?

Peter. How couldst thou see me? I
swear unto thee

I do not know this man of whom ye
speak!

(*The cock crows.*)

Hark! the cock crows! That sorrow-
ful, pale face

Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks
at me,

As if he would remind me of those
words:

Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me
thrice!

(*Goes out weeping. CHRISTUS is blind-
folded and buffeted.*)

*An Officer (striking him with his
palm).* Prophecy unto us, thou

Christ, thou Prophet!
Who is it smote thee?

Caiaphas. Lead him unto Pilate!

VI.

PONTIUS PILATE.

Pilate. Wholly incomprehensible
to me,

Vainglorious, obstinate, and given up
To unintelligible old traditions,

And proud, and self-conceited are these
Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions
down

From Cæsarea to their winter-quarters
Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies

Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a
tumult

Arose among these Jews, because their
Law

Forbids the making of all images!
They threw themselves upon the

ground with wild
Expostulations, bared their necks, and

cried
That they would sooner die than have

their Law
Infringed in any manner: as if Numa

Were not as great as Moses, and the
Laws

Of the Twelve Tables as their Penta-
teuch!

And then, again, when I desired to
span

Their valley with an aqueduct, and
bring

A rushing river in to wash the city
And its inhabitants, — they all rebelled

As if they had been herds of unwashed
swine!

Thousands and thousands of them got
together

And raised so great a clamor round my doors,
That, fearing violent outbreak, I desisted,
And left them to their wallowing in the mire.

And now here comes the reverend Sanhedrim
Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes and Pharisees

Like old and toothless mastiffs, that can bark,
But cannot bite, howling their accusations

Against a mild enthusiast, who hath preached
I know not what new doctrine, being King

Of some vague kingdom in the other world,
That hath no more to do with Rome and Cæsar

Than I have with the patriarch Abraham !
Finding this man to be a Galilean,
I sent him straight to Herod, and I hope

That is the last of it ; but if it be not,
I still have power to pardon and release him,

As is the custom at the Passover,
And so accommodate the matter smoothly,
Seeming to yield to them, yet saving him ;

A prudent and sagacious policy
For Roman Governors in the Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people !
Ye have a God, who seemeth like yourselves

Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,
Majestic, cloud-encompassed, clothed in darkness !

One whom ye fear, but love not ; yet ye have
No Goddesses to soften your stern lives,

And make you tender unto human weakness,
While we of Rome have everywhere around us

Our amiable divinities, that haunt

The woodlands, and the waters, and frequent
Our households, with their sweet and gracious presence !

I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,
Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love.

VII.

BARABBAS IN PRISON.

Barabbas (to his fellow-prisoners).

Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning I suppose ;
I 'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows ?

I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day.
So much I am free to confess ;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware,
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast ;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear ;
It is not for that I am here
In these iron fetters bound ;
Sedition ! that is the word
That Pontius Pilate heard,
And he liketh not the sound.

What, think ye, would he care
For a Jew slain here or there,
Or a plundered caravan ?
But Cæsar ! — ah, that is a crime,
To the uttermost end of time
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth
With Matthias Margaloth,
And burned him for a show !
Therefore his wrath did smite
Judas the Gaulonite,
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause, and no more,
Am I here, as I said before ;
For one unlucky night,
Jucundus, the captain of horse,
Was upon us with all his force,
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,
But my dagger was in the breast
Of a Roman equerry ;
As we rolled there in the street,
They bound me, hands and feet ;
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death ? Not I !
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong !
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine ;
I shall not be with you long.

VIII.

ECCE HOMO.

*Pilate (on the Tessellated Pavement
in front of his Palace).* Ye have
brought unto me this man, as one
Who doth pervert the people ; and be-
hold !

I have examined him, and found no
fault
Touching the things whereof ye do
accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod ; for I sent you to him,
And nothing worthy of death he findeth
in him.

Ye have a custom at the Passover,
That one condemned to death shall be
released.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to
you ?

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of
Shame,
Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the
Christ ?

The People (shouting). Not this
man, but Barabbas !

Pilate. What then will ye
That I should do with him that is
called Christ ?

The People. Crucify him !

Pilate. Why, what evil hath he done ?
Lo, I have found no cause of death in
him ;

I will chastise him, and then let him go.
The People (more vehemently). Cru-
cify him ! crucify him !

A Messenger (to Pilate). Thy wife
sends

This message to thee :— Have thou
naught to do

With that just man ; for I this day in
dreams

Have suffered many things because of
him.

Pilate (aside). The Gods speak to
us in our dreams ! I tremble
At what I have to do ! O Claudia,
How shall I save him ? Yet one effort
more,
Or he must perish !

(Washes his hands before them.)

I am innocent
Of the blood of this just person ; see ye
to it !

The People. Let his blood be on us
and on our children !

Voices (within the Palace). Put on
thy royal robes ; put on thy crown,
And take thy sceptre ! Hail, thou
King of the Jews !

Pilate. I bring him forth to you, that
ye may know
I find no fault in him. Behold the man !
*(CHRISTUS is led in, with the purple
robe and crown of thorns.)*

Chief Priests and Officers. Crucify
him ! crucify him !

Pilate. Take ye him ;
I find no fault in him.

Chief Priests. We have a Law,
And by our Law he ought to die ; because
He made himself to be the Son of God.

Pilate (aside). Ah ! there are Sons
of God, and demi-gods
More than ye know, ye ignorant High-
Priests !

(To CHRISTUS.)

Whence art thou ?

Chief Priests. Crucify him ! crucify him !

Pilate (to Christus). Dost thou not answer me ? Dost thou not know That I have power enough to crucify thee ?

That I have also power to set thee free ?
Christus. Thou couldst have no power at all against me Except that it were given thee from above ;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee The greater sin.

Chief Priests. If thou let this man go, Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For who-soever Maketh himself a King, speaks against Cæsar.

Pilate. Ye Jews, behold your King !

Chief Priests. Away with him ! Crucify him !

Pilate. Shall I crucify your King ?

Chief Priests. We have no King but Cæsar !

Pilate. Take him, then, Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty Priests,

More merciless than the plebeian mob, Who pity and spare the fainting gladiator

Blood-stained in Roman amphitheatres, —

Take him, and crucify him if ye will ; But if the immortal Gods do ever mingle

With the affairs of mortals, which I doubt not,

And hold the attribute of justice dear, They will commission the Eumenides To scatter you to the four winds of heaven,

Exacting tear for tear, and blood for blood.

Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's head :

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Chief Priests. Nay, we entreat ! write not, the King of the Jews ; But that he said : I am the King of the Jews !

Pilate. Enough. What I have written, I have written !

IX.

ACELDAMA.

Judas Iscariot. Lost ! lost ! forever lost ! I have betrayed The innocent blood ! O God ! if thou

art love, Why didst thou leave me naked to the tempter ?

Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning

To strike me dead ? or why did I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the innocent children

Who went with playthings in their little hands

Into the darkness of the other world, As if to bed ? Or wherefore was I born,

If thou in thy foreknowledge didst perceive

All that I am, and all that I must be ? I know I am not generous, am not gentle

Like other men ; but I have tried to be, And I have failed. I thought by following Him,

I should grow like him ; but the unclean spirit

That from my childhood up hath tortured me

Hath been too cunning and too strong for me.

Am I to blame for this ? Am I to blame

Because I cannot love, and ne'er have known

The love of woman or the love of children ?

It is a curse and a fatality, A mark, that hath been set upon my

forehead,

That none shall slay me, for it were a mercy

That I were dead, or never had been born.

Too late ! too late ! I shall not see him more

Among the living. That sweet, patient face

Will never more rebuke me, nor those lips

Repeat the words : One of you shall betray me !

It stung me into madness. How I
loved,
Yet hated him ! But in the other world !
I will be there before him, and will wait
Until he comes and fall down on my
knees
And kiss his feet, imploring pardon,
pardon !

I heard him say : All sins shall be for-
given,
Except the sin against the Holy Ghost.
That shall not be forgiven in this world,
Nor in the world to come. Is that my
sin ?
Have I offended so there is no hope
Here nor hereafter ? That I soon shall
know.
O God, have mercy ! Christ have mer-
cy on me !

(*Throws himself headlong from the
cliff.*)

X.

THE THREE CROSSES.

Manahem, the Essenian. Three
crosses in this noonday night up-
lifted,
Three human figures, that in mortal
pain
Gleam white against the supernatural
darkness ;
Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and
between them
The suffering Messiah, the Son of Jo-
seph,
Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son of
David !
A crown of thorns on that dishonored
head !
Those hands that healed the sick now
pierced with nails,
Those feet that wandered homeless
through the world
Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest
forever !
And the three faithful Marias, over-
whelmed
By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying,
weeping !

O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-
Priest,
How wilt thou answer for this deed of
blood ?

Scribes and Elders. Thou that de-
stroyest the Temple, and dost
build it

In three days, save thyself ; and if thou
be

The Son of God, come down now from
the cross.

Chief Priests. Others he saved, him-
self he cannot save !

Let Christ the King of Israel descend,
That we may see and believe !

Scribes and Elders. In God
he trusted ;

Let him deliver him, if he will have him,
And we will then believe.

Christus. Father ! forgive them ;
They know not what they do.

The Impenitent Thief. If thou
be Christ,

O save thyself and us !

The Penitent Thief. Remember me,
Lord, when thou comest into thine
own kingdom.

Christus. This day shalt thou be
with me in Paradise.

Manahem. Golgotha ! Golgotha !
O the pain and darkness !

O the uplifted cross, that shall forever
Shine through the darkness, and shall
conquer pain

By the triumphant memory of this hour !
Simon Magus. O Nazarene ! I find

thee here at last !

Thou art no more a phantom unto me !
This is the end of one who called him-
self

The Son of God ! Such is the fate of
those

Who preach new doctrines. 'T is not
what he did,

But what he said, hath brought him
unto this.

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.
This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene !

The Young Ruler. This is the end
of him who said to me :

Sell that thou hast, and give unto the
poor !

This is the treasure in heaven he prom-
ised me !

Christus. Eloi, Eloi, lama sabac-thani!

A Soldier (preparing the hyssop).

He calleth for Elias!

Another. Nay, let be!

See if Elias now will come to save him!

Christus. I thirst.

A Soldier. Give him the wormwood!

Christus (with a loud cry, bowing his head). It is finished!

XI.

THE TWO MARIES.

Mary Magdalene. We have arisen early, yet the sun

O'ertakes us ere we reach the sepulchre,

To wrap the body of our blessed Lord
With our sweet spices.

Mary, mother of James. Lo, this is the garden,

And yonder is the sepulchre. But who
Shall roll away the stone for us to enter?

Mary Magdalene. It hath been rolled away! The sepulchre is open! Ah, who hath been here before us,

When we rose early, wishing to be first?

Mary, mother of James. I am affrighted!

Mary Magdalene. Hush! I will stoop down

And look within. There is a young man sitting

On the right side, clothed in a long white garment!

It is an angel!

The Angel. Fear not; ye are seeking

Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. Why do ye seek the living among the dead?

He is no longer here; he is arisen!

Come see the place where the Lord lay!
Remember

How he spake unto you in Galilee,
Saying: The Son of Man must be delivered

Into the hands of sinful men; by them
Be crucified, and the third day rise again!

But go your way, and say to his disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee;

There shall ye see him as he said to you.

Mary, mother of James. I will go swiftly for them.

Mary Magdalene (alone, weeping). They have taken

My Lord away from me, and now I know not

Where they have laid him! Who is there to tell me?

This is the gardener. Surely he must know.

Christus. Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?

Mary Magdalene. They have taken my Lord away; I cannot find him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence, I pray thee

Tell me where thou hast laid him.

Christus. Mary!

Mary Magdalene. Rabboni!

XII.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Nathanael (in the ship). All is now ended.

John. Nay, he is arisen.

I ran unto the tomb, and stooping down
Looked in, and saw the linen grave-clothes lying,

Yet dared not enter.

Peter. I went in, and saw The napkin that had been about his head,

Not lying with the other linen clothes,
But wrapped together in a separate place.

Thomas. And I have seen him. I have seen the print

Of nails upon his hands, and thrust my hands

Into his side. I know he is arisen;

But where are now the kingdom and the glory

He promised unto us? We have all dreamed

That we were princes, and we wake to find

We are but fishermen.

Peter. Who should have been
Fishers of men!

John. We have come back again
To the old life, the peaceful life,
among
The white towns of the Galilean lake.

Peter. They seem to me like silent
sepulchres

In the gray light of morning! The
old life,

Yea, the old life! for we have toiled all
night

And have caught nothing.

John. Do ye see a man
Standing upon the beach and beckon-
ing?

'Tis like an apparition. He hath
kindled

A fire of coals, and seems to wait for us.
He calleth.

Christus (from the shore). Children,
have ye any meat?

Peter. Alas! We have caught
nothing.

Christus. Cast the net
On the right side of the ship, and ye
shall find.

Peter. How that reminds me of the
days gone by,

And one who said: Launch out into the
deep,

And cast your nets!

Nathanael. We have but let
them down

And they are filled, so that we cannot
draw them!

John. It is the Lord!

*Peter (girding his fisher's coat about
him).* He said: When I am
risen

I will go before you into Galilee!

(*He casts himself into the lake.*)

John. There is no fear in love; for
perfect love

Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye are
men,

Put forth your strength; we are not far
from shore;

The net is heavy, but breaks not. All
is safe.

Peter (on the shore). Dear Lord! I
heard thy voice and could not
wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss thy
feet!

Thou art not dead, thou livest! Again
I see thee.

Pardon, dear Lord! I am a sinful
man;

I have denied thee thrice. Have
mercy on me!

The Others (coming to land). Dear
Lord! stay with us! cheer us!

comfort us!

Lo! we again have found thee! Leave
us not!

Christus. Bring hither of the fish
that ye have caught,

And come and eat.

John. Behold! he breaketh bread
As he was wont. From his own bless-
ed hands

Again we take it.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me, more than these
others?

Peter. Yea,
More, Lord, than all men; even more
than these.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my lambs.

Thomas (aside). How more than
we do? He remaineth ever
Self-confident and boastful as before.

Nothing will cure him.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?

Peter. Yea, dearest Lord, I love thee.
Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep.

Thomas (aside). Again, the self-same
question, and the answer

Repeated with more vehemence. Can
the Master

Doubt if we love him?

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?

Peter (grieved). Dear Lord! thou
knowest all things.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep.
When thou wast young thou girdedst
thyself, and walkedst

Whither thou wouldst; but when thou
shalt be old,

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and
other men

Shall gird and carry thee whither thou
wouldst not.

Follow thou me !

John (aside). It is a prophecy
Of what death he shall die.

Peter (pointing to John). Tell me, O
Lord,

And what shall this man do ?

Christus.

And if I will

He tarry till I come, what is it to thee ?
Follow thou me !

Peter. Yea, I will follow thee, dear
Lord and Master !

Will follow thee through fasting and
temptation,

Through all thine agony and bloody
sweat,

Thy cross and passion, even unto death !

EPILOGUE.

SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM.

Peter. I believe in God the Father Almighty ;

John. Maker of Heaven and Earth ;

James. And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord ;

Andrew. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ;

Philip. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ;

Thomas. And the third day he rose again from the dead ;

Bartholomew. He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty ;

Matthew. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

James, the Son of Alphaeus. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church ;

Simon Zelotes. The communion of Saints ; the forgiveness of sins ;

Jude. The resurrection of the body ;

Matthias. And the Life Everlasting.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

THE ABBOT JOACHIM.

THE ABBOT JOACHIM.

A room in the Convent of Flora in Calabria. Night.

Joachim. The wind is rising ; it
seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and
makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls ;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls !
Where it listeth, there it bloweth ;
We hear the sound, but no man
knoweth
Whence it cometh or whither it goeth,
And thus it is with the Holy Ghost.
O breath of God ! O my delight
In many a vigil of the night,
Like the great voice in Patmos heard
By John, the Evangelist of the Word,
I hear thee behind me saying : Write
In a book the things that thou hast
seen,
The things that are, and that have
been,
And the things that shall hereafter be !
This convent, on the rocky crest
Of the Calabrian hills, to me
A Patmos is wherein I rest ;
While round about me like a sea
The white mists roll, and overflow
The world that lies unseen below
In darkness and in mystery.
Here in the Spirit, in the vast
Embrace of God's encircling arm,
Am I uplifted from all harm ;
The world seems something far away,
Something belonging to the Past,
A hostelry, a peasant's farm,
That lodged me for a night or day,

In which I care not to remain,
Nor, having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand
I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height,
When as a simple acolyte
I journeyed to the Holy Land,
A pilgrim for my Master's sake,
And saw the Galilean Lake,
And walked through many a village
street
That once had echoed to his feet.
There first I heard the great command,
The voice behind me saying : Write !
And suddenly my soul became
Illumined by a flash of flame,
That left imprinted on my thought
The image I in vain had sought,
And which forever shall remain ;
As sometimes from these windows
high,
Gazing at midnight on the sky
Black with a storm of wind and rain,
I have beheld a sudden glare
Of lightning lay the landscape bare,
With tower and town and hill and plain
Distinct, and burnt into my brain,
Never to be effaced again !
And I have written. These volumes
three,
The Apocalypse, the Harmony
Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and old,
And the Psalter with Ten Strings, en-
fold
Within their pages, all and each,
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.
Well I remember the Kingdom of
Heaven
Hath been likened to a little leaven

Hidden in two measures of meal,
 Until it leavened the whole mass ;
 So likewise will it come to pass
 With the doctrine that I here conceal.

Open and manifest to me
 The truth appears, and must be told :
 All sacred mysteries are threefold ;
 Three Persons in the Trinity,
 Three Ages of Humanity,
 And Holy Scriptures likewise Three,
 Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love ;
 For Wisdom that begins in Fear
 Endeth in Love ; the atmosphere
 In which the soul delights to be,
 And finds that perfect liberty,
 Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime
 And dawn of all historic time,
 The Father reigned ; and face to face
 He spake with the primeval race.
 Bright Angels, on his errands sent,
 Sat with the patriarch in his tent ;
 His prophets thundered in the street ;
 His lightnings flashed, his hail-storms
 beat ;

In tempest and in cloud he came,
 In earthquake and in flood and flame !
 The fear of God is in his Book ;
 The pages of the Pentateuch
 Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son ; his Covenant
 Was peace on earth, good-will to man ;
 With him the reign of Law began.
 He was the Wisdom and the Word,
 And sent his Angels Ministrant,
 Unterrified and undeterred,
 To rescue souls forlorn and lost,
 The troubled, tempted, tempest-tost,
 To heal, to comfort, and to teach.
 The fiery tongues of Pentecost
 His symbols were, that they should
 preach

In every form of human speech,
 From continent to continent.
 He is the Light Divine, whose rays
 Across the thousand years unspent
 Shine through the darkness of our days,
 And touch with their celestial fires
 Our churches and our convent spires.
 His Book is the New Testament.

These Ages now are of the Past ;
 And the Third Age begins at last.
 The coming of the Holy Ghost,
 The reign of Grace, the reign of Love,
 Brightens the mountain-tops above,
 And the dark outline of the coast.
 Already the whole land is white
 With convent walls, as if by night
 A snow had fallen on hill and height :
 Already from the streets and marts
 Of town and traffic, and low cares,
 Men climb the consecrated stairs
 With weary feet, and bleeding hearts :
 And leave the world, and its delights,
 Its passions, struggles, and despairs,
 For contemplation and for prayers
 In cloister-cells of Cœnobites.

Eternal benedictions rest
 Upon thy name, Saint Benedict !
 Founder of convents in the West,
 Who built on Mount Cassino's crest,
 In the Land of Labor, thine eagle's
 nest !

May I be found not derelict
 In aught of faith or godly fear,
 If I have written, in many a page,
 The Gospel of the coming age,
 The Eternal Gospel men shall hear.
 O may I live resembling thee,
 And die at last as thou hast died ;
 So that hereafter men may see,
 Within the choir, a form of air,
 Standing with arms outstretched in
 prayer,
 As one that hath been crucified !

My work is finished ; I am strong
 In faith and hope and charity ;
 For I have written the things I see.
 The things that have been and shall be.
 Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong :
 Because I am in love with Love,
 And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;
 For Hate is death ; and Love is life,
 A peace, a splendor from above ;
 And Hate, a never-ending strife,
 A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
 Where unclean serpents coil and hiss !
 Love is the Holy Ghost within ;
 Hate the unpardonable sin !
 Who preaches otherwise than this,
 Betrays his Master with a kiss !

PART TWO.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

Lucifer. Hasten ! hasten !
O ye spirits !
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air !

Voices. O, we cannot !
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it ;
They defeat us everywhere !

The Bells.

Laudo Deum verum !
Plebem voco !
Congrego clerum !

Lucifer. Lower ! lower !
Hover downward !
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower !

Voices. All thy thunders
Here are harmless !
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water !
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells.

Defunctos ploro !
Pestem fugo !
Festa decoro !

Lucifer. Shake the casements !
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crim-
son ;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast !

Voices. O, we cannot !
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

The Bells.

Funera plango !
Fulgura frango !
Sabbata pango !

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals !
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead !

Voices. O, we cannot !
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in man-
tles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead !

The Bells.

Excito lentos !
Dissipo ventos !
Paco cruentos !

Lucifer. Baffled ! baffled !
Inefficient,
Craven spirits ! leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer !
Come away, ere night is gone !

Voices. Onward ! onward !
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon !

*(They sweep away. Organ and Gre-
gorian Chant.)*

Choir.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.





THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

I.

The castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine.

A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.

Prince Henry. I cannot sleep! my fervid brain

Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendors deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odors from the Hesperides!
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And, touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings!
Come back! ye friendships long departed!

That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,

The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease

Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

(A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.)

Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry!

Prince Henry (starting). Who is it speaks?

Who and what are you?

Lucifer. One who seeks
A moment's audience with the Prince.

Prince Henry. When came you in?

Lucifer. A moment since.
I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I
knocked.

Prince Henry. I did not hear you.

Lucifer. You heard the thunder;
It was loud enough to waken the dead.
And it is not a matter of special wonder
That, when God is walking overhead,
You should not hear my feeble tread.

Prince Henry. What may your wish
or purpose be?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything, as
it pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling Physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

Prince Henry. Can you bring
The dead to life?

Lucifer. Yes; very nearly.
And, what is a wiser and better thing,
Can keep the living from ever needing
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,
By showing conclusively and clearly
That death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental;
The storm, that against your casement
drives,

In the little village below waylaid me.
And there I heard, with a secret delight,
Of your maladies physical and mental,
Which neither astonished nor dismayed
me.

And I hastened hither, though late in
the night

To proffer my aid!

Prince Henry (ironically). For this
you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite
This honor from one so erudite?

Lucifer. The honor is mine, or will
be when

I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry. But not till then.

Lucifer. What is your illness?

Prince Henry. It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapors to the head;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and
drains;

I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think that I shall be
soon.

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the Di-
vine,
In his famous Lily of Medicine, —
I see the book lies open before you, —
No remedy potent enough to restore
you?

Prince Henry. None whatever!

Lucifer. The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when ques-
tioned

Of the new diseases that human life
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.
Consult the dead upon things that were,
But the living only on things that are.
Have you done this, by the appliance
And aid of doctors?

Prince Henry. Ay, whole schools
Of doctors, with their learned rules;
But the case is quite beyond their sci-
ence.

Even the doctors of Salerno
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is
impossible, and cannot be!

Lucifer. That sounds oracular!
Prince Henry. Unendurable!

Lucifer. What is their remedy?

Prince Henry. You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (reading). "Not to be cured,
yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's
veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours!"
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try;
The prescription you may well put by,
As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end!
And yet who knows? One cannot say
That into some maiden's brain that kind

Of madness will not find its way.
 Meanwhile permit me to recommend,
 As the matter admits of no delay,
 My wonderful Catholicon,
 Of very subtle and magical powers !

Prince Henry. Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal
 The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,

Not me. My faith is utterly gone
 In every power but the Power Supernal !
 Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the New !

The school of Hermes Trismegistus,
 Who uttered his oracles sublime
 Before the Olympiads, in the dew
 Of the early dusk and dawn of Time,
 The reign of dateless old Hephæstus !
 As northward, from its Nubian springs,
 The Nile, forever new and old,
 Among the living and the dead,
 Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;
 So, starting from its fountain-head
 Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,
 From the dead demigods of eld,
 Through long, unbroken lines of kings
 Its course the sacred art has held,
 Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,
 And in alembics, finely wrought,
 Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered
 The secret that so long had hovered
 Upon the misty verge of Truth ;
 The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
 Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !
 Like him, this wondrous lore I teach !

Prince Henry. What ! an adept ?

Lucifer. Nor less, nor more !

Prince Henry. I am a reader of your books,

A lover of that mystic lore !
 With such a piercing glance it looks
 Into great Nature's open eye,
 And sees within it trembling lie
 The portrait of the Deity !
 And yet, alas ! with all my pains,
 The secret and the mystery
 Have baffled and eluded me,
 Unseen the grand result remains !

Lucifer (showing a flask). Behold it here ! this little flask
 Contains the wonderful quintessence,

The perfect flower and efflorescence,
 Of all the knowledge man can ask !
 Hold it up thus against the light !

Prince Henry. How limpid, pure,
 and crystalline,
 How quick, and tremulous, and bright
 The little wavelets dance and shine,
 As were it the Water of Life in sooth !

Lucifer. It is ! It assuages every pain,

Cures all disease, and gives again
 To age the swift delights of youth.
 Inhale its fragrance.

Prince Henry. It is sweet.
 A thousand different odors meet
 And mingle in its rare perfume,
 Such as the winds of summer waft
 At open windows through a room !

Lucifer. Will you not taste it ?

Prince Henry. Will one draught suffice ?

Lucifer. If not, you can drink more.

Prince Henry. Into this crystal goblet pour

So much as safely I may drink.

Lucifer (pouring). Let not the quantity alarm you ;

You may drink all ; it will not harm you.

Prince Henry. I am as one who on the brink

Of a dark river stands and sees
 The waters flow, the landscape dim
 Around him waver, wheel, and swim,
 And, ere he plunges, stops to think
 Into what whirlpools he may sink ;
 One moment pauses, and no more,
 Then madly plunges from the shore !
 Headlong into the mysteries
 Of life and death I boldly leap,
 Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
 Nor what in ambush lurks below !
 For death is better than disease !

(An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.)

Angel. Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !
 Not only the whispered prayer
 Of love,
 But the imprecations of hate,
 Reverberate
 For ever and ever through the air
 Above !
 This fearful curse
 Shakes the great universe !

Lucifer (disappearing). Drink !
drink !

And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

Prince Henry (drinking). It is like
a draught of fire !

Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire ;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain !
O joy ! O joy ! I feel
The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed
Upon my breast
Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary breast
At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of the
fire, from which the air has been
taken !

It is but the rest of the sand, when the
hour-glass is not shaken !

It is but the rest of the tide between the
ebb and the flow !

It is but the rest of the wind between
the flaws that blow !

With fiendish laughter,
Hereafter,
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Prince Henry. Speak ! speak !

Who says that I am ill ?
I am not ill ! I am not weak !

The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er !
I feel the chill of death no more !

At length,
I stand renewed in all my strength !

Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod,
And like a pebble it rolled beneath his
heel !

This, O brave physician ! this
Is thy great Palingenesis !

(*Drinks again.*)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no
more !

It will make thy heart sore
To its very core !
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware ! O, beware !
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there !

Prince Henry (sinking back). O thou
voice within my breast !

Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed
me ?

Give me, give me rest, O rest !
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleam-
ing !

I am like a happy lover
Who illumines life with dreaming !
Brave physician ! Rare physician !
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

(*His head falls on his book.*)

The Angel (receding). Alas ! alas !
Like a vapor the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart again
Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

Court-yard of the Castle. HUBERT
standing by the gateway.

Hubert. How sad the grand old cas-
tle looks !

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass ;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own ;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas ! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door ;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine ;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;



But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls!

(*A horn sounds.*)

What ho! that merry, sudden blast
Reminds me of the days long past!
And, as of old resounding, grate
The heavy hinges of the gate,
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,
Down goes the sounding bridge of
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet!

(*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*)

Walter. How now, my friend! This
looks quite lonely!

No banner flying from the walls,
No pages and no seneschals,
No warders, and one porter only!
Is it you, Hubert?

Hubert. Ah! Master Walter!

Walter. Alas! how forms and faces
alter!

I did not know you. You look older!
Your hair has grown much grayer and
thinner,

And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

Hubert. Alack! I am a poor old sin-
ner,

And, like these towers, begin to mould-
er;

And you have been absent many a
year!

Walter. How is the Prince?

Hubert. He is not here;

He has been ill: and now has fled.

Walter. Speak it out frankly: say
he's dead!

Is it not so?

Hubert. No; if you please,

A strange, mysterious disease

Fell on him with a sudden blight.

Whole hours together he would stand

Upon the terrace, in a dream,

Resting his head upon his hand,

Best pleased when he was most alone,

Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,

Looking down into a stream.

In the Round Tower, night after night,

He sat, and bleared his eyes with
books;

Until one morning we found him there
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognized his sweet looks!

Walter. Poor Prince!

Hubert. I think he might have
mended;

And he did mend; but very soon
The priests came flocking in, like rooks,
With all their crosiers and their crooks,
And so at last the matter ended.

Walter. How did it end?

Hubert. Why, in Saint Rochus
They made him stand, and wait his
doom;

And, as if he were condemned to the
tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus,
First, the Mass for the Dead they
chanted,

Then three times laid upon his head
A shovelful of churchyard clay,

Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
"This is a sign that thou art dead,

So in thy heart be penitent!"

And forth from the chapel door he went
Into disgrace and banishment,

Clothed in a cloak of hoddin gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,

Whose sound should be a perpetual
knell

To keep all travellers away.

Walter. O, horrible fate! Outcast,
rejected,

As one with pestilence infected!

Hubert. Then was the family tomb
unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and shield,
Buried together in common wreck,

As is the custom, when the last

Of any princely house has passed,

And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,

A herald shouted down the stair

The words of warning and despair, —
"O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

Walter. Still in my soul that cry
goes on, —

Forever gone! forever gone!

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,

Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!

His gracious presence upon earth

Was as a fire upon a hearth;

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,

The words that dropped from his sweet
tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at
night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
Where is he?

Hubert. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word, —
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —
Have him beneath their watch and
ward,

For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain?

Walter. I would a moment here re-
main.

But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not
wine,

But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!

(Leaning over the parapet.)

The day is done; and slowly from the
scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent
shafts,
And puts them back into his golden
quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty
draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and man-
tling river
Flows on triumphant through these
lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre
margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and
argent!

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and
still,

As when the vanguard of the Roman
legions

First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of
wheat,

Vineyard, and town, and tower with
fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round
its base,

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!

O friend! O best of friends! Thy
absence more

Than the impending night darkens the
landscape o'er!

II.

*A farm in the Odenwald. A garden;
morning; PRINCE HENRY seated,
with a book. ELSIE, at a distance,
gathering flowers.*

Prince Henry (reading). One morn-
ing, all alone,

Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast

As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;

And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary
trees

Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,

And, with his eyes cast down
 In humility, he said :
 " I believe, O God,
 What herein I have read,
 But, alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard
 The sudden singing of a bird,
 A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
 Dropped down,
 And among the branches brown
 Sat singing
 So sweet, and clear, and loud,
 It seemed a thousand harp-strings ring-
 ing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book
 And long, long,
 With rapturous look,
 He listened to the song,
 And hardly breathed or stirred,
 Until he saw, as in a vision,
 The land Elysian,
 And in the heavenly city heard
 Angelic feet
 Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
 And he would fain
 Have caught the wondrous bird,
 But strove in vain ;
 For it flew away, away,
 Far over hill and dell,
 And instead of its sweet singing
 He heard the convent bell
 Suddenly in the silence ringing
 For the service of noonday.
 And he retraced
 His pathway homeward sadly and in
 haste.

In the convent there was a change !
 He looked for each well-known face,
 But the faces were new and strange ;
 New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
 New voices chanted in the choir ;
 Yet the place was the same place,
 The same dusky walls
 Of cold, gray stone,
 The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
 Among that brotherhood
 The Monk Felix stood.
 " Forty years," said a Friar,
 " Have I been Prior
 Of this convent in the wood,
 But for that space
 Never have I beheld thy face ! "

The heart of the Monk Felix fell :
 And he answered, with submissive tone,
 " This morning, after the hour of Prime,
 I left my cell,
 And wandered forth alone,
 Listening all the time
 To the melodious singing
 Of a beautiful white bird,
 Until I heard
 The bells of the convent ringing
 Noon from their noisy towers.
 It was as if I dreamed ;
 For what to me had seemed
 Moments only, had been hours ! "

" Years ! " said a voice close by.
 It was an aged monk who spoke,
 From a bench of oak
 Fastened against the wall ; —
 He was the oldest monk of all.
 For a whole century
 Had he been there,
 Serving God in prayer,
 The meekest and humblest of his crea-
 tures.

He remembered well the features
 Of Felix, and he said,
 Speaking distinct and slow ;
 " One hundred years ago,
 When I was a novice in this place,
 There was here a monk, full of God's
 grace,
 Who bore the name
 Of Felix, and this man must be the
 same. "

And straightway
 They brought forth to the light of day,
 A volume old and brown,
 A huge tome, bound
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,
 Wherein were written down
 The names of all who had died
 In the convent, since it was edified.
 And there they found,
 Just as the old monk said,
 That on a certain day and date,
 One hundred years before,
 Had gone forth from the convent gate,
 The Monk Felix, and never more
 Had entered that sacred door.
 He had been counted among the dead !
 And they knew, at last,
 That, such had been the power
 Of that celestial and immortal song,

A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour !

(*Elsie comes in with flowers.*)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you,
But they are not all for you.
Some of them are for the Virgin
And for Saint Cecilia.

Prince Henry. As thou standest
there,
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will fade,
But not their memory,
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust.
They remind me, too,
Of martyred Dorothea,
Who from celestial gardens sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to me.
But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast
been doing
This morning, dearest *Elsie*.

Elsie. And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
"In my heart," she said,
"I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labor in his garden."

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent child !
How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me !

Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark on the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed !

Elsie. And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.

It was the Lord Jesus ;
And she went down to him,
And opened the door for him ;
And he said to her, "O maiden !
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake

Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither :

I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland

Shall be of bright red flowers."
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.

And when she answered him with love,
His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to him,

"O Love ! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses."

"For thy sake," answered he,
"For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses ;

I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee !
Come, for my Father calls.

Thou art my elected bride !"
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed him to his Father's garden.

Prince Henry. Wouldst thou have
done so, *Elsie*?

Elsie. Yes, very gladly.

Prince Henry. Then the Celestial
Bridgroom

Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead he will place,
Not his crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.
In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,

Thou shalt hear sweet music,
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal!
Go now and place these flowers
Before her picture.

A room in the farm-house. Twilight.
URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB asleep
in his chair.

URSULA. Darker and darker! Hard-
ly a glimmer
Of light comes in at the window-pane;
Or is it my eyes are growing dim-
mer?

I cannot disentangle this skein,
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie!

Gottlieb (starting). The stopping of
thy wheel
Has wakened me out of a pleasant
dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a stream,
And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood still,
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear!
It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA. I was calling her: I want
a light.

I cannot see to spin my flax.
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear?
Elsie (within). In a moment!

Gottlieb. Where are Bertha and
Max?

URSULA. They are sitting with Elsie
at the door.

She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-
hood.

Gottlieb. And where is the Prince?

URSULA. In his room overhead;
I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with a heavy tread.

(ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX
and BERTHA follow her; and they
all sing the Evening Song on the
lighting of the lamps.)

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

Prince Henry (at the door). Amen!

URSULA. Who was it said Amen?

ELSIE. It was the Prince: he stood
at the door,

And listened a moment, as we chanted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.

URSULA. Poor Prince!

Gottlieb. I thought the house was
haunted!

Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child!

MAX. I love him because he is so
good,

And makes me such fine bows and ar-
rows,

To shoot at the robins and the spar-
rows,

And the red squirrels in the wood!

BERTHA. I love him, too!

Gottlieb. Ah, yes! we all
Love him, from the bottom of our
hearts;

He gave us the farm, the house, and the
grange,

He gave us the horses and the carts,

And the great oxen in the stall,

The vineyard, and the forest range!

We have nothing to give him but our
love!

BERTHA. Did he give us the beautiful
stork above

On the chimney-top, with its large,
round nest?

Gottlieb. No, not the stork; by God
in heaven,

As a blessing, the dear white stork was
given,

But the Prince has given us all the rest.
God bless him, and make him well again.

ELSIE. Would I could do something
for his sake,

Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

Gottlieb. That no one can ; neither
thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

Elsie. And must he die ?

Ursula. Yes ; if the dear God does
not take
Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle !

Gottlieb. Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead.

Elsie. I will !

Ursula. Prithee, thou foolish child,
be still !
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost
not mean !

Elsie. I mean it truly !

Max. O father ! this morning,
Down by the mill, in the ravine,
Hans killed a wolf, the very same
That in the night to the sheepfold came,
And ate up my lamb, that was left out-
side.

Gottlieb. I am glad he is dead. It
will be a warning
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

Max. And I am going to have his
hide !

Bertha. I wonder if this is the wolf
that ate
Little Red Ridinghood !

Ursula. O no !
That wolf was killed a long while ago.
Come, children, it is growing late.

Max. Ah, how I wish I were a man,
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !
I would do nothing else, the whole day
long,

But just kill wolves.

Gottlieb. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy can.
Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady
She will hardly be able to creep up stairs.

Ursula. Good night, my children.
Here 's the light.

And do not forget to say your prayers
Before you sleep.

Gottlieb. Good night !

Max and Bertha. Good night !

(They go out with *ELSIE*.)

Ursula (spinning). She is a strange
and wayward child,
That *Elsie* of ours. She looks so old,
And thoughts and fancies weird and wild
Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so docile
and mild !

Gottlieb. She is like all girls.
Ursula. Ah no, forsooth !
Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange dreams,
And in all her words and ways, she
seems

Much older than she is in truth.
Who would think her but fifteen ?
And there has been of late such a
change !

My heart is heavy with fear and doubt
That she may not live till the year is
out.

She is so strange, — so strange, — so
strange !

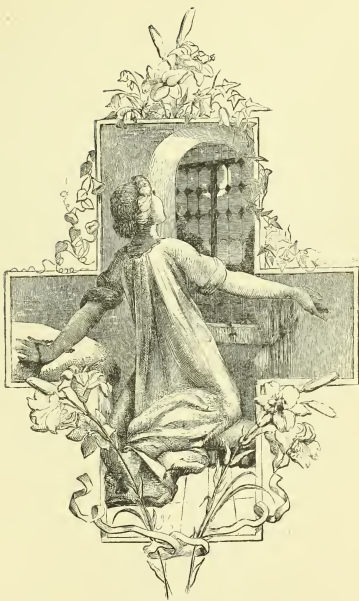
Gottlieb. I am not troubled with any
such fear ;
She will live and thrive for many a year.

*ELSIE'S chamber. Night. ELSIE
praying.*

Elsie. My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
ing !

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee !



The chamber of GOTTIEB and URSULA. Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring ; the rushing rain
Is loud upon roof and window-pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,
Boding evil to me and mine,
Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train !

In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,
The dogs howl in the yard ; and hark !
Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber !

Elsie. It is I.

Ursula. Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much distressed,

In thinking our dear Prince must die ;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb. What wouldst thou ? In the Power Divine

His healing lies, not in our own ;
It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, he has put it into mine,
And into my heart !

Gottlieb. Thy words are wild !

Ursula. What dost thou mean ? my child ! my child !

Elsie. That for our dear Prince Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula. Am I still dreaming, or awake ?

Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsie. 'T is the cessation of our breath.

Silent and motionless we lie ;
And no one knoweth more than this.

I saw our little Gertrude die ;
She left off breathing, and no more

I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.

Like violets faded were her eyes ;
By this we knew that she was dead.

Through the open window looked the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay ;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord ; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined !

Ursula. My child ! my child ! thou must not die !

Elsie. Why should I live ? Do I not know

The life of woman is full of woe ?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies !
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one !

Ursula. It is the malediction of Eve !

Elsie. In place of it, let me receive
The benediction of Mary, then.

Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe is me !

Most wretched am I among men !

Ursula. Alas ! that I should live to see

Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave ! Ah, woe the day !

Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie

Beneath the flowers of another land,
For at Salerno, far away

Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die !

And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-day

I should a little longer stay

Than I am wont.

Ursula. Even as thou sayest !
And how my heart beats, when thou

stayest !

I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee.

What, then, if thou wert dead ?

Gottlieb. Ah me !

Of our old eyes thou art the light !

The joy of our old hearts art thou !

And wilt thou die ?

Ursula. Not now ! not now !

Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall not I

Be willing for my Prince to die?
 You both are silent; you cannot speak.
 This said I at our Saviour's feast
 After confession, to the priest,
 And even he made no reply.
 Does he not warn us all to seek
 The happier, better land on high,
 Where flowers immortal never wither;
 And could he forbid me to go thither?

Gottlieb. In God's own time, my
 heart's delight!

When he shall call thee, not before!

Elsie. I heard him call. When
 Christ ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,
 He left the gates of heaven ajar.
 I had a vision in the night,
 And saw him standing at the door
 Of his Father's mansion, vast and splen-
 did,

And beckoning to me from afar.
 I cannot stay!

Gottlieb. She speaks almost
 As if it were the Holy Ghost
 Spake through her lips, and in her
 stead!

What if this were of God?

Ursula. Ah, then
 Gainsay it dare we not.

Gottlieb. Amen!
 Elsie! the words that thou hast said
 Are strange and new for us to hear,
 And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.
 Whether it be a dark temptation
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,
 We in our blindness cannot say.
 We must think upon it, and pray;
 For evil and good it both resembles.
 If it be of God, his will be done!
 May he guard us from the Evil One!
 How hot thy hand is! how it trembles!
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

Ursula. Kiss me. Good night; and
 do not weep!

(*ELSIE goes out.*)

Ah, what an awful thing is this!
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,
 As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
 I am so childish and so weak!
 As soon as I see the earliest gray
 Of morning glimmer in the east,
 I will go over to the priest,
 And hear what the good man has to say!

*A village church. A woman kneeling
 at the confessional.*

The Parish Priest (from within).

Go, sin no more! Thy penance
 o'er,

A new and better life begin!
 God maketh thee forever free
 From the dominion of thy sin!
 Go, sin no more! He will restore
 The peace that filled thy heart before,
 And pardon thine iniquity!

(*The woman goes out. The Priest
 comes forth, and walks slowly up
 and down the church.*)

O blessed Lord! how much I need
 Thy light to guide me on my way!
 So many hands, that, without heed,
 Still touch thy wounds, and make them
 bleed!

So many feet, that, day by day,
 Still wander from thy fold astray!
 Unless thou fill me with thy light,
 I cannot lead thy flock aright;
 Nor, without thy support, can bear
 The burden of so great a care,
 But am myself a castaway!

(*A pause.*)

The day is drawing to its close;
 And what good deeds, since first it rose,
 Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
 As offerings of my ministry?
 What wrong repressed, what right main-
 tained,

What struggle passed, what victory
 gained,

What good attempted and attained?
 Feeble, at best, is my endeavor!
 I see, but cannot reach, the height
 That lies forever in the light,
 And yet forever and forever,
 When seeming just within my grasp,
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
 And sink discouraged into night!
 For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
 The strife and the discouragement!

(*A pause.*)

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck?
 Why keep me pacing to and fro
 Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
 Counting my footsteps as I go,
 And marking with each step a tomb?

Why should the world for thee make
 room,
 And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
 Thou comest in the hope to hear
 Some word of comfort and of cheer.
 What can I say? I cannot give
 The counsel to do this and live;
 But rather, firmly to deny
 The tempter, though his power be
 strong,
 And, inaccessible to wrong,
 Still like a martyr live and die!

(A pause.)

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
 I must go forth into the town,
 To visit beds of pain and death,
 Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
 And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
 That see, through tears, the sun go
 down,
 But nevermore shall see it rise.
 The poor in body and estate,
 The sick and the disconsolate,
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

(Goes out.)

(Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.)

*Lucifer (with a genuflection, mock-
 ing).* This is the Black Pater-
 noster.

God was my foster,
 He fostered me
 Under the book of the Palm-tree!
 St. Michael was my dame.
 He was born at Bethlehem,
 He was made of flesh and blood.
 God send me my right food,
 My right food, and shelter too,
 That I may to yon kirk go,
 To read upon yon sweet book
 Which the mighty God of heaven
 shook.
 Open, open, hell's gates!
 Shut, shut, heaven's gates!
 All the devils in the air
 The stronger be, that hear the Black
 Prayer!

(Looking round the church.)

What a darksome and dismal place!
 I wonder that any man has the face
 To call such a hole the House of the
 Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven, — yet such is
 the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
 Covered with cobwebs, blackened with
 mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,
 Dust on the benches, and stalls, and
 chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponder-
 ous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the
 Germans,

With about as much real edification
 As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
 Had fallen, and struck them on the
 head;

And I ought to remember that sensa-
 tion!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!
 Holy-water it may be to many,
 But to me, the veriest Liquor Ge-
 hennæ!

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup!

Near it stands the box for the poor;
 With its iron padlock, safe and sure.

I and the priest of the parish know
 Whither all these charities go;

Therefore, to keep up the institution,
 I will add my little contribution!

(He puts in money.)

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
 With statue of stone, and scutcheon of
 brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the village.

All his life was riot and pillage,
 But at length, to escape the threatened
 doom

Of the everlasting, penal fire,
 He died in the dress of a mendicant
 friar,

And bartered his wealth for a daily
 mass.

But all that afterwards came to pass,
 And whether he finds it dull or pleas-
 ant,

Is kept a secret for the present,
 At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,
 Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
 With its awful portal open wide,
 And its latticed windows on either side,
 And its step well worn by the bended
 knees

Of one or two pious centuries,
Stands the village confessional !
Within it, as an honored guest,
I will sit me down awhile and rest !

(Seats himself in the confessional.)

Here sits the priest ; and faint and low,
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,
Comes through these painted lattices
The ceaseless sound of human woe ;
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame !
The time, the place, the lover's name !
Here the grim murderer, with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame !
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately,
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Naught but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part,
Of the horrors and crimes and sins and woes

That arise, when with palpitating throes

The graveyard in the human heart
Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least.
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odor of earthly passions and crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times,
And such as often brings me here
In the hottest and most pestilential season.

To-day, I come for another reason ;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a prince,
A sleight of hand I learned long since !
He comes. In the twilight he will not see
The difference between his priest and me !

In the same net was the mother caught !

Prince Henry (entering and kneeling at the confessional). Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
I come to crave, O Father holy,
Thy benediction on my head.

Lucifer. The benediction shall be said

After confession, not before !
'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,
Who stands already at the door,
Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
In garments pure from earthly stain.
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well
thy breast ?

Does the same madness fill thy brain ?
Or have thy passion and unrest
Vanished forever from thy mind ?

Prince Henry. By the same madness still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed,
I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afflicted and distressed !
As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,
A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with fear,
And every branch, and bough, and spray

Points all its quivering leaves one way,
And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,

And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,

And smoke from chimneys of the town,
Yield themselves to it, and bow down,
So does this dreadful purpose press
Onward, with irresistible stress,
And all my thoughts and faculties,
Struck level by the strength of this,
From their true inclination turn,
And all stream forward to Salern !

Lucifer. Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall
Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust !

Prince Henry. O holy Father ! pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony !
Forevermore before mine eyes

This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies !
Weakness is wretchedness ! To be
strong

Is to be happy ! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong !
Lucifer. Be not alarmed ! The
Church is kind,
And in her mercy and her meekness
She meets half-way her children's weak-
ness,
Writes their transgressions in the dust !
Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not
kill !"

Yet there are cases when we must.
In war, for instance, or from scathe
To guard and keep the one true Faith !
We must look at the Decalogue in the
light

Of an ancient statute, that was meant
For a mild and general application,
To be understood with the reservation,
That, in certain instances, the Right
Must yield to the Expedient !
Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,
What hearts and hopes would prostrate
lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,
Into the grave with thee go down !
What acts of valor and courtesy
Remain undone, and die with thee !
Thou art the last of all thy race !
With thee a noble name expires,
And vanishes from the earth's face
The glorious memory of thy sires !
She is a peasant. In her veins
Flows common and plebeian blood ;
It is such as daily and hourly stains
The dust and the turf of battle plains,
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,
Without reserve, and without reward,
At the slightest summons of their lord !
But thine is precious ; the fore-appointed
Blood of kings, of God's anointed !
Moreover, what has the world in store
For one like her, but tears and toil ?
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,
And her soul within her sick and sore

With the roughness and barrenness of
life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil
From a fate like this, in one so tender,
Nor at its eagerness to surrender
All the wretchedness, want, and woe
That await it in this world below,
For the unutterable splendor
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :
Therefore inhale this healing balm,
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;
Accept the comfort and the calm
She offers, as a gift divine ;
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
With the ointment costly and most sweet
Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

Prince Henry. And will the right-
eous Heaven forgive ?

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater
strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest !

Lucifer. In ancient records it is
stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done,
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offending
one !

But evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a
curse

Into the black and endless night.

Prince Henry. If justice rules the
universe,

From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

Lucifer. Yes ; if the world were not
so rotten,

And so given over to the Devil !

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it
good or evil ?

Have I thine absolution free
To do it, and without restriction ?

Lucifer. Ay ; and from whatsoever
sin

Lieth around it and within,
From all crimes in which it may involve
thee,

I now release thee and absolve thee !

Prince Henry. Give me thy holy
benediction.

*Lucifer (stretching forth his hand
and muttering).*

Maledictione perpetua
Maledicat vos
Pater eternus !

The Angel (with the æolian harp).

Take heed ! take heed !

Noble art thou in thy birth,
By the good and the great of earth
Hast thou been taught !
Be noble in every thought
And in every deed !
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong ! be good ! be pure !
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.
I entreat thee, I implore,
Listen no more
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,
That even now is there,
Making the foul seem fair,
And selfishness itself a virtue and a
merit !

A room in the farm-house.

Gottlieb. It is decided ! For many
days,

And nights as many, we have had
A nameless terror in our breast,
Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways !
We have been sorrowful and sad ;
Much have we suffered, much have
prayed

That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.

It is decided ; and we give
Our child, O Prince, that you may live !

Ursula. It is of God. He has in-
spired

This purpose in her ; and through pain,
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to himself again.
The mother's heart resists no longer ;
With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

Gottlieb. As Abraham offered long
ago

His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter !

(URSULA hides her face.)

Elsie. My life is little,

Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.

Take it, O my Prince !

Let it refresh you,

Let it restore you.

It is given willingly,

It is given freely ;

May God bless the gift !

Prince Henry. And the giver !

Gottlieb. Amen !

Prince Henry. I accept it !

Gottlieb. Where are the children ?

Ursula. They are already asleep.

Gottlieb. What if they were dead ?

In the garden.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of
you.

Prince Henry. What is it ?
It is already granted.

Elsie. Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on
our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will
not,

By word or deed, endeavor to dissuade
me

And turn me from my purpose ; but
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts

of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach

The gates of Heaven, in this great
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off

my feet.
Promise me this.

Prince Henry. Thy words fall from
thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo :
and angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

Elsie. Will you not promise ?

Prince Henry. If ever we depart
upon this journey,
So long to one or both of us, I promise.

Elsie. Shall we not go, then? Have
you lifted me
Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground? and offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this world?

Prince Henry. O Elsie! what a
lesson thou dost teach me!
The life which is, and that which is to
come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and
that scale

In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,
And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it
is not

So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls!

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust
shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

III.

A street in Strasburg. Night.
PRINCE HENRY *wandering, alone,*
wrapped in a cloak.

Prince Henry. Still is the night.
The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street,
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.
Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these walls of
stone,

Wander and weep in my remorse!

Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell).

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Hark! with what
accents loud and hoarse
This warder on the walls of death
Sends forth the challenge of his breath!
I see the dead that sleep in the grave!
They rise up and their garments wave,
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in their
eyes!

Crier of the Dead.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Why for the dead,
who are at rest?

Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with devils!
This is the Master of the Revels,
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes
The health of absent friends, and pledges,
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,
And tinkling as we touch their edges,
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
That mocks and mimics their funeral
knell!

Crier of the Dead.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved!
be thy sleep

Silent as night is, and as deep!
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
And the heavings of whose bosom
number
The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine
Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

Crier of the Dead (at a distance).

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry Lo! with what
depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows blending,
As from behind, the moon, ascending,
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!
The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind
That thro' their foliage sobs and soughs;
Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged
A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armed knight,
Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams
quiver
Upon the points of his armor bright
As on the ripples of a river.
He lifts the visor from his cheek,
And beckons, and makes as he would
speak.

Walter the Minnesinger. Friend!
can you tell me where alight
Thuringia's horsemen for the night?
For I have lingered in the rear,
And wander vainly up and down.

Prince Henry. I am a stranger in
the town,
As thou art; but the voice I hear
Is not a stranger to mine ear.
Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

Walter. Thou hast guessed rightly;
and thy name
Is Henry of Hoheneck!

Prince Henry. Ay, the same.

Walter (embracing him). Come
closer, closer to my side!
What brings thee hither? What potent
charm

Has drawn thee from thy German farm
Into the old Alsatian city?

Prince Henry. A tale of wonder and
of pity!

A wretched man, almost by stealth
Dragging my body to Salern,
In the vain hope and search for health,
And destined never to return.
Already thou hast heard the rest.
But what brings thee, thus armed and
dight

In the equipments of a knight?

Walter. Dost thou not see upon my
breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine?
My pathway leads to Palestine.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that way
were also mine!

O noble poet! thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,
And in the clangor of the strife
Mingle the music of thy words?

Walter. My hopes are high, my
heart is proud,

And like a trumpet long and loud,
Thither my thoughts all clang and ring!
My life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window toward the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!

Prince Henry. My life, alas! is what
thou seest!

O enviable fate! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
With lyre and sword, with song and
steel;

A hand to smite, a heart to feel!
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,
Thou givest all unto thy Lord;
While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

Walter. Be patient: Time will rein-
state

Thy health and fortunes.

Prince Henry. 'Tis too late!
I cannot strive against my fate!

Walter. Come with me; for my
steed is weary;

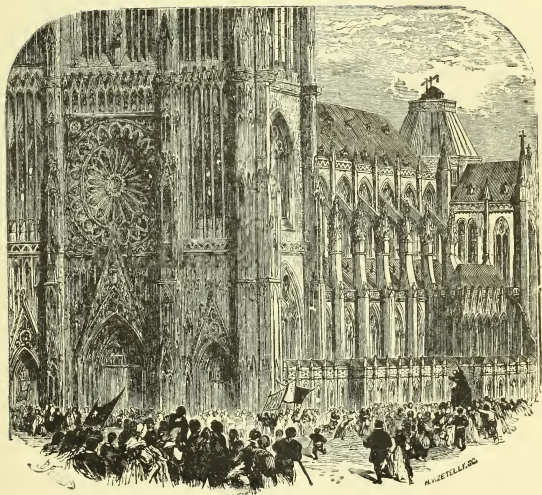
Our journey has been long and dreary,
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

Prince Henry (aside). I am ashamed,
in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face!
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

Walter. To-morrow, at the dawn of
day,

I shall again be on my way.
Come with me to the hostelry,
For I have many things to say.
Our journey into Italy



Perchance together we may make ;
Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

Prince Henry. A sick man's pace
would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed.
Besides, my pathway leads me round
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
Where I assemble man and steed,
And all things for my journey's need.

(They go out.)

Lucifer (flying over the city). Sleep,
sleep, O city ! till the light

Wake you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,
I scatter downward through the night
My maledictions dark and deep.

I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has ; and they cannot sleep ;
They are my bondsmen and my thralls ;
Their wretched lives are full of pain,
Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;
And every heart-beat, every breath,
Is a convulsion worse than death !
Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within
The circuit of your walls there be
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless misery ;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,
And crimes, and passions that may grow
Until they ripen into crime !

Square in front of the Cathedral.
Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT
preaching to the crowd from a pulpit
in the open air. PRINCE HENRY
and ELSIE crossing the square.

Prince Henry. This is the day,
when from the dead

Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
" The Lord is risen ; he is not here !"
And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christendom
The fires are quenched, to be again
Rekindled from the sun, that high
Is dancing in the cloudless sky..

The churches are all decked with flow-
ers,

The salutations among men
Are but the Angel's words divine,
" Christ is arisen !" and the bells
Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,
And chant together in their towers.
All hearts are glad ; and free from care
The faces of the people shine.
See what a crowd is in the square,
Gayly and gallantly arrayed !

Elsie. Let us go back ; I am afraid !

Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount
the church-steps here,
Under the doorway's sacred shadow ;
We can see all things, and be freer
From the crowd that madly heaves and
presses !

Elsie. What a gay pageant ! what
bright dresses !

It looks like a flower-besprinkled
meadow.

What is that yonder on the square ?

Prince Henry. A pulpit in the open
air,
And a Friar, who is preaching to the
crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and loud,
That, if we listen, and give heed,
His lowest words will reach the ear.

*Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating and
cracking a postilion's whip).*

What ho ! good people ! do you
not hear ?

Dashing along at the top of his speed,
Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,
A courier comes with words of cheer.

Courier ! what is the news, I pray ?
" Christ is arisen !" Whence come
you ? " From court."

Then I do not believe it ; you say it in
sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

Ah, here comes another, riding this
way ;

We soon shall know what he has to
say.

Courier ! what are the tidings to-day ?
" Christ is arisen !" Whence come
you ? " From town."

Then I do not believe it ; away with
you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.)

And here comes a third, who is spur-
ring amain ;
What news do you bring, with your
loose-hanging rein,
Your spurs wet with blood, and your
bridle with foam ?
" Christ is arisen ! " Whence come
you ? " From Rome. "
Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.
Ride on with the news, at the top of
your speed !

(Great applause among the crowd.)

To come back to my text ! When the
news was first spread
That Christ was arisen indeed from the
dead,
Very great was the joy of the angels in
heaven ;
And as great the dispute as to who
should carry
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,
Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.
Old Father Adam was first to propose,
As being the author of all our woes ;
But he was refused, for fear, said they,
He would stop to eat apples on the way !
Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,
Because he might meet with his brother
Cain !
Noah, too, was refused, lest his weak-
ness for wine
Should delay him at every tavern-sign ;
And John the Baptist could not get a
vote,
On account of his old-fashioned camel's-
hair coat ;
And the Penitent Thief, who died on
the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones were
broken !
Till at last, when each in turn had
spoken,
The company being still at a loss,
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy prison,
And said to the Virgin, " The Lord is
arisen ! "

(The Cathedral bells ring.)

But hark ! the bells are beginning to
chime ;
And I feel that I am growing hoarse.

I will put an end to my discourse,
And leave the rest for some other time.
For the bells themselves are the best
of preachers ;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the
upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from
Mouth of Gold,
May be taught the Testaments, New
and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam of
wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes
are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed
and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound !
And the rope, with its twisted cordage
three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;
And the upward and downward mo-
tions show
That we touch upon matters high and
low ;
And the constant change and transmu-
tation
Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought from
on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky ;
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !
And now, my hearers, to make an end,
I have only one word more to say ;
In the church, in honor of Easter day,
Will be represented a Miracle Play ;
And I hope you will all have the grace
to attend.
Christ bring us at last to his felicity !
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

In the Cathedral.

Chant.

Kyrie Eleison !
Christe Eleison !

Elsie. I am at home here in my
Father's house!

These paintings of the Saints upon the
walls

Have all familiar and benignant faces.

Prince Henry. The portraits of the
family of God!

Thine own hereafter shall be placed
among them.

Elsie. How very grand it is and
wonderful!

Never have I beheld a church so splen-
did!

Such columns, and such arches, and
such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the chap-
els,

And under them so many confessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should

not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it?

Prince Henry. A great master of his
craft,

Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone,
For many generations labored with him.

Children that came to see these Saints
in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks they
rose,

Grew old and died, and still the work
went on,

And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own

Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculp-
tured stones,

And with him toiled his children, and
their lives

Were builded, with his own, into the
walls,

As offerings unto God. You see that
statue

Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled
eyes

Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved

By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

Elsie. How beautiful is the column
that he looks at!

Prince Henry. That, too, she sculp-
tured. At the base of it

Stand the Evangelists; above their
heads

Four Angels blowing upon marble
trumpets,

And over them the blessed Christ, sur-
rounded

By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.

Elsie. O my Lord!
Would I could leave behind me upon
earth

Some monument to thy glory, such as
this!

Prince Henry. A greater monument
than this thou leavest

In thine own life, all purity and love!
See, too, the Rose, above the western

portal
Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous
colors,

The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long
line of statues,

Christ with his twelve Apostles watch-
ing us!

(*A Bishop in armor, booted and
spurred, passes with his train.*)

Prince Henry. But come away; we
have not time to look.

The crowd already fills the church, and
yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet,
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims

The Mystery that will now be repre-
sented.

THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY.

INTROITUS.

Præco. Come, good people, all and
each,

Come and listen to our speech!
In your presence here I stand,

With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,

Which we represent to-day!
First of all we shall rehearse,

In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord,

As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,

So that he who reads may run!

(*Blows his trumpet.*)

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity, Lord! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,
Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not be!
When in the garden placed by thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die!

Mercy. Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

Justice. What penitence proportionate
Can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,
And damned must he be!

God. He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from sin
Be found, who for his kith and kin
Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! we have searched the world around,
From centre to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found;
Despairing, back we come.

Wisdom. No mortal, but a God made man,

Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,
Salvation unto all!

God. Go, then, O my beloved Son!
It can by thee alone be done;
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall!

(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth; the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.)

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and thence
Through the wicket in the garden fence,
I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard around;
I see no face, I hear no sound,
Save bubblings of the spring,
And my companions, who within
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,
And at their labor sing.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

(Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place,
With such a gentle voice?

Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is with thee now!

Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice!

Mary (setting down the pitcher).
What can this mean? No one is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall say:)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but believe!

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord!

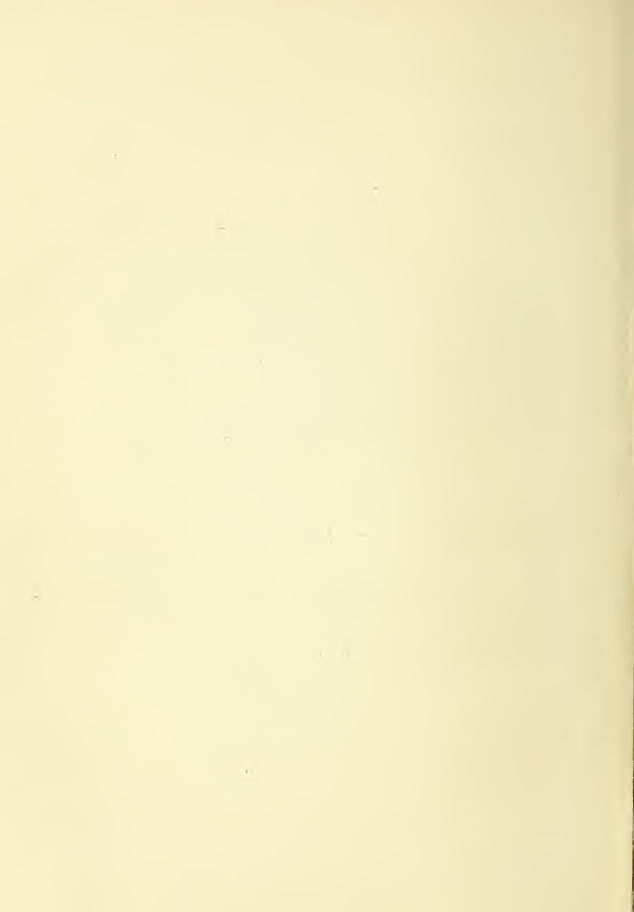
According to thy holy word,
So be it unto me!

(Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.)

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The Angels. The Angels of the Planets Seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring!
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,
As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.
Raphael. I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to run





When God's almighty breath
Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light ! and there was light !
I bring the gift of faith.

Gabriel. I am the Angel of the
Moon,

Darkened, to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope !
Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumes the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope !

Anael. The Angel of the Star of
Love,

The Evening Star, that shines above
The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and homes,
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,
I give him Charity !

Zobiel. The Planet Jupiter is
mine !

The mightiest star of all that shine,
Except the sun alone !

He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne above,
Justice, that shall atone !

Michael. The Planet Mercury,
whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space,
Is my allotted sphere !

And with celestial ardor swift
I bear upon my hands the gift
Of heavenly Prudence here !

Uriel. I am the Minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the stars !

My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude !

Orifel. The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning grace,
The gift of Temperance !

(A sudden light shines from the win-
dows of the stable in the village be-
low.)

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN
and CHILD. Three Gypsy Kings,
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZ-
ZAR, shall come in.*

Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of Naz-
areth !

Though in a manger thou draw breath,
Thou art greater than Life and Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe !
This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with peril rife
In darkness shalt thou go !

Melchior. Hail to thee, King of
Jerusalem !

Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem
Await thy brow and hand !
The sceptre is a simple reed,
The crown will make thy temples bleed,
And in thy hour of greatest need,
Abashed thy subjects stand !

Belshazzar. Hail to thee, Christ of
Christendom !

O'er all the earth thy kingdom come !
From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore !
Peace and good-will among all men,
The Virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign
And Golden Age once more.

The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son
of God, am I,

Born here to suffer and to die
According to the prophecy,

That other men may live !

The Virgin. And now these clothes,
that wrapped him, take
And keep them precious, for his sake ;
Our benediction thus we make,
Naught else have we to give.

(*She gives them swaddling-clothes,
and they depart.*)

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(*Here shall JOSEPH come in, leading
an ass, on which are seated MARY
and the CHILD.*)

Mary. Here will we rest us, under these
O'erhanging branches of the trees,
Where robins chant their Litanies
And canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have given
way

With trudging through the heat to-day ;
To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.

Mary. Hark! how the robins shout
and sing,
As if to hail their infant King!
I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.

Joseph. And I will hobble well the
ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,
He should escape; for, by the mass,
He's nimble as a goat.

*(Here MARY shall alight and go to the
spring.)*

Mary. O Joseph! I am much afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robbed and beaten sore!

*(Here a band of robbers shall be seen
sleeping, two of whom shall rise and
come forward.)*

Dumachus. Cock's soul! deliver up
your gold!

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go your
hold!

You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your money!
Titus. Prithee cease.

Let these good people go in peace.

Dumachus. First let them pay for
their release,

And then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give in fee,
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee,
Upon the Judgment Day!

Jesus. When thirty years shall have
gone by,

I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high

On the accursed tree.

Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be crucified,

And Titus thenceforth shall abide
In paradise with me.

*(Here a great rumor of trumpets and
horses, like the noise of a king with
his army, and the robbers shall take
flight.)*

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNO-
CENTS.

King Herod. Potz-tausend! Him-
mel-sacrament!

Filled am I with great wonderment
At this unwelcome news!
Am I not Herod? Who shall dare
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,
As king among the Jews?

*(Here he shall stride up and down and
flourish his sword.)*

What ho! I fain would drink a can
Of the strong wine of Canaan!

The wine of Helbon bring
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As red as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king!

(He quaffs great goblets of wine.)

Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band

The little children slay:
The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them,
Nor live another day!

*(Here a voice of lamentation shall be
heard in the street.)*

Rachel. O wicked king! O cruel
speed!

To do this most unrighteous deed!
My children all are slain:

Herod. Ho, seneschal! another cup!
With wine of Sorek fill it up!

I would a bumper drain!

Rahab. May maledictions fall and
blast

Thyself and lineage, to the last

Of all thy kith and kin!

Herod. Another goblet! quick! and
stir

Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh
And calamus therein!

Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy
child into our hands!

It is King Herod who commands

That he should thus be slain!

The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous
men! What have ye done!

It is King Herod's only son

That ye have cleft in twain!

Herod. Ah, luckless day! What
words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear

With such a doleful sound!

What torments rack my heart and head!

Would I were dead! would I were dead,
And buried in the ground!

(*He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.*)

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOL-MATES.

Jesus. The shower is over. Let us play,
And make some sparrows out of clay,
Down by the river's side.

Judas. See, how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide !

(*They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.*)

Jesus. Look ! look ! how prettily I make
These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink !
Now will I make them sing and soar
So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

Judas. That canst thou not ! They are but clay,
They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands !

Jesus. Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you are free !
And while you live, remember me
Who made you with my hands.

(*Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.*)

Judas. Thou art a sorcerer, I know ;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee !

(*He strikes JESUS on the right side.*)

Jesus. Ah, Judas ! thou hast smote my side,
And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be !

(*Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say :*)

Joseph. Ye wicked boys ! why do ye play,
And break the holy Sabbath day ?
What, think ye, will your mothers say

To see you in such plight !
In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet !
There 's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight !

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

(*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.*)

Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,
Throughout this village known full well,
And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine ;
The Cabala and Talmud hoar
Than all the prophets prize I more,
For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,
And always, at the Purim feast,
I am as drunk as any beast,
That wallows in his sty ;

The wine it so elateth me,
That I no difference can see
Between " Accursed Haman be !"
And " Blessed be Mordecai !"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot ;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or not.
Why howl the dogs at night ?

Judas. In the Rabbinical Book, it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy breath
Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,
Takes through the town his flight !

Rabbi. Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,
When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,
Comes where a sick man dying lies,
What doth he to the wight ?

Judas. He stands beside him, dark and tall,
Holding a sword, from which doth fall
Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.

Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say to me
What the great Voices Four may be,
That quite across the world do flee,
And are not heard by men ?

Judas. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,

The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,
And the Angel of the Rain !

Rabbi. Right are thine answers every one !

Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,
Let us see how thy task is done,
Canst thou thy letters say ?

Jesus. Aleph.

Rabbi. What next? Do not stop yet !
Go on with all the alphabet.

Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget ?
Cock's soul ! thou'dst rather play !

Jesus. What Aleph means I fain
would know,

Before I any further go !

Rabbi, O, by Saint Peter ! wouldst
thou so ?

Come hither, boy, to me.

As surely as the letter Jod
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,
And punished shalt thou be !

Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL *shall lift up*
his rod to strike JESUS, and his right
arm shall be paralyzed.)

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

(*JESUS sitting among his playmates*
crowned with flowers as their King.)

Boys. We spread our garments on
the ground !

With fragrant flowers thy head is
crowned,

While like a guard we stand around,
And hail thee as our King !

Thou art the new King of the Jews !
Nor let the passers-by refuse

To bring that homage which men use
To majesty to bring.

(*Here a traveller shall go by, and the*
boys shall lay hold of his garments
and say :)

Boys. Come hither ! and all rever-
ence pay

Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !
Then go rejoicing on your way,

In all prosperity !

Traveller. Hail to the King of
Bethlehem,

Who weareth in his diadem

The yellow crocus for the gem

Of his authority !

(*He passes by ; and others come in,*
bearing on a litter a sick child.)

Boys. Set down the litter and draw
near !

The King of Bethlehem is here !

What ails the child, who seems to fear
That we shall do him harm ?

The Bearers. He climbed up to the
robin's nest,

And out there darted, from his rest,

A serpent with a crimson crest,

And stung him in the arm.

Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me
feel

The wounded place ; my touch can heal
The sting of serpents, and can steal

The poison from the bite !

(*He touches the wound, and the boy*
begins to cry.)

Cease to lament ! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be

Among the men who follow me,

As Simon the Canaanite !

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
Will be represented another play,
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
Beginning directly after Nones !
At the close of which we shall accord,
By way of benison and reward,
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

IV.

The road to Hirschau. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, *with their attendants, on*
horseback.

Elsie. Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently
bearing

Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring !

Prince Henry. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma

Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide ;

Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side ?

Elsie. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain

Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,

While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love ;

Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

Elsie. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat ;

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(*They turn down a green lane.*)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill ; We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side !

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide ?

Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have I known these scenes of old,

Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark ! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain !

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,

That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(*They pass on.*)

The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest. The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place

With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair

To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,

And a benediction on the vines

That produce these various sorts of wines !

For my part, I am well content

That we have got through with the tedious Lent !

Fasting is all very well for those

Who have to contend with invisible foes ;

But I am quite sure it does not agree

With a quiet, peaceable man like me,

Who am not of that nervous and meagre

kind

That are always distressed in body and

mind !

And at times it really does me good

To come down among this brotherhood,
 Dwelling forever under ground,
 Silent, contemplative, round and sound;
 Each one old, and brown with mould,
 But filled to the lips with the ardor of
 youth,

With the latent power and love of truth,
 And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,
 When buds are swelling on every side,
 And the sap begins to move in the vine,
 Then in all cellars, far and wide,
 The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
 Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
 With a kind of revolt and discontent
 At being so long in darkness pent,
 And fain would burst from its sombre
 tun

To bask on the hillside in the sun;
 As in the bosom of us poor friars,
 The tumult of half-subdued desires
 For the world that we have left behind
 Disturbs at times all peace of mind!
 And now that we have lived through
 Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,
 To open awhile the prison-door,
 And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
 And has stood a hundred years or
 more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
 Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
 Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
 Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
 Till his beard has grown through the
 table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the dead!
 In its veins the blood is hot and red,
 And a heart still beats in those ribs of
 oak

That time may have tamed, but has not
 broke!

It comes from Bacharach on the
 Rhine,

Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
 And costs some hundred florins the
 ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,
 When I remember that every year
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of
 Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,

The old rhyme keeps running in my
 brain:

At Bacharach on the Rhine,
 At Hochheim on the Main,
 And at Würzburg on the Stein,
 Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better
 far

Than those of the Neckar, or those of
 the Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may
 boast

Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
 Which of all wines I like the most.
 This I shall draw for the Abbot's
 drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way of
 thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and
 sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs
 From the deep flagon, while it fills,
 As of hyacinths and daffodils!

Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
 Many have been the sips and slips;
 Many have been the draughts of wine,
 On their way to his, that have stopped
 at mine;

And many a time my soul has hankered
 For a deep draught out of his silver
 tankard,

When it should have been busy with
 other affairs,
 Less with its longings and more with
 its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward con-
 dition,

No danger of death and eternal perdi-
 tion;

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers
 all,

Who dwell in this convent of Peter and
 Paul!

(He drinks.)

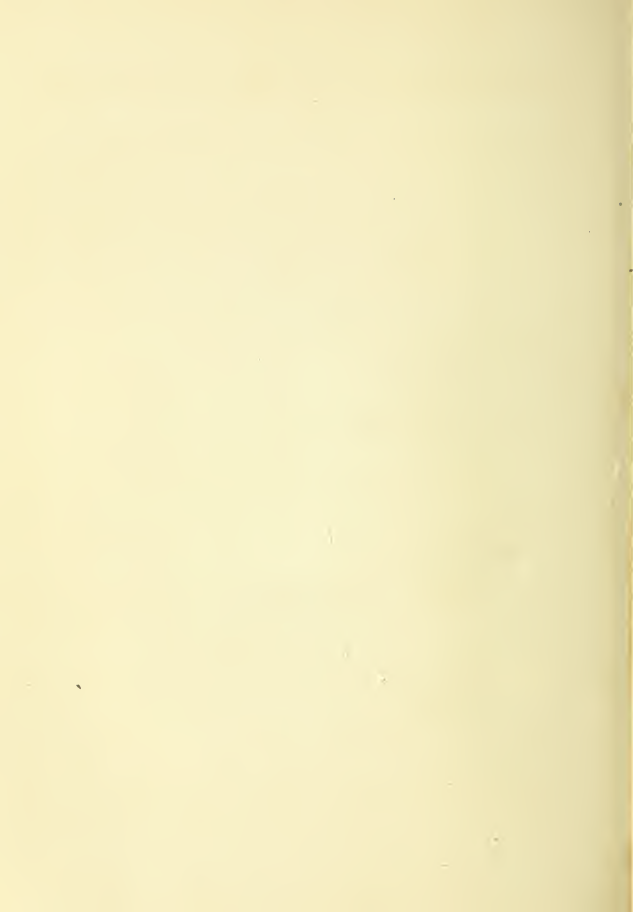
O cordial delicious! O soother of
 pain!

It flashes like sunshine into my brain!
 A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his
 friends!

And now a flagon for such as may ask



H. F. TELL, N. Y. & C.



A draught from the noble Bacharach
 cask,
 And I will be gone, though I know full
 well
 The cellar's a cheerfuller place than
 the cell.
 Behold where he stands, all sound and
 good,
 Brown and old in his oaken hood ;
 Silent he seems externally
 As any Carthusian monk may be ;
 But within, what a spirit of deep un-
 rest !
 What a seething and simmering in his
 breast !
 As if the heaving of his great heart
 Would burst his belt of oak apart !
 Let me unloose this button of wood,
 And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

(Sets it running.)

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,
 As if they had caught the purple hues
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
 Descending and mingling with the
 dews ;
 Or as if the grapes were stained with
 the blood
 Of the innocent boy, who, some years
 back,
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach ;
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach !
 The beautiful town, that gives us wine
 With the fragrant odor of Muscadine !
 I should deem it wrong to let this pass
 Without first touching my lips to the
 glass,
 For here in the midst of the current I
 stand,
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the
 river,
 Taking toll upon either hand,
 And much more grateful to the giver.

(He drinks.)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
 Such as in any town you may find,
 Such as one might imagine would suit
 The rascal who drank wine out of a
 boot.
 And, after all, it was not a crime,
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.

A jolly old toper ! who at a pull
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh, when that was
 done,

If the fellow had left the other one !
 This wine is as good as we can afford
 To the friars, who sit at the lower board,
 And cannot distinguish bad from good,
 And are far better off than if they could,
 Being rather the rude disciples of beer
 Than of anything more refined and dear !

(Fills the other flagon and departs.)

*The Scriptorium. FRIAR PACIFICUS
 transcribing and illuminating.*

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark !

Yet one line more,
 And then my work for to-day is o'er.
 I come again to the name of the Lord !
 Ere I that awful name record,
 That is spoken so lightly among men,
 Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen ;
 Pure from blemish and blot must it be
 When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I labored on and on,
 Nearly through the Gospel of John.
 Can it be that from the lips
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,
 That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
 Came the dread Apocalypse !
 It has a very awful look,
 As it stands there at the end of the book,
 Like the sun in an eclipse.
 Ah me ! when I think of that vision
 divine,
 Think of writing it, line by line,
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
 Like the trump of doom, in the closing
 verse !

God forgive me ! if ever I
 Take aught from the book of that
 Prophecy,
 Lest my part too should be taken away
 From the Book of Life on the Judg-
 ment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !
 I should not be afraid to display it,
 In open day, on the selfsame shelf
 With the writings of St. Thecla herself
 Or of Theodosius, who of old
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
 That goodly folio standing yonder,
 Without a single blot or blunder,

Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
Saint Ulric himself never made a better !
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,

What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me ! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain ;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee !

(He looks from the window.)

How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves !
How the swallows twitter under the eaves !

There, now, there is one in her nest ;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head
and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet
nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

(He makes a sketch.)

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder

A shower is passing ; I hear the thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer !
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady ! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble
rider !

Now she gives him her hand to alight ;
They will be glad a shelter for the night.

I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more ;
It will do for the face of some beautiful
Saint,
Or for one of the Marias I shall paint.

(Goes out.)

The Cloisters. The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air .
Wheel the swallows home in crowds,
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red ;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall ;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire ;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY.)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen !

Abbot. Amen ! he is arisen !
His peace be with you !

Prince Henry. Here it reigns forever !

The peace of God, that passeth understanding,

Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent ?

Abbot. I am.

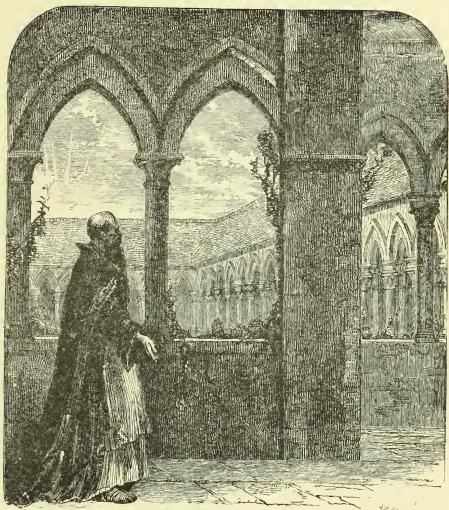
Prince Henry. And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
Who crave your hospitality to-night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honor ; and we shall requite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.



Prince Henry. How fares it with
the holy monks of Hirschau?
Are all things well with them?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent! I
have known it long
By the report of travellers. I now see
Their commendations lag behind the
truth.

You lie here in the valley of the Nagold
As in a nest: and the still river, gliding
Along its bed, is like an admonition

How all things pass. Your lands are
rich and ample,

And your revenues large. God's bene-
diction

Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and
Master,

When he departed, left us in his will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
These we have always with us; had
we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as are
these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember right,
the Counts of Calva

Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say.

Prince Henry. And, if I err not, it
is very old.

Abbot. Within these cloisters lie al-
ready buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the
flags

On which we stand, the Abbot William
lies,

Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose tomb is
that,

Which bears the brass escutcheon?

Abbot. A benefactor's,
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood
Godfather to our bells.

Prince Henry. Your monks are
learned

And holy men, I trust.

Abbot. There are among them
Learned and holy men. Yet in this age
We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.

The world is wicked, and sometimes I
wonder

God does not lose his patience with it
wholly,

And shatter it like glass! Even here,
at times,

Within these walls, where all should
be at peace,

I have my trials. Time has laid his
hand

Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm

Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

Ashes are on my head, and on my lips

Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness

And weariness of life, that makes me
ready

To say to the dead Abbots under us,

"Make room for me!" Only I see
the dusk

Of evening twilight coming, and have
not

Completed half my task; and so at
times

The thought of my shortcomings in this
life

Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

Prince Henry. We must all die, and
not the old alone;

The young have no exemption from
that doom.

Abbot. Ah, yes! the young may die,
but the old must!

That is the difference.

Prince Henry. I have heard much
laud

Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium
Is famous among all; your manuscripts

Praised for their beauty and their ex-
cellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast.
If you desire it,

You shall behold these treasures. And
meanwhile

Shall the Refectorarius bestow

Your horses and attendants for the
night.

(*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*)

*The Chapel. Vespers; after which
the monks retire, a chorister lead-
ing an old monk who is blind.*

Prince Henry. They are all gone,
save one who lingers,

Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.

As if his heart could find no rest,

At times he beats his heaving breast
 With clenched and convulsive fingers,
 Then lifts them trembling in the air.
 A chorister, with golden hair,
 Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
 Can it be so? Or does my sight
 Deceive me in the uncertain light?
 Ah no! I recognize that face,
 Though Time has touched it in his
 flight,

And changed the auburn hair to white.
 It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,
 The deadliest foe of all our race,
 And hateful unto me and mine!

The Blind Monk. Who is it that
 doth stand so near

His whispered words I almost hear?

Prince Henry. I am Prince Henry
 of Hoheneck,

And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!
 I know you, and I see the scar,
 The brand upon your forehead, shine
 And redden like a baleful star!

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo once,
 but now the wreck

Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
 The passionate will, the pride, the wrath
 That bore me headlong on my path,
 Stumbled and staggered into fear,
 And failed me in my mad career,
 As a tired steed some evil-doer,
 Alone upon a desolate moor,
 Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
 And hearing loud and close behind
 The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.
 Then suddenly from the dark there
 came

A voice that called me by my name,
 And said to me, "Kneel down and
 pray!"

And so my terror passed away,
 Passed utterly away forever.
 Contrition, penitence, remorse,
 Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
 A hope, a longing, an endeavor,
 By days of penance and nights of prayer,
 To frustrate and defeat despair!
 Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
 With tranquil waters overflowed;
 A lake whose unseen fountains start,
 Where once the hot volcano glowed.
 And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!
 Have known me in that earlier time,
 A man of violence and crime,

Whose passions brooked no curb nor
 check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,
 One of this holy brotherhood.
 Give me your hand; here let me kneel;
 Make your reproaches sharp as steel;
 Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
 No violence can harm the meek,
 There is no wound Christ cannot heal!
 Yes; lift your princely hand, and take
 Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;
 Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

Prince Henry. Arise, Count Hugo!
 let there be

No further strife nor enmity
 Between us twain; we both have erred!
 Too rash in act, too wrong in word.
 From the beginning have we stood
 In fierce, defiant attitude,
 Each thoughtless of the other's right,
 And each reliant on his might.
 But now our souls are more subdued;
 The hand of God, and not in vain,
 Has touched us with the fire of pain.
 Let us kneel down, and side by side
 Pray, till our souls are purified,
 And pardon will not be denied!

(They kneel.)

*The Refectory. Gaudiolum of Monks
 at midnight. LUCIFER disguised as
 a Friar.*

Friar Paul (sings).

Ave! color vini clari,
 Dulcis potus, non amari,
 Tua nos inebriant
 Digneris potentia!

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise,
 my worthy freres,
 You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

Friar Paul (sings).

O! quam placens in colore!
 O! quam fragrans in odore!
 O! quam sapidum in ore!
 Dulce linguæ vinculum!

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your
 tongue had broken its chain!

Friar Paul (sings).

Felix venter quem intrabis!
 Felix guttur quod rigabis!
 Felix os quod tu lavabis!
 Et beata labia!

Friar Cuthbert. Peace ! I say, peace !
Will you never cease !

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell
you again !

Friar John. No danger ! to-night
he will let us alone,
As I happen to know he has guests of
his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they ?

Friar John. A German Prince and
his train,

Who arrived here just before the rain.
There is with him a damsel fair to see,
As slender and graceful as a reed !
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown from a
tree.

Friar Cuthbert. None of your pale-
faced girls for me !

None of your damsels of high degree !

Friar John. Come, old fellow, drink
down to your peg !

But do not drink any farther, I beg !

Friar Paul (sings).

In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold !

Friar Cuthbert. What an infernal
racket and riot !

Can you not drink your wine in quiet ?
Why fill the convent with such scan-
dals,

As if we were so many drunken Van-
dals ?

Friar Paul (continues).

Now we have changed
That law so good,
To crosier of gold
And bishop of wood !

Friar Cuthbert. Well, then, since
you are in the mood

To give your noisy humors vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's content !

Chorus of Monks.

Funde vinum, funde !
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæras unde,
Sed fundas semper abunde !

Friar John. What is the name of
yonder friar,

With an eye that glows like a coal of
fire,
And such a black mass of tangled
hair ?

Friar Paul. He who is sitting there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free-and-easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting and
frolicking ?

Friar John. The same.

Friar Paul. He's a stranger. You
had better ask his name,
And where he is going, and whence he
came.

Friar John. Hallo ! Sir Friar !

Friar Paul. You must raise your
voice a little higher,
He does not seem to hear what you
say.

Now, try again ! He is looking this
way.

Friar John. Hallo ! Sir Friar,
We wish to inquire

Whence you came, and where you are
going,
And anything else that is worth the
knowing.

So be so good as to open your head.

Lucifer. I am a Frenchman born
and bred,

Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.

My home

Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy's,
Of which, very like, you never have
heard.

Monks. Never a word !

Lucifer. You must know, then, it is
in the diocese

Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan

It overlooks the angry sea ;

The very sea-shore where,

In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,

Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas
The name of his sweet Heloise !

Whilst overhead

The convent windows gleamed as red

As the fiery eyes of the monks within,

Who with jovial din

Gave themselves up to all kinds of sir !

Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!
 Over the doors,
 None of your death-heads carved in
 wood,
 None of your Saints looking pious and
 good,
 None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!
 But the heads and tusks of boars,
 And the cells
 Hung all round with the fells
 Of the fallow-deer.
 And then what cheer!
 What jolly, fat friars,
 Sitting round the great, roaring fires,
 Roaring louder than they,
 With their strong wines,
 And their concubines,
 And never a bell,
 With its swagger and swell,
 Calling you up with a start of affright
 In the dead of night,
 To send you grumbling down dark stairs,
 To mumble your prayers.
 But the cheery crowd
 Of cocks in the yard below,
 After daybreak, an hour or so,
 And the barking of deep-mouthed
 hounds,
 These are the sounds
 That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
 And then all day
 Up and away
 Through the forest, hunting the deer!
 Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here
 You are a little too pious, a little too
 tame,
 And the more is the shame.
 'T is the greatest folly
 Not to be jolly;
 That's what I think!
 Come, drink, drink,
 Drink, and die game!

Monks. And your Abbot What's-his-
 name?
Lucifer. Abelard!
Monks. Did he drink hard?
Lucifer. O no! Not he!
 He was a dry old fellow,
 Without juice enough to get thoroughly
 mellow.
 There he stood,
 Lowering at us in sullen mood,
 As if he had come into Brittany
 Just to reform our brotherhood!

(A roar of laughter.)

But you see
 It never would do!
 For some of us knew a thing or two,
 In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys!
 For instance, the great ado
 With old Fulbert's niece,
 The young and lovely Heloise.
Friar John. Stop there, if you
 please,
 Till we drink to the fair Heloise.
All (drinking and shouting). He-
 loise! Heloise!
 (The Chapel-bell tolls.)
Lucifer (starting). What is that bell
 for? Are you such asses
 As to keep up the fashion of midnight
 masses?
Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor,
 unfortunate brother,
 Who is gifted with most miraculous
 powers
 Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
 And, by way of penance and Christian
 meekness,
 Of creeping silently out of his cell
 To take a pull at that hideous bell;
 So that all the monks who are lying
 awake
 May murmur some kind of prayer for
 his sake,
 And adapted to his peculiar weakness!
Friar John. From frailty and fall —
All. Good Lord, deliver us all!
Friar Cuthbert. And before the bell
 for matins sounds,
 He takes his lantern, and goes the
 rounds,
 Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,
 Merely to say it is time to arise.
 But enough of that. Go on, if you please,
 With your story about St. Gildas de
 Rhuys.
Lucifer. Well, it finally came to pass
 That, half in fun and half in malice,
 One Sunday at Mass
 We put some poison into the chalice.
 But, either by accident or design,
 Peter Abelard kept away
 From the chapel that day,
 And a poor, young friar, who in his stead
 Drank the sacramental wine,
 Fell on the steps of the altar, dead!

But look ! do you see at the window there
That face, with a look of grief and despair.

That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

Monks. Who? where?

Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished
away again.

Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious
Siebald the Refectorarius.

That fellow is always playing the scout,
Creeping and peeping and prowling
about ;

And then he regales

The Abbot with scandalous tales.

Lucifer. A spy in the convent ?

One of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the others ?

Out upon him, the lazy loon !

I would put a stop to that pretty soon,

In a way he should rue it.

Monks. How shall we do it ?

Lucifer. Do you, brother Paul,
Creep under the window, close to the
wall,

And open it suddenly when I call.

Then seize the villain by the hair,

And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for all.

Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan of
old,

We are told,

Once caught the Devil by the nose !

Lucifer. Ha ! ha ! that story is very
clever,

But has no foundation whatsoever.

Quick ! for I see his face again

Glaring in at the window-pane ;

Now ! now ! and do not spare your blows.

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD. They beat him.*)

Friar Siebald. Help ! help ! are you
going to slay me ?

Friar Paul. That will teach you
again to betray me !

Friar Siebald. Mercy ! mercy !

Friar Paul (shouting and beating).

Rumpas bellorum lorum,

Vim confer amorum

Morum verorum rorum

Tu plena polorum !

Lucifer. Who stands in the doorway
yonder,

Stretching out his trembling hand,
Just as Abelard used to stand,
The flash of his keen, black eyes
Forerunning the thunder ?

The Monks (in confusion). The
Abbot ! the Abbot !

Friar Cuthbert. And what is the
wonder !

He seems to have taken you by surprise.

Friar Francis. Hide the great
flagon

From the eyes of the dragon !

Friar Cuthbert. Pull the brown
hood over your face !

This will bring us into disgrace !

Abbot. What means this revel and
carouse ?

Is this a tavern and drinking-house ?

Are you Christian monks, or heathen
devils,

To pollute this convent with your revels ?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth,

To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,

He would write your names, with pen
of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all !

Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,

And pray till you hear the matin-bells ;

You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother
Paul !

And as a penance mark each prayer

With the scourge upon your shoulders
bare ;

Nothing atones for such a sin

But the blood that follows the discipline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with
me

Alone into the sacristy ;

You, who should be a guide to your
brothers,

And are ten times worse than all the
others,

For you I've a draught that has long
been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the doing !

Away to your prayers, then, one and all !
I wonder the very convent wall

Does not crumble and crush you in its fall !

*The neighboring Nunnery. The AB-
BESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE
in the moonlight.*

Irmingard. The night is silent, the
wind is still,

The moon is looking from yonder hill
Down upon convent, and grove, and
garden ;
The clouds have passed away from her
face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed
with pardon !

And such am I. My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled with
sin.

But now its wounds are healed again ;
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and
pain ;

For across that desolate land of woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was forced
to go,

A wind from heaven began to blow ;
And all my being trembled and shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of
the field,

And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy
Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
And the only darkness that which lies
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more and
more,

Ast one I have known and loved before ;
For every soul is akin to me

That dwells in the land of mystery !

I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name !
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and
hard,

Has found through me the way to fame.
Brief and bright were those days, and
the night

Which followed was full of a lurid light.
Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride !
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were
there ;

And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in
bloom,

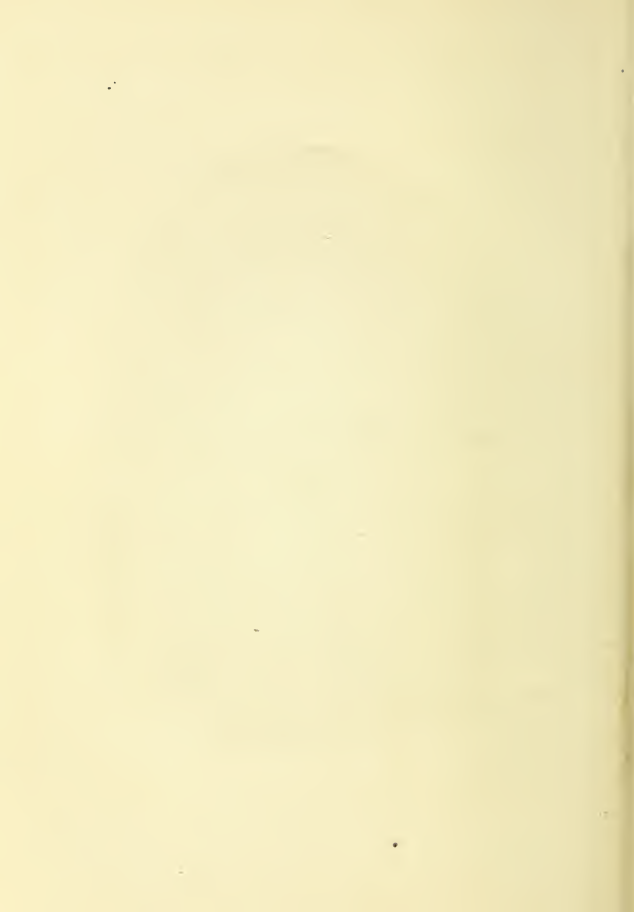
And through the momentary gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,
Yielding and borne I knew not where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day.
One night, — it was a night in May, —
Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild prayers ;
And it rang through me, and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom,
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;
And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me
Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;
A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage
It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed : " No wandering bard
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied :
" Henry of Hoheneck I discard !





Never the hand of Irmingard
 Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride !”
 This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;
 This said I, for I could not choose.
 After a pause, my father spake
 In that cold and deliberate tone
 Which turns the hearer into stone,
 And seems itself the act to be
 That follows with such dread certainty ;
 “ This, or the cloister and the veil !”
 No other words than these he said,
 But they were like a funeral wail ;
 My life was ended, my heart was dead.
 That night from the castle-gate went
 down,
 With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,
 Two shadows, mounted on shadowy
 steeds,
 Taking the narrow path that leads
 Into the forest dense and brown.
 In the leafy darkness of the place,
 One could not distinguish form nor face,
 Only a bulk without a shape,
 A darker shadow in the shade ;
 One scarce could say it moved or stayed.
 Thus it was we made our escape !
 A foaming brook, with many a bound,
 Followed us like a playful hound ;
 Then leaped before us, and in the hol-
 low
 Paused, and waited for us to follow,
 And seemed impatient, and afraid
 That our tardy flight should be betrayed
 By the sound our horses' hoof-beats
 made.
 And when we reached the plain below,
 We paused a moment and drew rein
 To look back at the castle again ;
 And we saw the windows all aglow
 With lights, that were passing to and fro ;
 Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;
 The brook crept silent to our feet ;
 We knew what most we feared to know.
 Then suddenly horns began to blow ;
 And we heard a shout, and a heavy
 tramp,
 And our horses snorted in the damp
 Night-air of the meadows green and
 wide,
 And in a moment, side by side,
 So close, they must have seemed but
 one,
 The shadows across the moonlight run,
 And another came, and swept behind,

Like the shadow of clouds before the
 wind !

How I remember that breathless flight
 Across the moors, in the summer night !
 How under our feet the long, white road
 Backward like a river flowed,
 Sweeping with it fences and hedges,
 Whilst farther away, and overhead,
 Paler than I, with fear and dread,
 The moon fled with us, as we fled
 Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;
 But of what afterwards befell
 I nothing further can recall
 Then a blind, desperate, headlong fall ;
 The rest is a blank and darkness all.
 When I awoke out of this swoon,
 The sun was shining, not the moon,
 Making a cross upon the wall
 With the bars of my windows narrow
 and tall ;

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont
 to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,
 Each morning, as in bed I lay !
 I was lying again in my own room !
 And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,
 That those shadows on the midnight
 plain

Were gone, and could not come again !
 I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.
 I left my father's home to come
 Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
 For blindly I esteemed it so.
 And when I heard the convent door
 Behind me close, to open no more,
 I felt it smite me like a blow.
 Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
 And on my bruised spirit fell
 The dampness of my narrow cell
 As night-air on a wounded man,
 Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
 I felt the agony decrease
 By slow degrees, then wholly cease,
 Ending in perfect rest and peace !
 It was not apathy, nor dulness,
 That weighed and pressed upon my
 brain,

But the same passion I had given
 To earth before, now turned to heaven
 With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !
The path that runs through the fairest
meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile !
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong.
We cannot sever right from wrong ;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but
slowly

The things that are holy and unholy !
But in this sacred, calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow, and waves that
beat,

From the cold, and rain, and blighting
heat,

To which the strongest hearts have
yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,
For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;
Our hearts are lamps forever burning,
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, forever the same,
Steadily upward toward the heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;
A sudden darkness fills the room,
And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.
On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;
A bird, awakened in its nest,
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
Then smooths its plumes and sleeps
again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;
The hour of midnight must be near.
Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue
Of riding many a dusty league ;
Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;
Me so many cares encumber,
So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes
away :

I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A covered bridge at Lucerne.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the
architects who build

The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown
across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been
given

Unto the Church's head, as the chief
builder

And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows !
What are these paintings on the walls
around us ?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macaber !
Elsie. What ?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death !
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while
beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent
river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and
bright,

Save where the shadow of this bridge
falls on it.

Elsie. O yes ! I see it now !

Prince Henry. The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that
dance,

To different sounds in different meas-
ures moving ;

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes
a drum,

To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture ?

Prince Henry. It is a young man
singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in
kneeling

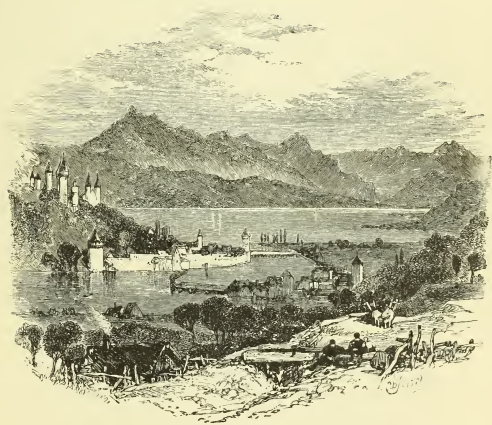
Turns round to look at him ; and
Death, meanwhile,

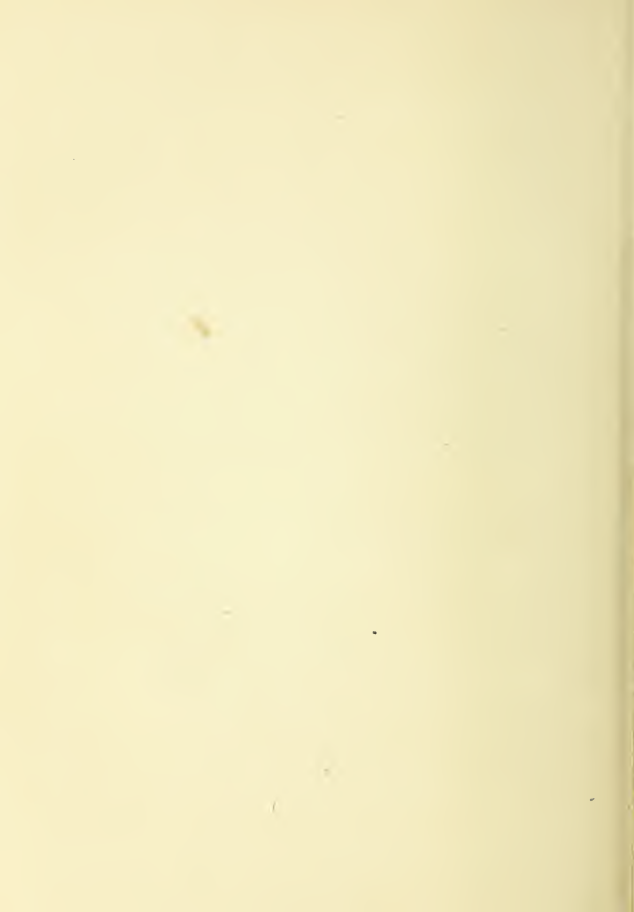
Is putting out the candles on the altar !

Elsie. Ah, what a pity 't is that she
should listen

Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the
angels singing !

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen
a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.





Elsie. A foolish jest !
Prince Henry. And here the heart
 of the new-wedded wife,
 Coming from church with her beloved
 lord,
 He startles with the rattle of his drum.
Elsie. Ah, that is sad ! And yet
 perhaps 't is best
 That she should die, with all the sun-
 shine on her,
 And all the benedictions of the morn-
 ing,
 Before this affluence of golden light
 Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
 Then into darkness !

Prince Henry. Under it is written,
 " Nothing but death shall separate thee
 and me ! "

Elsie. And what is this, that follows
 close upon it ?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a
 dulcimer. Behind him,
 A poor old woman, with a rosary,
 Follows the sound, and seems to wish
 her feet
 Were swifter to o'ertake him. Under-
 neath,
 The inscription reads, " Better is Death
 than Life. "

Elsie. Better is Death than Life !
 Ah yes ! to thousands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
 That song of consolation, till the air
 Rings with it, and they cannot choose
 but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old
 alone,

But the young also hear it, and are still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder
 moments. 'T is the sound
 Of their own hearts they hear, half full
 of tears,
 Which are like crystal cups, half filled
 with water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger
 With music sweet and low and melan-
 choly.

Let us go forward, and no longer stay
 In this great picture-gallery of Death !
 I hate it ! ay, the very thought of it !

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you ?

Prince Henry. For the reason
 That life, and all that speaks of life, is
 lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of death,
 is hateful.

Elsie. The grave itself is but a cov-
 ered bridge,
 Leading from light to light, through a
 brief darkness !

*Prince Henry (emerging from the
 bridge).* I breathe again more
 freely ! Ah, how pleasant

To come once more into the light of
 day,

Out of that shadow of death ! To hear
 again

The hoof-beats of our horses on firm
 ground,

And not upon those hollow planks, re-
 sounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
 On coffins in a churchyard ! Yonder lies

The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns,
 apparelled

In light, and lingering, like a village
 maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native moun-
 tains,

Then pouring all her life into another's,
 Changing her name and being ! Over-
 head,

Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(*They pass on.*)

The Devil's Bridge. PRINCE HENRY
 and ELSIE crossing, with attend-
 ants.

Guide. This bridge is called the
 Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
 It leaps across the terrible chasm

Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
 As if, in some convulsive spasm,

The summits of the hills had cracked,
 And made a road for the cataract,

That raves and rages down the steep !
Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. Never any bridge but this
 Could stand across the wild abyss ;

All the rest, of wood or stone,
 By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

He toppled crags from the precipice,
 And whatsoever was built by day

In the night was swept away ;
 None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. I showed you in the valley a
boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoul-
der ;

As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, " Herr Jé !"
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight !

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.

And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !
perdition !

Guide. At length, the bridge being
all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re-echoed with the peals
of laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated !

(*They pass on.*)

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha !
ha ! defeated !

For journeys and for crimes like this
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

The St. Gothard Pass.

Prince Henry. This is the highest
point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they
roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic
presence

Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among
them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining
tents.

Elsie. How bleak and bare it is !
Nothing but mosses

Grow on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they not for-
gotten ;

Benevolent Nature sends the mists to
feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud, that,
borne aloft

So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by
angels !

Prince Henry. Thou art St. Cath-
erine, and invisible angels

Bear thee across these chasms and
precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against
a stone !

Elsie. Would I were borne unto my
grave, as she was,

Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !
What sound is that ?

Prince Henry. The tumbling ava-
lanches !

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful !

Prince Henry. These are
The voices of the mountains ! Thus
they ope

Their snowy lips, and speak unto each
other,
In the primeval language, lost to man.

Elsie. What land is this that spreads
itself beneath us ?

Prince Henry. Italy ! Italy !

Elsie. Land of the Madonna !
How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden
Of Paradise !

Prince Henry. Nay, of Gethsemane
To thee and me, of passion and of
prayer !

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago
I wandered as a youth among its bowers,
And never from my heart has faded quite
Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,
Encircles with a ring of purple light
All the horizon of my youth.

Guide. O friends !
The days are short, the way before us
long ;

We must not linger, if we think to reach
The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

(*They pass on.*)

*At the foot of the Alps. A halt un-
der the trees at noon.*

Prince Henry. Here let us pause a
moment in the trembling

Shadow and sunshine of the roadside
trees,

And, our tired horses in a group as-
sembling,

Inhale long draughts of this delicious
breeze.

Our fleetest steeds have distanced our
attendants ;

They lag behind us with a slower pace ;
We will await them under the green
pendants

Of the great willows in this shady
place.

Ho, Barbarossa ! how thy mottled
haunches

Sweat with this canter over hill and
glade !

Stand still, and let these overhanging
branches

Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee
with shade !

Elsie. What a delightful landscape
spreads before us,

Marked with a whitewashed cottage
here and there !

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping
o'er us,

Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sun-
ny air.

Prince Henry. Hark ! what sweet
sounds are those, whose accents
holy

Fill the warm noon with music sad and
sweet !

Elsie. It is a band of pilgrims, mov-
ing slowly

On their long journey, with uncovered
feet.

*Pilgrims (chanting the Hymn of St.
Hildebert).*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus !

*Lucifer (as a Friar in the proces-
sion).* Here am I, too, in the
pious band,
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite
dressed !

The soles of my feet are as hard and
tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hilde-
brand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives
Of the bishops lead such shameful
lives.

All day long I beat my breast,
And chant with a most particular zest
The Latin hymns, which I understand
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.

And at night such lodging in barns and
sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,
Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,
Such a helter-skelter of prayers and
sins !

Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,
There is none so pleasing to me and
mine

As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine !

Prince Henry. If from the outward
man we judge the inner,

And cleanliness is godliness, I fear
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sin-
ner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing
near.

Lucifer. There is my German Prince
again,

Thus far on his journey to Salern,
And the lovesick girl, whose heated
brain

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain ;
But it 's a long road that has no turn !

Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.

But first I must act to my heart's con-
tent

This mummery and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep
Into the fold, where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.

Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh
To see these beggars hobble along,

Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,

And, to make up for not understanding
the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong !
Were it not for my magic garters and
staff,

And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,

And the mischief I make in the idle throng,
I should not continue the business long.

Pilgrims (chanting).

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis ;
In hâc odor implens cœlos,
In hâc semper festum melos !

Prince Henry. Do you observe that monk among the train,
Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,
As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,
And this way turns his rubicund, round face ?

Elsie. It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,
Preached to the people in the open air.

Prince Henry. And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,
On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,
The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,

His own stout legs ! He, too, was in the play,
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.
Good morrow, Friar !

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow, noble sir !

Prince Henry. I speak in German, for, unless I err,
You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gainsay you,
But by what instinct, or what secret sign,

Meeting me here, do you straightway divine
That northward of the Alps my country lies ?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face before,
And heard you preach at the Cathedral door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.

We were among the crowd that gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many years
To walk with little children, your own will

Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and gait,
And could no longer stand erect and straight.

Whence come you now ?

Friar Cuthbert. From the old monastery

Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,
That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,

And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,

To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

Prince Henry. O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,

That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery !

Lucifer (at a distance). Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince !
I cannot stay to argue and convince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,

Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !

All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;

Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever present !
And even as children, who have much

offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,

Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate

Speak with their sister, and confiding wait

Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,

And yet not venturing rashly to draw near

With their requests an angry father's ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their
confession,
And she for them in heaven makes in-
tercession.

And if our Faith had given us nothing
more

Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher
and truer

Than all the creeds the world had
known before.

Pilgrims (chanting afar off).

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!

*The Inn at Genoa. A terrace over-
looking the sea. Night.*

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it is the
sea,

In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance !
Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence !
But ah ! how few can comprehend
Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and go !
Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts.
We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart, and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea).

Thou didst not make it, thou
canst not mend it,
But thou hast the power to end it !
The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet ;
There is no confessor like unto Death !
Thou canst not see him, but he is near ;
Thou needest not whisper above thy
breath,

And he will hear ;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

Prince Henry. The fisherman, who
lies afloat,

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night !
But do I comprehend aright
The meaning of the words he sung
So sweetly in his native tongue ?
Ah yes ! the sea is still and deep.
All things within its bosom sleep !
A single step, and all is o'er ;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

*Elsie (coming from her chamber
upon the terrace).* The night is
calm and cloudless,

And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone ;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer
Christe eleison !

Prince Henry. Angel of God ! thy
finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies !
Thy purer soul, that trembles and be-
lieves,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
 And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
 Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
 And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.
 But I hear discord only and despair,
 And whispers as of demons in the air !

At sea.

Il Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,
 And on before the freshening gale,
 That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
 Swiftly our light felucca flies.
 Around, the billows burst and foam ;
 They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
 They beat her sides with many a shock,
 And then upon their flowing dome
 They poise her, like a weathercock !
 Between us and the western skies
 The hills of Corsica arise ;
 Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,
 The summits of the Apennine,
 And southward, and still far away,
 Salerno, on its sunny bay.
 You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that never-
 more mine eyes
 Might see its towers by night or day !

Elsie. Behind us, dark and awfully,
 There comes a cloud out of the sea,
 That bears the form of a hunted deer,
 With hide of brown, and hoofs of
 black,

And antlers laid upon its back,
 And fleeing fast and wild with fear,
 As if the hounds were on its track !

Prince Henry. Lo ! while we gaze,
 it breaks and falls

In shapeless masses, like the walls
 Of a burnt city. Broad and red
 The fires of the descending sun
 Glare through the windows, and o'er-
 head,

Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,
 Long shafts of silvery light arise,
 Like rafters that support the skies !

Elsie. See ! from its summit the lurid
 levin

Flashes downward without warning,
 As Lucifer, son of the morning,
 Fell from the battlements of heaven !

Il Padrone. I must entreat you,
 friends, below !

The angry storm begins to blow,
 For the weather changes with the moon.
 All this morning, until noon,
 We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws
 Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
 Only a little hour ago
 I was whistling to Saint Antonio
 For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
 And instead of a breeze he has sent a
 gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,
 With their glimmering lanterns, all at
 play

On the tops of the masts and the tips
 of the spars,
 And I knew we should have foul weather
 to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties ! yo heave ho !
 Brail up the mainsail, and let her go
 As the winds will and Saint Antonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
 That vessel to the windward yonder,
 Running with her gunwale under ?
 I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.
 She had all sail set, and the only wonder
 Is, that at once the strength of the blast
 Did not carry away her mast.

She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
 That, through the fear of the Algerines,
 Convoys those lazy brigantines,
 Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
 Now all is ready, high and low ;
 Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !

Ha ! that is the first dash of the rain,
 With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,
 Just enough to moisten our sails,
 And make them ready for the strain.

See how she leaps, as the blasts o'er-
 take her,

And speeds away with a bone in her
 mouth !

Now keep her head toward the south,
 And there is no danger of bank or
 breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we go ;
 Not too much, good Saint Antonio !

VI.

The School of Salerno. A travelling
 Scholastic affixing his Theses to the
 gate of the College.



Scholastic. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,
 Hung up as a challenge to all the field !
 One hundred and twenty-five propositions,
 Which I will maintain with the sword
 of the tongue
 Against all disputants, old and young.
 Let us see if doctors or dialecticians
 Will dare to dispute my definitions,
 Or attack any one of my learned theses.
 Here stand I; the end shall be as God
 pleases.
 I think I have proved, by profound
 researches,
 The error of all those doctrines so
 vicious
 Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
 That are making such terrible work in
 the churches,
 By Michael the Stammerer sent from
 the East,
 And done into Latin by that Scottish
 beast,
 Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to
 maintain,
 In the face of the truth, the error in-
 fernal,
 That the universe is and must be eter-
 nal;
 At first laying down, as a fact funda-
 mental,
 That nothing with God can be acci-
 dental;
 Then asserting that God before the
 creation
 Could not have existed, because it is
 plain
 That, had he existed, he would have
 created;
 Which is begging the question that
 should be debated,
 And moveth me less to anger than
 laughter.
 All nature, he holds, is a respiration
 Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing,
 hereafter
 Will inhale it into his bosom again,
 So that nothing but God alone will
 remain.
 And therein he contradicteth himself;
 For he opens the whole discussion by
 stating,
 That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on
 the shelf !

*(He goes out. Two Doctors come in
 disputing, and followed by pupils.)*

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor
 Seraphic, maintain,
 That a word which is only conceived
 in the brain

Is a type of eternal Generation;
 The spoken word is the Incarnation.

Doctor Cherubino. What do I care
 for the Doctor Seraphic,
 With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

Doctor Serafino. You make but a
 paltry show of resistance;
 Universals have no real existence !

Doctor Cherubino. Your words are
 but idle and empty chatter;
 Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

Doctor Serafino. May the Lord have
 mercy on your position,
 You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs!

Doctor Cherubino. May he send your
 soul to eternal perdition,
 For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

*(They rush out fighting. Two Schol-
 ars come in.)*

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then,
 is your College.

What think you of ours here at Salerno?
Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I
 arrived so lately,

I hardly yet have had time to discern.
 So much, at least, I am bound to ac-
 knowledge:

The air seems healthy, the buildings
 stately,

And on the whole I like it greatly.

First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet;
 the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air;
 And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills
 With its coolness cloister and court
 and square.

Then at every season of the year
 There are crowds of guests and travel-
 lers here;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and
 traders

From the Levant, with figs and wine,
 And bands of wounded and sick Cru-
 saders,

Coming back from Palestine.

Second Scholar. And what are the studies you pursue?
What is the course you here go through?

First Scholar. The first three years of the college course
Are given to Logic alone, as the source
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

Second Scholar. That seems rather strange, I must confess,
In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,
You doubtless have reasons for that.

First Scholar. O yes! For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician;
That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art;

For without it how could you hope to show
That nobody knows so much as you know?

After this there are five years more
Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on chirurgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of swine,
As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the books now most in vogue?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive catalogue;
Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;

And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of Salerno,
For Robert of Normandy written interse
And very elegant Latin verse.
Each of these writings has its turn.

And when at length we have finished these,
Then comes the struggle for degrees,
With all the oldest and ablest critics;

The public thesis and disputation,
Question, and answer, and explanation
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister stands!
A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
On which he swears to follow the rule
And ancient forms of the good old School;

To report if any confectionarius

Mingles his drugs with matters various,
And to visit his patients twice a day,
And once in the night, if they live in town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay.
Having faithfully promised these,
His head is crowned with a laurel crown;
A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,
The Magister Artium et Physices
Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morning before us,
Let us go in, if you make no objection,
And listen awhile to a learned prelection
On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*)

Lucifer. This is the great School of Salerno!

A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,

Where every emulous scholar hears,
In every breath that comes to his ears,
The rustling of another's laurels!
The air of the place is called salubrious;
The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it
An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,
And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and terror
Into the heart of the beholder,
And befits such an ancient homestead of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands
Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,
And sown like tares in the field of truth,
To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate?
The challenge of some scholastic wight,
Who wishes to hold a public debate
On sundry questions wrong or right!
Ah, now this is my great delight!
For I have often observed of late
That such discussions end in a fight.
Let us see what the learned wag maintains

With such a prodigal waste of brains,

(*Reads.*)

"Whether angels in moving from place
to place

Pass through the intermediate space,
Whether God himself is the author of
evil,

Or whether that is the work of the Devil
When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,
And whether he now is chained in hell."

I think I can answer that question well!
So long as the boastful human mind
Consents in such mills as this to grind,
I sit very firmly upon my throne!

Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,
To see men leaving the golden grain
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed with
his brain,

To have it caught up and tossed again
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is in the
air

A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful
Garden

Of Paradise, in the days that were!
An odor of innocence, and of prayer,
And of love, and faith that never fails,
Such as the fresh young heart exhales
Before it begins to wither and harden!
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere!
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
That, after all my trouble and pain,
After all my restless endeavor,
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for ever and
ever.

But the other is already mine!
Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them, with every
breath,

Weakness, selfishness, and the base
And pusillanimous fear of death.
I know his nature, and I know
That of all who in my ministry
Wander the great earth to and fro,
And on my errands come and go,
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,
with attendants.)

Prince Henry. Can you direct us to
Friar Angelo?

Lucifer. He stands before you.

Prince Henry. Then you know our
purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and
this

The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

Lucifer. It is a very grave and sol-
emn business!

We must not be precipitate. Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free will,
Consent to this?

Prince Henry. Against all opposi-
tion,
Against all prayers, entreaties, protes-
tations.

She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer. That is strange!
Have you thought well of it?

Elsie. I come not here
To argue, but to die. Your business
is not

To question, but to kill me. I am ready.
I am impatient to be gone from here
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

Prince Henry. Would I had not
come here! Would I were dead,
And thou wert in thy cottage in the
forest,

And hadst not known me! Why have
I done this?

Let me go back and die.

Elsie. It cannot be;
Not if these cold, flat stones on which
we tread
Were coulters heated white, and yonder
gateway

Flamed like a furnace with a seven-fold
heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it!
Not one step farther. For I only meant
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.
It is enough. I, too, have strength to
die,

For thou hast taught me!

Elsie. O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my er-
rand.

You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who
writes down

The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book
open

Till sunset, that we may repent; which
doing,

The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the
page.

Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed
accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I
am ready.

(To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice
with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be
gone,

And you will have another friend in
heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the
door

Through which I pass. I see what lies
beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my
benison

Unto my father's house, and all within
it.

This morning in the church I prayed
for them,

After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I
prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they need
me not.

And in your life let my remembrance
linger,

As something not to trouble and dis-
turb it,

But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire

You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost

That haunts your house, but as a guest
that loves you,

Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were
something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

Prince Henry. Friar Angelo! I
charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,
And comes here not to die, but to be
healed.

Elsie. Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer. Come with me; this way.

*(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and
closes the door.)*

Prince Henry. Gone! and the light
of all my life gone with her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the world!
O, what a vile and abject thing am I,

That purchase length of days at such a
cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the death
Of all that's good and true and noble

in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-re-
spect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and heart
are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited forever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed be
done?

Why did you not lay hold on her, and
keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo! murder-
er!

*(Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.)*

Elsie (within). Farewell, dear Prince!
farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door!

Lucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not be too
late!

(They burst the door open and rush in.)

*The Cottage in the Odenwald. URSU-
LA spinning. Summer afternoon.
A table spread.*

Ursula. I have marked it well, — it
must be true, —

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,

Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,

He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be
lonely!

Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!
It is hard to go,—but harder to stay!
Were it not for the children, I should
pray

That Death would take me within the
year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all day,
In the sunny field, or the forest murk,
But I know that his thoughts are far away,
I know that his heart is not in his work!
And when he comes home to me at night
He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
And I see the great tears in his eyes,
And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us! I hope we have done right;
We thought we were acting for the best!

(*Looking through the open door.*)

Who is it coming under the trees?
A man, in the Prince's livery dressed!
He looks about him with doubtful face,
As if uncertain of the place.
He stops at the beehives;—now he sees
The garden gate;—he is going past!
Can he be afraid of the bees?
No; he is coming in at last!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!

(*Enter a Forester.*)

Forester. Is this the tenant Gottlieb's
farm?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I his
wife.

Pray sit. What may your business be?

Forester. News from the Prince!

Ursula. Of death or life?

Forester. You put your questions
eagerly!

Ursula. Answer me, then! How is
the Prince?

Forester. I left him only two hours
since

Homeward returning down the river,
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,
Had given him back his youth again.

Ursula (despairing). Then Elsie, my
poor child, is dead!

Forester. That, my good woman, I
have not said.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

Ursula. Keep me no longer in this
pain!

Forester. It is true your daughter is
no more;—

That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas! I am simple and lowly
bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.

And it is not well that you of the court
Should mock me thus, and make a sport
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,
For you, too, were of mother born!

Forester. Your daughter lives, and
the Prince is well!

You will learn ere long how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed;
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.

And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred
bones;

Though I think the long ride in the open
air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,
In the miracle must come in for a share!

Ursula. Virgin! who lovest the poor
and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and thanks-
giving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour
bear it

Into the awful presence of God;

For thy feet with holiness are shod,

And if thou bearest it he will hear it.

Our child who was dead again is living!

Forester. I did not tell you she was
dead;

If you thought so 't was no fault of
mine;

At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the
Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,
And decked with banners white and red

As the colors on your daughter's cheek.
They call her the Lady Alicia now ;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow
That Elsie only would he wed.

Ursula. Jesu Maria! what a change!
All seems to me so weird and strange!

Forester. I saw her standing on the
deck,

Beneath an awning cool and shady ;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.

As fair and lovely did she seem
As in a story or a dream

Some beautiful and foreign lady.
And the Prince looked so grand and
proud,

And waved his hand thus to the crowd
That gazed and shouted from the shore,
All down the river, long and loud.

Ursula. We shall behold our child
once more ;

She is not dead ! She is not dead !
God, listening, must have overheard
The prayers, that, without sound or
word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said !
O, bring me to her ; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face ;
My very soul within me cries ;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her ;
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace !

(*Goes out toward the garden.*)

Forester. There goes the good wo-
man out of her head ;

And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here ;
A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of bread.

One would say his grief did not much
oppress him.

Here 's to the health of the Prince, God
bless him !

(*He drinks.*)

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a hornet !
And what a scene there, through the
door !

The forest behind and the garden be-
fore,

And midway an old man of threescore,
With a wife and children that caress him.

Let me try still further to cheer and
adorn it
With a merry, echoing blast of my cor-
net !

(*Goes out blowing his horn.*)

The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine.
PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing
on the terrace at evening. The
sound of bells heard from a distance.

Prince Henry. We are alone. The
wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes and
cloaks,

And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that
ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low ?

Prince Henry. They are the bells
of Geisenheim,

That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved.

Prince Henry. They are done !
Dear Elsie ! many years ago

Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.

Elsie. Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

Prince Henry. Thou knowest the
story of her ring,

How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died ; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her
hand ;

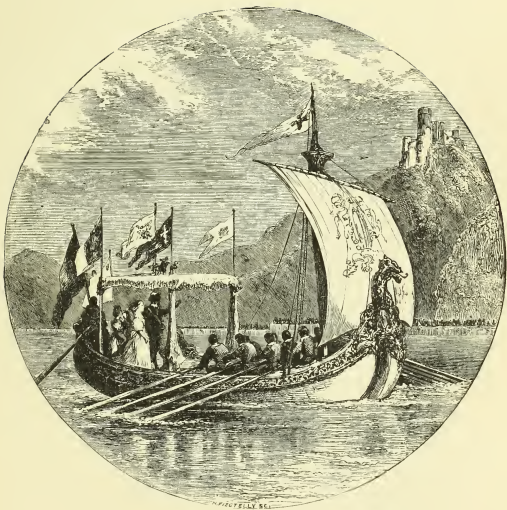
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land forevermore.

Elsie. That was true love.

Prince Henry. For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faith-
ful be ?

Wilt thou so love me after death ?





Prince Henry. In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine !
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine !
This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen !
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst ;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill ;
Let us go in.

Elsie. Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire ! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dew foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

Prince Henry. Oft on this terrace,
when the day
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapors rise and drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in mine :
Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise ?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !
(*They go in.*)

EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

The Angel of Good Deeds (with closed book) God sent his messenger the rain,

And said unto the mountain brook,
" Rise up, and from thy caverns look
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,
From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
" Rise up, and look from where thou art,

And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death."

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !

O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible
air !

Upon the pages
Of the sealed volume that I bear,
The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold,
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine,
With soft effulgence !
O God ! it is thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this !

The Angel of Evil Deeds (with open book). Not yet, not yet

Is the red sun wholly set,
But evermore recedes,
While open still I bear
The Book of Evil Deeds,
To let the breathings of the upper air
Visit its pages and erase
The records from its face !
Fainter and fainter as I gaze
In the broad blaze
The glimmering landscape shines,
And below me the black river
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !
Fainter and fainter the black lines
Begin to quiver
Along the whitening surface of the
paper ;
Shade after shade

The terrible words grow faint and fade,
And in their place
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !
But the soul of one,
Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.
It is the end !
With closed Book
To God do I ascend.

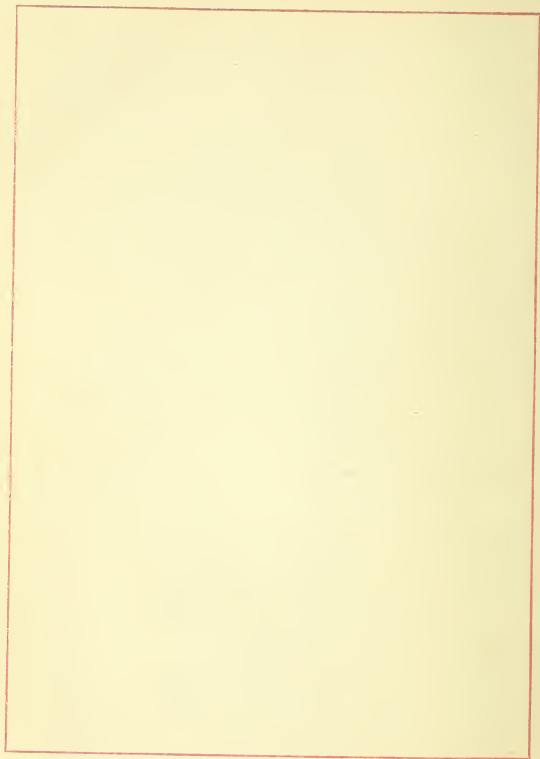
Lo ! over the mountain steeps
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps
Beneath my feet ;
A blackness inwardly brightening
With sullen heat,

As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's
resistance.

It is Lucifer,
The son of mystery ;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood !

SECOND INTERLUDE.

MARTIN LUTHER.



MARTIN LUTHER.

A Chamber in the Wartburg. Morning. MARTIN LUTHER, *writing.*

Martin Luther.

Our God, a Tower of Strength is he,
A goodly wall and weapon ;
From all our need he helps us free,
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe
Doth in earnest grow,
In grim armor dight,
Much guile and great might ;
On earth there is none like him.

O yes ; a tower of strength indeed,
A present help 'in all our need,
A sword and buckler is our God.
Innocent men have walked unshod
O'er burning ploughshares, and have
trod

Unharm'd on serpents in their path,
And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand
Where God hath led me by the hand,
And look down, with a heart at ease,
Over the pleasant neighborhoods,
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,
With castles crowning the dizzy
heights,

And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.

Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed
me fast,

And the howling demons of despair
That hunted me like a beast to his
lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;
We soon are unprotected ;
There fighteth for us the right Man,
Whom God himself elected.

Who is he ; ye exclaim ?
Christus is his name,
Lord of Sabaoth,
Very God in troth ;
The field he holds forever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more
Than the name of Him whom we
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best
To stand in the choir among the rest,
With the great organ trumpeting
Through its metallic tubes, and sing :
Et verbum caro factum est !
These words the Devil cannot endure,
For he knoweth their meaning well !
Him they trouble and repel,
Us they comfort and allure,
And happy it were, if our delight
Were as great as his affright !
Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent !
It calms the agitated heart ;
Temptations, evil thoughts, and all
The passions that disturb the soul,
Are quelled by its divine control,
As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,
And his distemper was allayed,
When David took his harp and played.

This world may full of Devils be,
All ready to devour us ;
Yet not so sore afraid are we,
They shall not overpower us.
This World's Prince, howe'er
Fierce he may appear,

He can harm us not,
He is doomed, God wot !
One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some
And to myself a mystery,
That such weak flesh and blood as we,
Armed with no other shield or sword,
Or other weapon than the Word,
Should combat and should overcome,
A spirit powerful as he !
He summons forth the Pope of Rome
With all his diabolic crew,
His shorn and shaven retinue
Of priests and children of the dark ;
Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,
Who rouseth up all Christendom
Against us ; and at one fell blow
Seeks the whole Church to overthrow !
Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,
Hunting with others in the wood,
I did not pass the hours in vain,
For in the very heart of all
The joyous tumult raised around,
Shouting of men, and baying of hound,
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,
And echoes answering back again,
From crags of the distant mountain
chain, —

In the very heart of this, I found
A mystery of grief and pain.
It was an image of the power
Of Satan, hunting the world about,
With his nets and traps and well-
trained dogs,
His bishops and priests and theo-
logues,
And all the rest of the rabble rout,
Seeking whom he may devour !
Enough have I had of hunting hares,
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,
Enough of nets and traps and gins !
The only hunting of any worth
Is where I can pierce with javelins
The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,
The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
The Roman Pope and the Roman
priests
That sorely infest and afflict the earth !

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air !
The fowler hath caught you in his
snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,
Singing the song that never tires,
To lure down others from their nests ;
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,
Warm and soft with young desires,
Against the cruel pitiless wires,
Reclaiming your lost heritage !
Behold ! a hand unbars the door,
Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,
And little thanks they merit !
For He is with us in the land,
With gifts of his own Spirit !
Though they take our life,
Goods, honors, child and wife,
Let these pass away,
Little gain have they ;
The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth forevermore,
However Satan may rage and roar,
Though often he whispers in my ears :
What if thy doctrines false should
be ?

And wrings from me a bitter sweat.
Then I put him to flight with jeers,
Saying : Saint Satan ! pray for me ;
If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that lie in wait
In every avenue and gate !
As to that odious monk John Tetzel
Hawking about his hollow wares
Like a huckster at village fairs,
And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel,
Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cellarius,
And all the busy, multifarious
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and hard,
They are not worthy of my regard,
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,
He is the vilest miscreant
That ever walked this world below !
A Momus, making his mock and mow
At papist and at protestant,
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,
At God and Man, at one and all ;
And yet as hollow and false and drear,
As a cracked pitcher to the ear,
And ever growing worse and worse !

Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse
On Erasmus, the Insincere !

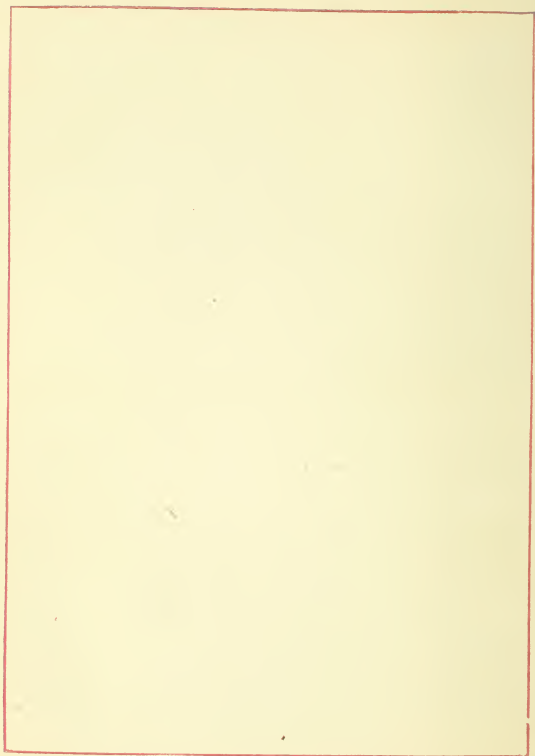
Philip Melancthon ! thou alone
Faithful among the faithless known,
Thee I hail, and only thee !
Behold the record of us three !

Res et verba Philippus,
Res sine verbis Lutherus ;
Erasmus verba sine re !

My Philip, prayest thou for me ?
Lifted above all earthly care,
From these high regions of the air,
Among the birds that day and night
Upon the branches of tall trees
Sing their lauds and litanies,

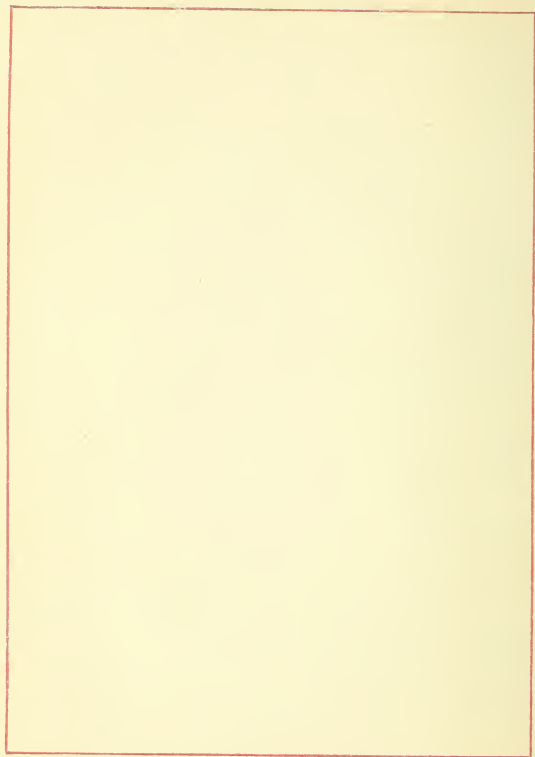
Praising God with all their might,
My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip ! thou who knowest best
All that is passing in this breast ;
The spiritual agonies,
The inward deaths, the inward hell,
And the divine new births as well,
That surely follow after these,
As after winter follows spring ;
My Philip, in the night-time sing
This song of the Lord I send to thee
And I will sing it for thy sake,
Until our answering voices make
A glorious antiphony,
And choral chant of victory !

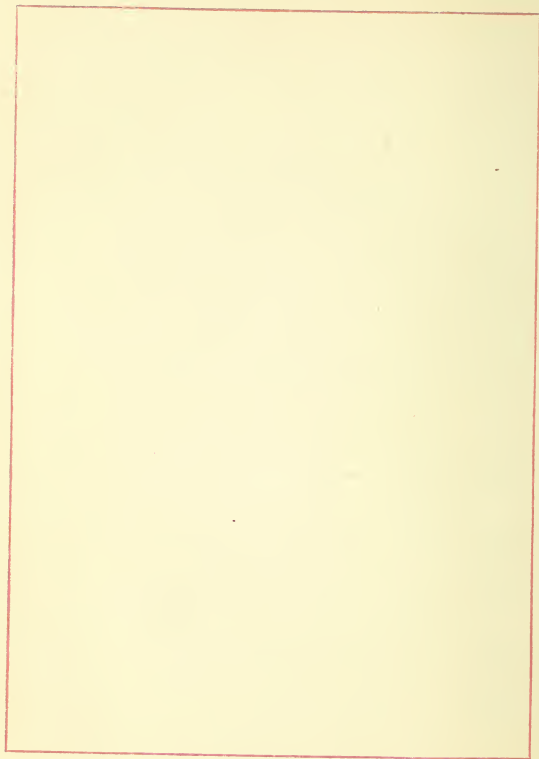


PART THREE.

THE NEW-ENGLAND TRAGEDIES.



I. JOHN ENDICOTT.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN ENDICOTT	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT	<i>his son</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM	<i>Deputy Governor.</i>
JOHN NORTON	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY	<i>Tithing-man.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL	<i>an old citizen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE	<i>Landlord of the Three Mariners.</i>
SIMON KEMPTHORN }	<i>Sea-Captains</i>
RALPH GOLDSMITH }	
WENLOCK CHRISTISON }	<i>Quakers.</i>
EDITH, <i>his daughter</i> }	
EDWARD WHARTON }	

Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, &c.

The Scene is in Boston in the year 1665.



PROLOGUE.

To-NIGHT we strive to read, as we may
best,

This city, like an ancient palimpsest ;
And bring to light, upon the blotted
page,

The mournful record of an earlier age,
That, pale and half effaced, lies hidden
away

Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.

Rise, then, O buried city that hast
been ;

Rise up, rebuilt in the painted scene,
And let our curious eyes behold once
more

The pointed gable and the pent-house
door

The Meeting-house with leaden-latticed
panes,

The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked
lanes !

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of
the Past,

Rise from your long-forgotten graves
at last ;

Let us behold your faces, let us hear
The words ye uttered in those days of
fear !

Revisit your familiar haunts again, —
The scenes of triumph, and the scenes
of pain,

And leave the footprints of your bleed-
ing feet

Once more upon the pavement of the
street !

Nor let the Historian blame the Poet
here,

If he perchance misdate the day or
year,

And group events together, by his art,

That in the Chronicles lie far apart ;
For as the double stars, though sun-
dered far,

Seem to the naked eye a single star,
So facts of history, at a distance seen,
Into one common point of light convene.

“ Why touch upon such themes ? ”
perhaps some friend

May ask, incredulous ; “ and to what
good end ? ”

Why drag again into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed
away ? ”

I answer : “ For the lesson that they
teach ;

The tolerance of opinion and of speech.
Hope, Faith, and Charity remain, —
these three ;

And greatest of them all is Charity.”

Let us remember, if these words be
true,

That unto all men Charity is due ;
Give what we ask ; and pity, while we
blame,

Lest we become copartners in the
shame,

Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves
partake,

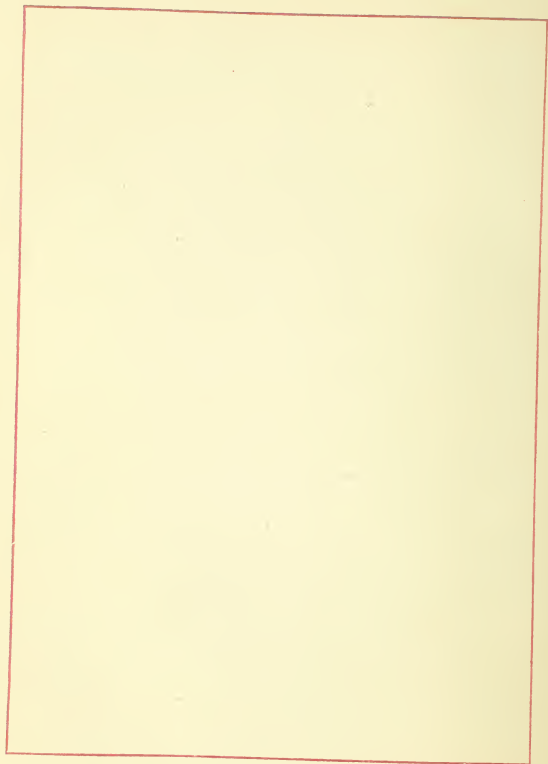
And persecute the dead for conscience’
sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks and
strives

To represent the dead as in their lives,
And lets at times his characters unfold

Their thoughts in their own language,
strong and bold ;

He only asks of you to do the like ;
To hear him first, and, if you will, then
strike.



JOHN ENDICOTT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Sunday afternoon. The interior of the Meeting-house. On the pulpit, an hour-glass; below, a box for contributions.* JOHN NORTON *in the pulpit.* GOVERNOR ENDICOTT *in a canopied seat, attended by four halberdiers. The congregation singing.*

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Right royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Norton (rising, and turning the hour-glass on the pulpit). I heard
a great voice from the temple
saying

Unto the Seven Angels, Go your ways;
Pour out the vials of the wrath of God
Upon the earth. And the First Angel
went

And poured his vial on the earth; and
straight

There fell a noisome and a grievous
sore

On them which had the birth-mark of
the Beast,

And them which worshipped and
adored his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous pesti-
lence.

There is a sense of horror in the air;
And apparitions of things horrible
Are seen by many. From the sky
above us

The stars fall; and beneath us the
earth quakes!

The sound of drums at midnight in the
air,

The sound of horsemen riding to and
fro,

As if the gates of the invisible world
Were opened, and the dead came forth
to warn us,—

All these are omens of some dire dis-
aster

Impending over us, and soon to fall.

Moreover, in the language of the
Prophet,

Death is again come up into our win-
dows,

To cut off little children from without,
And young men from the streets. And

in the midst
Of all these supernatural threats and

warnings
Doth Heresy uplift its horrid head;

A vision of Sin more awful and appal-
ling

Than any phantasm, ghost, or appar-
ition,

As arguing and portending some en-
largement

Of the mysterious Power of Darkness!

(*EDITH, barefooted, and clad in sack-
cloth, with her hair hanging loose
upon her shoulders, walks slowly up
the aisle, followed by WHARTON and
other Quakers. The congregation
starts up in confusion.*)

Edith (to Norton, raising her hand).
Peace!

Norton. Anathema maranatha!
The Lord cometh!

Edith. Yea, verily he cometh, and
shall judge

The shepherds of Israel, who do feed
themselves,

And leave their flocks to eat what they
have trodden
Beneath their feet.

Norton. Be silent, babbling woman !
St. Paul commands all women to keep
silence
Within the churches.

Edith. Yet the women prayed
And prophesied at Corinth in his day ;
And, among those on whom the fiery
tongues

Of Pentecost descended, some were
women !

Norton. The Elders of the Church-
es, by our law,
Alone have power to open the doors of
speech

And silence in the Assembly. I com-
mand you !

Edith. The law of God is greater
than your laws !

Ye build your church with blood, your
town with crime ;

The heads thereof give judgment for
reward ;

The priests thereof teach only for their
hire ;

Your laws condemn the innocent to
death ;

And against this I bear my testimony !
Norton. What testimony ?

Edith. That of the Holy Spirit,
Which, as your Calvin says, surpasseth
reason.

Norton. The laborer is worthy of
his hire.

Edith. Yet our great Master did
not teach for hire,

And the Apostles without purse or scrip
Went forth to do his work. Behold
this box

Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the poor ?
Thou canst not answer. It is for the
Priest ;

And against this I bear my testimony.

Norton. Away with all these Here-
tics and Quakers !

Quakers, forsooth ! Because a quak-
ing fell

On Daniel, at beholding of the Vision,
Must ye needs shake and quake ? Be-
cause Isaiah

Went stripped and barefoot, must ye
wail and howl ?

Must ye go stripped and naked ? must
ye make

A wailing like the dragons, and a
mourning

As of the owls ? Ye verify the adage
That Satan is God's ape ! Away with
them !

*(Tumult. The Quakers are driven
out with violence, EDITH following
slowly. The congregation retires in
confusion.)*

Thus freely do the Reprobates com-
mit

Such measure of iniquity as fits them
For the intended measure of God's

wrath,
And even in violating God's commands
Are they fulfilling the divine decree !

The will of man is but an instrument
Disposed and predetermined to its

action
According unto the decree of God,
Being as much subordinate thereto

As is the axe unto the hewer's hand !

*(He descends from the pulpit, and joins
GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, who comes
forward to meet him.)*

The omens and the wonders of the
time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck, and
disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our
young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, pleasant
things,

Are manifestations of the wrath divine,
Signs of God's controversy with New

England.

These emissaries of the Evil One,
These servants and ambassadors of

Satan,
Are but commissioned executioners
Of God's vindictive and deserved dis-
pleasure.

We must receive them as the Roman
Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice
You have come safe, whom I esteem

to be

The scourge of God, sent to chastise
his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may serve

The purposes of God to some good end.
With you I leave it ; but do not neglect
The holy tactics of the civil sword.

Endicott. And what more can be
done?

Norton. The hand that cut
The Red Cross from the colors of the
king

Can cut the red heart from this heresy.
Fear not. All blasphemies immedi-
ate

And heresies turbulent must be sup-
pressed
By civil power.

Endicott. But in what way sup-
pressed?

Norton. The Book of Deuteronomy
declares

That if thy son, thy daughter, or thy
wife,

Ay, or the friend which is as thine own
soul,

Entice thee secretly, and say to thee,
Let us serve other gods, then shall
thine eye

Not pity him, but thou shalt surely
kill him,

And thine own hand shall be the first
upon him

To slay him.

Endicott. Four already have been
slain ;
And others banished upon pain of
death.

But they come back again to meet
their doom,

Bringing the linen for their winding-
sheets.

We must not go too far. In truth, I
shrink

From shedding of more blood. The
people murmur

At our severity.

Norton. Then let them murmur !
Truth is relentless ! justice never
wavers ;

The greatest firmness is the greatest
mercy ;

The noble order of the Magistracy
Cometh immediately from God, and
yet

This noble order of the Magistracy
Is by these Heretics despised and out-
raged.

Endicott. To-night they sleep in
prison. If they die,
They cannot say that we have caused
their death.

We do but guard the passage, with the
sword

Pointed towards them ; if they dash
upon it,

Their blood will be on their own heads,
not ours.

Norton. Enough, I ask no more.
My predecessor

Coped only with the milder heresies
Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.
He was not born to wrestle with these
fiends.

Chrysostom in his pulpit : Augustine
In disputation ; Timothy in his house !

The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to
burn

When from the portals of that church
he came

To be a burning and a shining light
Here in the wilderness. And, as he
lay

On his death-bed, he saw me in a
vision

Ride on a snow-white horse into this
town.

His vision was prophetic ; thus I came,
A terror to the impenitent, and Death
On the pale horse of the Apocalypse
To all the accursed race of Heretics !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A street. On one side,
NICHOLAS UPSALL'S house ; on the
other, WALTER MERRY'S, with a
flock of pigeons on the roof. UP-
SALL seated in the porch of his
house.*

Upsall. O day of rest ! How beau-
tiful, how fair,

How welcome to the weary and the old !
Day of the Lord ! and truce to earthly
cares !

Day of the Lord, as all our days should
be !

Ah, why will man by his austerities
Shut out the blessed sunshine and the
light,

And make of thee a dungeon of de-
spair !

Walter Merry (entering, and looking round him). All silent as a graveyard! No one stirring; No footfall in the street, no sound of voices! By righteous punishment and perseverance, And perseverance in that punishment, At last I've brought this contumacious town To strict observance of the Sabbath day. Those wanton gospellers, the pigeons yonder, Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left. I cannot put them down. As if to taunt me, They gather every Sabbath afternoon In noisy congregation on my roof, Billing and cooing. Whir! take that, ye Quakers.

(Throws a stone at the pigeons. Sees UPSALL.)

Ah! Master Nicholas!
Upsall. Good afternoon, Dear neighbor Walter.

Merry. Master Nicholas, You have to-day withdrawn yourself from meeting.

Upsall. Yea, I have chosen rather to worship God Sitting in silence here at my own door.

Merry. Worship the Devil! You this day have broken Three of our strictest laws. First, by abstaining From public worship. Secondly, by walking Profanely on the Sabbath.

Upsall. Not one step. I have been sitting still here, seeing the pigeons Feed in the street and fly about the roofs.

Merry. You have been in the street with other intent Than going to and from the Meeting-house. And, thirdly, you are harboring Quakers here. I am amazed!

Upsall. Men sometimes, it is said, Entertain angels unawares.

Merry. Nice angels! Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet cloaks, The color of the Devil's nutting-bag! They came

Into the Meeting-house this afternoon More in the shape of devils than of angels;

The women screamed and fainted; and the boys

Made such an uproar in the gallery I could not keep them quiet.

Upsall. Neighbor Walter, Your persecution is of no avail.

Merry. 'Tis prosecution, as the Governor says, Not persecution.

Upsall. Well, your prosecution; Your hangings do no good.

Merry. The reason is, We do not hang enough. But, mark my words,

We'll scour them; yea, I warrant ye, we'll scour them!

And now go in and entertain your angels,

And don't be seen here in the street again

Till after sundown!—There they are again!

(Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws another stone at the pigeons, and then goes into his house.)

SCENE III. — *A room in UPSALL'S house. Night.* EDITH, WHARTON, and other Quakers, seated at a table. UPSALL seated near them. Several books on the table.

Wharton. William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,

Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely

Can find place in the providence of God,

Where nothing comes too early or too late.

I saw their noble death. They to the scaffold

Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed men

And many horsemen guarded them,
for fear
Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts
were stirred.

Edith. O holy martyrs !

Wharton. When they tried to speak,
Their voices by the roll of drums were
drowned.

When they were dead they still looked
fresh and fair,
The terror of death was not upon their
faces.

Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek
woman,
Has passed through martyrdom to her
reward ;

Exclaiming, as they led her to her
death,
" These many days I 've been in Para-
dise."

And, when she died, Priest Wilson
threw the hangman
His handkerchief, to cover the pale
face

He dared not look upon.

Edith. As persecuted,
Yet not forsaken ; as unknown, yet
known ;

As dying, and behold we are alive ;
As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing alway ;
As having nothing, yet possessing all !

Wharton. And Leddra, too, is dead.

But from his prison,
The day before his death, he sent
these words

Unto the little flock of Christ : " What-
ever

May come upon the followers of the
Light, —

Distress, affliction, famine, nakedness,
Or perils in the city or the sea,
Or persecution, or even death itself, —
I am persuaded that God's armor of
Light,

As it is loved and lived in, will pre-
serve you.

Yea, death itself; through which you
will find entrance

Into the pleasant pastures of the fold,
Where you shall feed forever as the
herds

That roam at large in the low valleys
of Achor.

And as the flowing of the ocean fills

Each creek and branch thereof, and
then retires,
Leaving behind a sweet and whole-
some savor ;

So doth the virtue and the life of God
Flow evermore into the hearts of those
Whom he hath made partakers of his
nature ;

And, when it but withdraws itself a
little,

Leaves a sweet savor after it, that
many

Can say they are made clean by every
word

That he hath spoken to them in their
silence."

*Edith (rising, and breaking into a
kind of chant).* Truly we do but
gripe here in the dark,

Near the partition-wall of Life and
Death,

At every moment dreading or desiring
To lay our hands upon the unseen door !
Let us, then, labor for an inward still-
ness, —

An inward stillness and an inward heal-
ing ;

That perfect silence where the lips and
heart

Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain
opinions,

But God alone speaks in us, and we
wait

In singleness of heart, that we may
know

His will, and in the silence of our
spirits,

That we may do His will, and do that
only !

*(A long pause, interrupted by the
sound of a drum approaching ;
then shouts in the street, and a
loud knocking at the door.)*

Marshal. Within there ! Open the
door !

Merry. Will no one answer ?

Marshal. In the King's name !
Within there !

Merry. Open the door !

Upsall (from the window). It is
not barred. Come in. Nothing
prevents you.

The poor man's door is ever on the latch.
 He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out thieves ;
 He fears no enemies, and has no friends
 Importunate enough to turn the key upon them !

(Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MARSHAL, MERRY, and a crowd. Seeing the Quakers silent and unmoved, they pause, awe-struck. ENDICOTT opposite EDITH.)

Marshal. In the King's name do I arrest you all !
 Away with them to prison. Master Upsall,
 You are again discovered harboring here
 These ranters and disturbers of the peace.
 You know the law.

Upsall. I know it, and am ready to suffer yet again its penalties.

Edith (to Endicott). Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus ?

ACT II.

SCENE I. — JOHN ENDICOTT'S room.
Early morning.

John Endicott. "Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?"
 All night these words were ringing in mine ears !
 A sorrowful sweet face ; a look that pierced me
 With meek reproach ; a voice of resignation
 That had a life of suffering in its tone ;
 And that was all ! And yet I could not sleep,
 Or, when I slept, I dreamed that awful dream !
 I stood beneath the elm-tree on the Common
 On which the Quakers have been hanged, and heard
 A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,

"This is Aceldama, the field of blood !
 I will have mercy, and not sacrifice !"

(*Opens the window, and looks out.*)

The sun is up already ; and my heart
 Sickens and sinks within me when I think

How many tragedies will be enacted
 Before his setting. As the earth rolls round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's wheel,
 Upon whose whirling spokes we are bound fast,

And must go with it ! Ah, how bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the masts of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning air,
 Like crosses of some peaceable crusade !
 It makes me long to sail for lands unknown,

No matter whither ! Under me, in shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little town,
 Still sleeping, but to wake and toil awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal looks the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sunless street, —

The prison where she sleeps, or wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of, — death, perhaps !

A word that has been said may be unsaid :

It is but air. But when a deed is done

It cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.

'T is time for morning prayers. I will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind and just ;

And when his heart is tender with devotion, —

When from his lips have fallen the words, "Forgive us

As we forgive," — then will I intercede
 For these poor people, and perhaps may save them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the background, a quaint building with gables; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping.* CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.

Kemphorn. Come, drink about!
Remember Parson Melham,
And bless the man who first invented
flip!

(They drink.)

Cole. Pray, Master Kemphorn,
where were you last night?

Kemphorn. On board the Swallow,
Simon Kemphorn, master,
Up for Barbadoes, and the Windward
Islands.

Cole. The town was in a tumult.

Kemphorn. And for what?

Cole. Your Quakers were arrested.

Kemphorn. How my Quakers?

Cole. Those you brought in your
vessel from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meeting-
house

Yesterday, and they're now in prison
for it.

I owe you little thanks for bringing
them

To the Three Mariners.

Kemphorn. They have
not harmed you.

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that Quaker
girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I
tell you

It was a lucky day when first she set
Her little foot upon the Swallow's
deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and
pleasant weather.

Cole. I am a law-abiding citizen;

I have a seat in the new Meeting-
house,

A cow-right on the Common; and, be-
sides,

Am corporal in the Great Artillery.

I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

Kemphorn. Why should you, not
have Quakers at your tavern

If you have fiddlers?

Cole. Never! never! never!

If you want fiddling you must go else-
where,

To the Green Dragon and the Admiral
Vernon,

And other such disreputable places.

But the Three Mariners is an orderly
house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respectable.

Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet
here

As at the Governor's. And have I
not

King Charles's Twelve Good Rules,
all framed and glazed,

Hanging in my best parlor?

Kemphorn. Here's a health

To good King Charles. Will you not
drink the King?

Then drink confusion to old Parson
Palmer.

Cole. And who is Parson Palmer?
I don't know him.

Kemphorn. He had his cellar un-
derneath his pulpit,

And so preached o'er his liquor, just as
you do.

(A drum within.)

Cole. Here comes the Marshal.

Merry (within). Make room for
the Marshal.

Kemphorn. How pompous and im-
posing he appears!

His great buff doublet bellying like a
mainsail,

And all his streamers fluttering in the
wind.

What holds he in his hand?

Cole. A Proclamation.

*(Enter the MARSHAL, with a proclama-
tion; and MERRY, with a halberd.
They are preceded by a drummer,
and followed by the hangman, with
an armful of books, and a crowd of
people, among whom are UPSALL
and JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is
made of the books.)*

Merry. Silence, the drum! Good
citizens, attend

To the new laws enacted by the Court.
Marshal (reads) "Whereas a cursed

sect of Heretics

Has lately risen, commonly called
 Quakers,
 Who take upon themselves to be com-
 missioned
 Immediately of God, and furthermore
 Infallibly assisted by the Spirit
 To write and utter blasphemous opin-
 ions,
 Despising Government and the order
 of God
 In Church and Commonwealth, and
 speaking evil
 Of Dignities, reproaching and reviling
 The Magistrates and Ministers, and
 seeking
 To turn the people from their faith,
 and thus
 Gain proselytes to their pernicious
 ways ; —
 This Court, considering the premises,
 And to prevent like mischief as is
 wrought
 By their means in our land, doth here-
 by order,
 That whatsoever master or commander
 Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch shall
 bring
 To any roadstead, harbor, creek, or
 cove
 Within this Jurisdiction any Quakers,
 Or other blasphemous Heretics, shall
 pay
 Unto the Treasurer of the Common-
 wealth
 One hundred pounds, and for default
 thereof
 Be put in prison, and continue there
 Till the said sum be satisfied and paid.”
Cole. Now, Simon Kempthorn, what
 say you to that ?
Kempthorn. I pray you, Cole, lend
 me a hundred pound !
Marshal (reads). “ If any one with-
 in this Jurisdiction
 Shall henceforth entertain, or shall
 conceal
 Quakers, or other blasphemous Here-
 tics,
 Knowing them so to be, every such
 person
 Shall forfeit to the country forty shil-
 lings
 For each hour’s entertainment or con-
 cealment,

And shall be sent to prison, as afore-
 said,
 Until the forfeiture be wholly paid.”

(*Murmurs in the crowd.*)

Kempthorn. Now, Goodman Cole,

I think your turn has come !

Cole. Knowing them so to be !

Kempthorn. At forty shillings
 The hour, your fine will be some forty
 pound !

Cole. Knowing them so to be !

That is the law.

Marshal (reads). “ And it is further
 ordered and enacted,

If any Quaker or Quakers shall pre-
 sume

To come henceforth into this Jurisdic-
 tion,

Every male Quaker for the first offence
 Shall have one ear cut off ; and shall
 be kept

At labor in the Workhouse, till such
 time

As he be sent away at his own charge.
 And for the repetition of the offence

Shall have his other ear cut off, and
 then

Be branded in the palm of his right
 hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be
 whipt

Severely in three towns ; and every
 Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third
 time

Herein again offend, shall have their
 tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and
 shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain of
 Death.”

(*Loud murmurs. The voice of
 CHRISTISON in the crowd.*)

O patience of the Lord ! How long,
 how long,

Ere Thou avenge the blood of Thine
 Elect ?

Merry. Silence, there, silence ! Do
 not break the peace !

Marshal (reads). “ Every inhabi-
 tant of this Jurisdiction

Who shall defend the horrible opinions

Of Quakers, by denying due respect
To equals and superiors, and withdraw-
ing

From Church Assemblies, and thereby
approving

The abusive and destructive practices
Of this accursed sect, in opposition
To all the orthodox received opinions
Of godly men, shall be forthwith com-
mitted

Unto close prison for one month ; and
then

Refusing to retract and to reform
The opinions as aforesaid, he shall be
Sentenced to Banishment on pain of
Death.

By the Court. Edward Rawson, Sec-
retary."

Now, hangman, do your duty. Burn
those books.

(*Loud murmurs in the crowd. The
pile of books is lighted.*)

Upsall. I testify against these cruel
laws !

Forerunners are they of some judgment
on us ;

And, in the love and tenderness I bear
Unto this town and people, I beseech
you,

O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be
found

As fighters against God !

*John Endicott (taking Upsall's
hand).* Upsall, I thank you

For speaking words such as some
younger man,

I or another, should have said before
you.

Such laws as these are cruel and op-
pressive ;

A blot on this fair town, and a disgrace
To any Christian people.

Merry (aside listening behind them).
Here 's sedition !

I never thought that any good would
come

Of this young popinjay, with his long
hair

And his great boots, fit only for the
Russians

Or barbarous Indians, as his father says !
The Voice. Woe to the bloody town !

And rightfully

Men call it the Lost Town ! The
blood of Abel

Cries from the ground, and at the final
judgment

The Lord will say, "Cain, Cain !
where is thy brother ?"

Merry. Silence there in the crowd !

Upsall (aside). 'Tis Christison !

The Voice. O foolish people, ye
that think to burn

And to consume the truth of God, I tell
you

That every flame is a loud tongue of
fire

To publish it abroad to all the world
Louder than tongues of men !

Kemphthorn (springing to his feet).

Well said, my hearty !

There 's a brave fellow ! There 's a
man of pluck !

A man who 's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town 's against him.

Rain, rain, rain,

Bones of St. Botolph, and put out this
fire !

(*The drum beats. Exeunt all but
MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and COLE.*)

Merry. And now that matter 's
ended, Goodman Cole,

Fetch me a mug of ale, your strongest
ale.

Kemphthorn (sitting down). And me
another mug of flip ; and put
Two gills of brandy in it.

Merry.

[*Exit Cole.*

No ; no more.
Not a drop more, I say. You 've had
enough.

Kemphthorn. And who are you, sir ?

Merry. I'm a Titling-man,

And Merry is my name.

Kemphthorn. A merry name !
I like it ; and I'll drink your merry
health

Till all is blue.

Merry. And then you will be clapped
Into the stocks, with the red letter D
Hung round about your neck for drunk-
eness.

You're a free-drinker, — yes, and a free-
thinker !

Kemphthorn. And you are Andrew
Merry, or Merry Andrew.

Merry. My name is Walter Merry, and not Andrew.

Kemphorn. Andrew or Walter, you're a merry fellow; I'll swear to that.

Merry. No swearing, let me tell you. The other day one Shorthose had his tongue Put into a cleft stick for profane swearing.

(*COLE brings the ale.*)

Kemphorn. Well, where's my flip? As sure as my name's Kemphorn —

Merry. Is your name Kemphorn?

Kemphorn. That's the name I go by.

Merry. What, Captain Simon Kemphorn of the Swallow?

Kemphorn. No other.

Merry (touching him on the shoulder). Then you're wanted. I arrest you In the King's name.

Kemphorn. And where's your warrant?

Merry (unfolding a paper, and reading). Here.

Listen to me. "Hereby you are required,

In the King's name, to apprehend the body

Of Simon Kemphorn, mariner, and him Safely to bring before me, there to answer

All such objections as are laid to him, Touching the Quakers." Signed, John Endicott.

Kemphorn. Has it the Governor's seal?

Merry. Ay, here it is.

Kemphorn. Death's head and crossbones. That's a pirate's flag!

Merry. Beware how you revile the Magistrates;

You may be whipped for that.

Kemphorn. Then mum's the word.

(*Exeunt MERRY and KEMPTHORN.*)

Cole. There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's mischief brewing! I feel like Master Josselyn when he found

The hornet's nest, and thought it some strange fruit, Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in the Governor's house.* Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.

Endicott. My son, you say?

Merry. Your Worship's eldest son.

Endicott. Speaking against the laws?

Merry. Ay, worshipful sir.

Endicott. And in the public market-place?

Merry. I saw him With my own eyes, heard him with my own ears.

Endicott. Impossible!

Merry. He stood there in the crowd

With Nicholas Upsall, when the laws were read

To-day against the Quakers, and I heard him

Denounce and vilipend them as unjust,

As cruel, wicked, and abominable.

Endicott. Ungrateful son! O God! thou layest upon me

A burden heavier than I can bear!

Surely the power of Satan must be great

Upon the earth, if even the elect

Are thus deceived and fall away from grace!

Merry. Worshipful sir! I meant no harm —

Endicott. 'T is well.

You've done your duty, though you've done it roughly,

And every word you've uttered since you came

Has stabbed me to the heart!

Merry. I do beseech

Your Worship's pardon!

Endicott. He whom I have nurtured And brought up in the reverence of the Lord!

The child of all my hopes and my affections!

He upon whom I leaned as a sure staff

For my old age! It is God's chastisement

For leaning upon any arm but His!

Merry. Your Worship!—

Endicott. And this comes from holding parley

With the delusions and deceits of Satan.
At once, forever, must they be crushed out,

Or all the land will reek with heresy!

Pray, have you any children?

Merry. No, not any.

Endicott. Thank God for that. He has delivered you

From a great care. Enough; my private griefs

Too long have kept me from the public service.

(*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats himself at the table and arranges his papers.*)

The hour has come; and I am eager now
To sit in judgment on these Heretics.

(*A knock.*)

Come in. Who is it? (*Not looking up.*)

John Endicott. It is I.

Endicott (restraining himself). Sit down!

John Endicott (sitting down). I come to intercede for these poor people

Who are in prison, and await their trial.

Endicott. It is of them I wish to speak with you.

I have been angry with you, but 'tis passed.

For when I hear your footsteps come or go,

See in your features your dead mother's face,

And in your voice detect some tone of hers,

All anger vanishes, and I remember

The days that are no more, and come no more,

When as a child you sat upon my knee,

And prattled of your playthings, and the games

You played among the pear-trees in the orchard!

John Endicott. O, let the memory

of my noble mother

Plead with you to be mild and merciful!
For mercy more becomes a Magistrate
Than the vindictive wrath which men call justice!

Endicott. The sin of heresy is a deadly sin.

'T is like the falling of the snow, whose crystals

The traveller plays with, thoughtless of his danger,

Until he sees the air so full of light
That it is dark; and blindly staggering

onward,
Lost, and bewildered, he sits down to rest;

There falls a pleasant drowsiness upon him,

And what he thinks is sleep, alas! is death.

John Endicott. And yet who is there that has never doubted?

And, doubting and believing, has not said,

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief?"

Endicott. In the same way we trifle with our doubts,

Whose shining shapes are like the stars descending;

Until at last, bewildered and dismayed,
Blinded by that which seemed to give us light,

We sink to sleep, and find that it is death (*rising*),

Death to the soul through all eternity!

Alas that I should see you growing up
To man's estate, and in the admonition

And nurture of the Law, to find you now
Pleading for Heretics!

John Endicott (rising). In the sight of God,

Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who dares

To say that he alone has found the truth?

We cannot always feel and think and act
As those who go before us. Had you

done so,
You would not now be here.

Endicott. Have you forgotten
The doom of Heretics, and the fate of those

Who aid and comfort them? Have you forgotten

you forgotten

That in the market-place this very day
You trampled on the laws? What
right have you,
An inexperienced and untravell'd
youth,

To sit in judgment here upon the acts
Of older men and wiser than yourself,
Thus stirring up sedition in the streets,
And making me a byword and a jest?

John Endicott. Words of an inexpe-
rienced youth like me
Were powerless if the acts of older men
Went not before them. 'T is these
laws themselves

Stir up sedition, not my judgment of
them.

Endicott. Take heed, lest I be called,
as Brutus was,
To be the judge of my own son! Begone!
When you are tired of feeding upon
husks,

Return again to duty and submission,
But not till then.

John Endicott. I hear and I obey!
[*Exit.*]

Endicott. O happy, happy they who
have no children!
He's gone! I hear the hall door shut
behind him.

It sends a dismal echo through my heart,
As if forever it had closed between us,
And I should look upon his face no
more!

O, this will drag me down into my
grave, —

To that eternal resting-place wherein
Man lieth down, and riseth not again!
Till the heavens be no more he shall
not wake,

Nor be roused from his sleep; for Thou
dost change

His countenance, and sendest him
away!
[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Court of Assistants.*

ENDICOTT, BELLINGHAM, ATHER-
TON, and other magistrates. KEMP-
THORN, MERRY, and constables.
Afterwards WHARTON, EDITH, and
CHRISTISON.

Endicott. Call Captain Simon
Kempthorn.

Merry. Simon Kempthorn,
Come to the bar!

(KEMPTHORN *comes forward.*)

Endicott. You are accused of bring-
ing
Into this Jurisdiction, from Barba-
does,

Some persons of that sort and sect of
people

Known by the name of Quakers, and
maintaining

Most dangerous and heretical opin-
ions;

Purposely coming here to propagate
Their heresies and errors; bringing
with them

And spreading sundry books here,
which contain

Their doctrines most corrupt and
blasphemous,

And contrary to the truth professed
among us.

What say you to this charge?

Kempthorn. I do acknowledge,
Among the passengers on board the
Swallow

Were certain persons saying Thee and
Thou.

They seemed a harmless people, most-
ways silent,

Particularly when they said their
prayers.

Endicott. Harmless and silent as
the pestilence!

You'd better have brought the fever or
the plague

Among us in your ship! Therefore,
this Court,

For preservation of the Peace and
Truth,

Hereby commands you speedily to
transport,

Or cause to be transported speedily,
The aforesaid persons hence unto Bar-
badoes,

From whence they came; you paying
all the charges

Of their imprisonment.

Kempthorn. Worshipful sir,
No ship e'er prospered that has carried
Quakers

Against their will! I knew a vessel
once —

Endicott. And for the more effectual performance
Hereof you are to give security
In bonds amounting to one hundred
pounds.
On your refusal, you will be committed
To prison till you do it.

Kemphorn. But you see
I cannot do it. The law, sir, of Barbadoes
Forbids the landing Quakers on the
island.

Endicott. Then you will be committed.
Who comes next?

Merry. There is another charge
against the Captain.

Endicott. What is it?

Merry. Profane swearing,
please your Worship.
He cursed and swore from Dock
Square to the Court-house.

Endicott. Then let him stand in
the pillory for one hour.

(*Exit KEMPTHORN with constable.*)

Who's next?

Merry. The Quakers.

Endicott. Call them.

Merry. Edward Wharton,

Come to the bar!

Wharton. Yea, even to the bench.

Endicott. Take off your hat.

Wharton. My hat offendeth not.
If it offendeth any, let him take it;
For I shall not resist.

Endicott. Take off his hat.
Let him be fined ten shillings for contempt.

(*MERRY takes off WHARTON'S hat.*)

Wharton. What evil have I done?

Endicott. Your hair's too long;
And in not putting off your hat to us
You've disobeyed and broken that
commandment

Which sayeth "Honor thy father and
thy mother."

Wharton. John Endicott, thou art
become too proud;
And 'ovest him who putteth off the hat,
And honoreth thee by bowing of the
body,
And sayeth "Worshipful sir!" 'T is
time for thee

To give such follies over, for thou
mayest

Be drawing very near unto thy grave.

Endicott. Now, sirrah, leave your
canting. Take the oath.

Wharton. Nay, sirrah me no sir-
rahs!

Endicott. Will you swear?

Wharton. Nay, I will not.

Endicott. You
made a great disturbance

And uproar yesterday in the Meeting-
house,

Having your hat on.

Wharton. I made no disturbance;
For peacefully I stood, like other peo-
ple.

I spake no words; moved against none
my hand;

But by the hair they haled me out, and
dashed

Their books into my face.

Endicott. You, Edward Wharton,
On pain of death, depart this Jurisdic-
tion

Within ten days. Such is your sen-
tence. Go.

Wharton. John Endicott, it had
been well for thee

If this day's doings thou hadst left un-
done.

But, banish me as far as thou hast
power,

Beyond the guard and presence of my
God

Thou canst not banish me!

Endicott. Depart the Court;
We have no time to listen to your bab-
ble.

Who's next? [*Exit WHARTON.*]

Merry. This woman, for the same
offence.

(*EDITH comes forward.*)

Endicott. What is your name?

Edith. 'T is to the world unknown,
But written in the Book of Life.

Endicott. Take heed
It be not written in the Book of Death!
What is it?

Edith. Edith Christison.

Endicott (with eagerness). The
daughter

Of Wenlock Christison?

Edith. I am his daughter.
Endicott. Your father hath given
 us trouble many times.
 A bold man and a violent, who sets
 At naught the authority of our Church
 and State,
 And is in banishment on pain of death.
 Where are you living?
Edith. In the Lord.
Endicott. Make answer
 Without evasion. Where?
Edith. My outward being
 Is in Barbadoes.
Endicott. Then why come you here?
Edith. I come upon an errand of
 the Lord.
Endicott. 'T is not the business of
 the Lord you 're doing;
 It is the Devil's. Will you take the
 oath?
 Give her the Book.

(MERRY offers the Book.)

Edith. You offer me this Book
 To swear on; and it saith, "Swear not
 at all,
 Neither by heaven, because it is God's
 Throne,
 Nor by the earth, because it is his
 footstool!"
 I dare not swear.
Endicott. You dare not? Yet
 you Quakers
 Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the
 Bible,
 To be the Word of God.
Edith (reverentially). Christ is the
 Word,
 The everlasting oath of God. I dare
 not.
Endicott. You own yourself a Quaker,
 — do you not?
Edith. I own that in derision and
 reproach
 I am so called.
Endicott. Then you deny the Scrip-
 ture
 To be the rule of life.
Edith. Yea, I believe
 The Inner Light, and not the Written
 Word,
 To be the rule of life.
Endicott. And you deny
 That the Lord's Day is holy.

Edith. Every day
 Is the Lord's Day. It runs through
 all our lives,
 As through the pages of the Holy Bible
 "Thus saith the Lord."
Endicott. You are accused of making
 An horrible disturbance, and affrighting
 The people in the Meeting-house on
 Sunday.
 What answer make you?
Edith. I do not deny
 That I was present in your Steeple-
 house
 On the First Day; but I made no dis-
 turbance.
Endicott. Why came you there?
Edith. Because the Lord com-
 manded.
 His word was in my heart, a burning
 fire
 Shut up within me and consuming
 me,
 And I was very weary with forbearing;
 I could not stay.
Endicott. 'T was not the Lord that
 sent you;
 As an incarnate devil did you come!
Edith. On the First Day, when,
 seated in my chamber,
 I heard the bells toll, calling you to-
 gether,
 The sound struck at my life, as once at
 his,
 The holy man, our Founder, when he
 heard
 The far-off bells toll in the Vale of
 Beavor.
 It sounded like a market bell to call
 The folk together, that the Priest
 might set
 His wares to sale. And the Lord said
 within me,
 "Thou must go cry aloud against that
 Idol,
 And all the worshippers thereof." I
 went
 Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and I
 stood
 And listened at the threshold; and I
 heard
 The praying and the singing and the
 preaching,
 Which were but outward forms, and
 without power.

Then rose a cry within me, and my heart
Was filled with admonitions and re-
proofs,
Remembering how the Prophets and
Apostles
Denounced the covetous hirelings and
diviners,
I entered in, and spake the words the
Lord
Commanded me to speak. I could no
less.

Endicott. Are you a Prophetess?

Edith. Is it not written,
"Upon my handmaidens will I pour
out
My spirit, and they shall prophesy"?

Endicott. Enough;
For out of your own mouth are you
condemned!
Need we hear further?

The Judges. We are satisfied.

Endicott. It is sufficient. Edith
Christison,

The sentence of the Court is, that you
be
Scourged in three towns, with forty
stripes save one,
Then banished upon pain of death!

Edith. Your sentence
Is truly no more terrible to me
Than had you blown a feather into the
air,

And, as it fell upon me, you had said,
"Take heed it hurt thee not!" God's
will be done!

*Wenlock Christison (unseen in the
crowd).* Woe to the city of
blood! The stone shall cry

Out of the wall: the beam from out
the timber
Shall answer it! Woe unto him that
buildeth

A town with blood, and stablisheth a
city

By his iniquity!

Endicott. Who is it makes
Such outcry here?

Christison (coming forward). I,
Wenlock Christison!

Endicott. Banished on pain of
death, why come you here?

Christison. I come to warn you that
you shed no more

The blood of innocent men! It cries
aloud

For vengeance to the Lord!

Endicott. Your life is forfeit
Unto the law; and you shall surely die,
And shall not live.

Christison. Like unto Eleazer,
Maintaining the excellence of ancient
years

And the honor of his gray head, I
stand before you;

Like him disdainful all hypocrisy,
Lest, through desire to live a little
longer,

I get a stain to my old age and name!

Endicott. Being in banishment, on
pain of death,
You come now in among us in rebel-
lion.

Christison. I come not in among
you in rebellion,
But in obedience to the Lord of
Heaven.

Not in contempt to any Magistrate,
But only in the love I bear your souls,
As ye shall know hereafter, when all
men

Give an account of deeds done in the
body!

God's righteous judgments ye cannot
escape.

One of the Judges. Those who have
gone before you said the same,
And yet no judgment of the Lord hath
fallen

Upon us.

Christison. He but waiteth till the
measure

Of your iniquities shall be filled up,
And ye have run your race. Then
will his wrath

Descend upon you to the uttermost!

For thy part, Humphrey Atherton, it
hangs

Over thy head already. It shall come
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the night,
And in the hour when least thou think-
est of it!

Endicott. We have a law, and by
that law you die.

Christison. I, a free man of England
and freeborn,

Appeal unto the laws of mine own na-
tion!

Endicott. There's no appeal to
England from this Court!
What! do you think our statutes are
but paper?
Are but dead leaves that rustle in the
wind?
Or litter to be trampled underfoot?
What say ye, Judges of the Court, —
what say ye?
Shall this man suffer death? Speak
your opinions.

One of the Judges. I am a mortal
man, and die I must,
And that erelong; and I must then
appear
Before the awful judgment-seat of
Christ,
To give account of deeds done in the
body.

My greatest glory on that day will be,
That I have given my vote against this
man.

Christison. If, Thomas Danforth,
thou hast nothing more
To glory in upon that dreadful day
Than blood of innocent people, then
thy glory
Will be turned into shame! The
Lord hath said it!

Another Judge. I cannot give con-
sent, while other men
Who have been banished upon pain of
death

Are now in their own houses here
among us.

Endicott. Ye that will not consent,
make record of it.

I thank my God that I am not afraid
To give my judgment. Wenlock
Christison,
You must be taken back from hence to
prison,

Thence to the place of public execution,
There to be hanged till you be dead —
dead — dead!

Christison. If ye have power to take
my life from me, —

Which I do question, — God hath
power to raise

The principle of life in other men,
And send them here among you. There
shall be

No peace unto the wicked, saith my
God.

Listen, ye Magistrates, for the Lord
hath said it!

The day ye put his servitors to death,
That day the Day of your own Visita-
tion,

The Day of Wrath, shall pass above
your heads,

And ye shall be accursed forevermore!

(*To EDITH, embracing her.*)

Cheer up, dear heart! they have not
power to harm us.

(*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH
guarded. The scene closes.*)

SCENE II. — *A Street. Enter JOHN
ENDICOTT and UPSALL.*

John Endicott. Scourged in three
towns! and yet the busy people
Go up and down the streets on their
affairs

Of business or of pleasure, as if nothing
Had happened to disturb them or their
thoughts!

When bloody tragedies like this are
acted

The pulses of a nation should stand
still;

The town should be in mourning, and
the people

Speak only in low whispers to each
other.

Upsall. I know this people; and
that underneath

A cold outside there burns a secret fire
That will find vent, and will not be put
out,

Till every remnant of these barbarous
laws

Shall be to ashes burned, and blown
away.

John Endicott. Scourged in three
towns! It is incredible

Such things can be! I feel the blood
within me

Fast mounting in rebellion, since in vain
Have I implored compassion of my fa-
ther!

Upsall. You know your father only
as a father;

I know him better as a Magistrate.

He is a man both loving and severe;
A tender heart; a will inflexible.

None ever loved him more than I have loved him.

He is an upright man and a just man
In all things save the treatment of the Quakers.

John Endicott. Yet I have found him cruel and unjust
Even as a father. He has driven me forth

Into the street; has shut his door upon me,

With words of bitterness. I am as homeless

As these poor Quakers are.

Upsall. Then come with me.
You shall be welcome for your father's sake,

And the old friendship that has been between us.

He will relent ere long. A father's anger
Is like a sword without a handle,

Both ways alike, and wounding him that wields it

No less than him that it is pointed at.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *The prison. Night.*
EDITH reading the Bible by a lamp.

Edith. "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you,
And shall revile you, and shall say against you

All manner of evil falsely for my sake!
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great
Is your reward in heaven. For so the prophets,

Which were before you, have been persecuted."

(Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.)

John Endicott. Edith!

Edith. Who is it speaketh?

John Endicott. Saul of Tarsus:
As thou didst call me once.

Edith (coming forward). Yea, I remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

John Endicott. I am ashamed
Thou shouldst remember me.

Edith. Why comest thou
Into this dark guest-chamber in the night?

What seekest thou?

John Endicott. Forgiveness!

Edith. I forgive
All who have injured me. What hast thou done?

John Endicott. I have betrayed thee, thinking that in this
I did God service. Now, in deep contrition,

I come to rescue thee.

Edith. From what?
John Endicott. From prison.

Edith. I am safe here within these gloomy walls.

John Endicott. From scourging in the streets, and in three towns!

Edith. Remembering who was scourged for me, I shrink not
Nor shudder at the forty stripes save one.

John Endicott. Perhaps from death itself!

Edith. I fear not death,
Knowing who died for me.

John Endicott (aside). Sure some divine

Ambassador is speaking through those lips

And looking through those eyes! I cannot answer!

Edith. If all these prison doors stood opened wide

I would not cross the threshold, — not one step.

There are invisible bars I cannot break;
There are invisible doors that shut me in,

And keep me ever steadfast to my purpose.

John Endicott. Thou hast the patience and the faith of Saints!

Edith. Thy Priest hath been with me this day to save me,
Not only from the death that comes to all,

But from the second death!

John Endicott. The Pharisee!
My heart revolts against him and his creed!

Alas! the coat that was without a seam

Is rent asunder by contending sects;
Each bears away a portion of the garment,

Blindly believing that he has the whole!

Edith. When Death, the Healer,
shall have touched our eyes
With moist clay of the grave, then shall
we see
The truth as we have never yet beheld it.
But he that overcometh shall not be
Hurt of the second death. Has he
forgotten
The many mansions in our Father's
house?

John Endicott. There is no pity in
his iron heart!
The hands that now bear stamped upon
their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, hereafter
Shall be uplifted against such accusers,
And then the imprinted letter and its
meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness!

Edith. Remember, thou condemnest
thine own father!

John Endicott. I have no father!
He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that
moans

And wanders through the streets. O,
come with me!

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my
God,

And where thou goest I will go.

Edith. I cannot.

Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal it;
From the first moment I beheld thy face
I felt a tenderness in my soul towards
thee.

My mind has since been inward to the
Lord,

Waiting his word. It has not yet been
spoken.

John Endicott. I cannot wait. Trust
me. O, come with me!

Edith. In the next room, my father,
an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned to
death,

Willing to prove his faith by martyrdom;
And thinkest thou his daughter would
do less?

John Endicott. O, life is sweet, and
death is terrible!

Edith. I have too long walked hand
in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar face.
But leave me now. I wish to be alone.

John Endicott. Not yet. O, let me
stay.

Edith. Urge me no more.

John Endicott. Alas! good night.
I will not say good by!

Edith. Put this temptation under-
neath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be given
The white stone with the new name
written on it,

That no man knows save him that doth
receive it.

And I will give thee a new name, and
call thee

Paul of Damascus and not Saul of Tarsus.

(*Exit* ENDICOTT. EDITH sits down
again to read the Bible.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *King Street, in front of
the town-house.* KEMPTHORN in the
pillory. MERRY, and a crowd of
lookers-on.

Kemphthorn (sings).

The world is full of care,
Much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women,
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say con-
found?

Merry. Ay, that you may.

Kemphthorn. Well, then, with your
permission,

Confound the Pillory!

Merry. That 's the very thing

The joiner said who made the Shrews-
bury stocks.

He said, Confound the stocks, because
they put him

Into his own. He was the first man in
them.

Kemphthorn. For swearing, was it?

Merry. No, it was for charging;
He charged the town too much; and so

the town,
To make things square, set him in his
own stocks,

And fined him five pound sterling, —
just enough

To settle his own bill.

Kemphthorn. And served him right;
But, Master Merry, is it not eight bells?

Merry. Not quite.

Kemphorn. For, do you see? I'm getting tired
Of being perched aloft here in this cro' nest
Like the first mate of a whaler, or a Middy
Mast-headed, looking out for land!
Sail ho!
Here comes a heavy-laden merchantman
With the lee clews eased off, and running free
Before the wind. A solid man of Boston.
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas.

(*A gentleman passes.*)

He does not even turn his head to look.
He's gone without a word. Here comes another,
A different kind of craft on a taut bow-line, —
Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary,
A pious and a ponderous citizen,
Looking as rubicund and round and splendid
As the great bottle in his own shop window!

(*DEACON FIRMIN passes.*)

And here's my host of the Three Mariners,
My creditor and trusty taverner,
My corporal in the Great Artillery!
He's not a man to pass me without speaking.

(*COLE looks away and passes.*)

Don't yaw so; keep your luff, old hypocrite!
Respectable, ah yes, respectable,
You, with your seat in the new Meeting-house,
Your cow-right on the Common! But who's this?
I did not know the Mary Ann was in!
And yet this is my old friend, Captain Goldsmith,
As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.
Why, Ralph, my boy!

(*Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.*)

Goldsmith. Why, Simon, is it you?
Set in the bilboes?

Kemphorn. Chock-a-block, you see,
And without chafing-gear.

Goldsmith. And what's it for?

Kemphorn. Ask that starbowlie
with the boat-hook there,
That handsome man.

Merry (bowing). For swearing.

Kemphorn. In this town
They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing,
And Quakers for not swearing. So look out.

Goldsmith. I pray you set him free;
he meant no harm;
'Tis an old habit he picked up afloat.

Merry. Well, as your time is out, you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large
Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

Kemphorn. Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

(*KEMPTHORN is set free, and comes forward, shaking GOLDSMITH'S hand.*)

Kemphorn. Give me your hand,
Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.

Goldsmith. God bless you, Simon!
Kemphorn. Now let us make a straight wake for the tavern

Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander;

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping,
And talk about old times.

Goldsmith. First I must pay
My duty to the Governor, and take him

His letters and despatches. Come with me.

Kemphorn. I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

Goldsmith. Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

Kemphorn. I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's, and wait outside there, sailing off and on;

If I am wanted, you can hoist a signal.

Merry. Shall I go with you and point out the way?

Goldsmith. O no, I thank you. I am not a stranger

Here in your crooked little town.

Merry. How now, sir?
Do you abuse our town? [*Exit.*]

Goldsmith. O, no offence.

Kemphorn. Ralph, I am under bonds for a hundred pound.

Goldsmith. Hard lines. What for?

Kemphorn. To take some Quakers back

I brought here from Barbadoes in the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see,
For one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What shall I do?

Goldsmith. Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail,
Simon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Street in front of the prison. In the background a gateway and several flights of steps leading up terraces to the GOVERNOR'S house. A pump on one side of the street. JOHN ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL, and others. A drum beats.*

John Endicott. O shame, shame, shame!

Merry. Yes, it would be a shame
But for the damnable sin of Heresy!

John Endicott. A woman scourged
and dragged about our streets!

Merry. Well, Roxbury and Dorchester must take

Their share of shame. She will be
whipped in each!

Three towns, and Forty Stripes save
one; that makes

Thirteen in each.

John Endicott. And are we Jews or
Christians?

See where she comes, amid a gaping
crowd!

And she a child. O, pitiful! pitiful!
There's blood upon her clothes, her
hands, her feet!

(*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer, EDITH, stripped to the waist, followed by the hangman with a scourge, and a noisy crowd.*)

Edith. Here let me rest one moment. I am tired.

Will some one give me water?

Merry. At his peril.

Upsall. Alas! that I should live to
see this day!

A Woman. Did I forsake my father
and my mother

And come here to New England to see
this?

Edith. I am athirst. Will no one
give me water?

John Endicott (*making his way through the crowd with water*).

In the Lord's name!

Edith (*drinking*). In his name I receive it!

Sweet as the water of Samaria's well
This water tastes. I thank thee. Is it
thou?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted me.

John Endicott. Never will I desert
thee, nor deny thee.

Be comforted.

Merry. O Master Endicott,
Be careful what you say.

John Endicott. Peace, idle bab-
bler!

Merry. You'll rue these words!

John Endicott. Art thou not better
now?

Edith. They've struck me as with
roses.

John Endicott. Ah, these wounds!
These bloody garments!

Edith. It is granted me
To seal my testimony with my blood.

John Endicott. O blood-red seal of
man's vindictive wrath!

O roses of the garden of the Lord!
I, of the household of Iscariot,

I have betrayed in thee my Lord and
Master!

(*WENLOCK CHRISTISON appears above, at the window of the prison, stretching out his hands through the bars.*)

Christison. Be of good courage, O
my child! my child!

Blessed art thou when men shall perse-
cute thee!

Fear not their faces, saith the Lord, fear
not,

For I am with thee to deliver thee.

A Citizen. Who is it crying from the prison yonder?

Merry. It is old Wenlock Christison.
Christison. Remember

Him who was scourged, and mocked, and crucified!

I see his messengers attending thee.
Be steadfast, O, be steadfast to the end!

Edith (with exultation). I cannot reach thee with these arms, O father!

But closely in my soul do I embrace thee

And hold thee. In thy dungeon and thy death

I will be with thee, and will comfort thee!

Marshal. Come, put an end to this. Let the drum beat.

(The drum beats. Exeunt all but JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and MERRY.)

Christison. Dear child, farewell!
Never shall I behold

Thy face again with these bleared eyes of flesh;

And never wast thou fairer, lovelier, dearer

Than now, when scourged and bleeding, and insulted

For the truth's sake. O pitiless, pitiless town!

The wrath of God hangs over thee; and the day

Is near at hand when thou shalt be abandoned

To desolation and the breeding of nettles.

The bitter and the cormorant shall lodge

Upon thine upper lintels, and their voice Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus saith the Lord!

John Endicott. Awake! awake! ye sleepers, ere too late,

And wipe these bloody statutes from your books! *[Exit.]*

Merry. Take heed; the walls have ears!

Upsall. At last, the heart Of every honest man must speak or break!

(Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT with his halberdiers.)

Endicott. What is this stir and tumult in the street?

Merry. Worshipful sir, the whipping of a girl,

And her old father howling from the prison.

Endicott (to his halberdiers). Go on.
Christison. Antiochus! Antiochus!

O thou that slayest the Maccabees!
The Lord

Shall smite thee with incurable disease,

And no man shall endure to carry thee!

Merry. Peace, old blasphemer!

Christison. I both feel and see The presence and the waft of death go forth

Against thee, and already thou dost look

Like one that 's dead!

Merry (pointing). And there is your own son,

Worshipful sir, abetting the sedition.

Endicott. Arrest him. Do not spare him.

Merry (aside). His own child!
There is some special providence takes care

That none shall be too happy in this world!

His own first-born!

Endicott. O Absalom, my son!

(Exeunt; the GOVERNOR, with his halberdiers, ascending the steps of his house.)

SCENE III. — *The Governor's private room. Papers upon the table.*
ENDICOTT and BELLINGHAM.

Endicott. There is a ship from England has come in,

Bringing despatches and much news from home.

His Majesty was at the Abbey crowned;

And when the coronation was complete

There passed a mighty tempest o'er the city,

Portentous with great thunderings and lightnings.

Bellingham. After his father's, if I well remember,
There was an earthquake, that foreboded evil.

Endicott. Ten of the Regicides have been put to death !
The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw
Have been dragged from their graves, and publicly
Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

Bellingham. Horrible !
Endicott. Thus the old tyranny revives again !
Its arm is long enough to reach us here,
As you will see. For, more insulting still

Than flaunting in our faces dead men's shrouds,
Here is the King's Mandamus, taking from us,
From this day forth, all power to punish Quakers.

Bellingham. That takes from us all power ; we are but puppets,
And can no longer execute our laws.

Endicott. His Majesty begins with pleasant words,
" Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well " ;
Then with a ruthless hand he strips from me

All that which makes me what I am ; as if
From some old general in the field, grown gray

In service, scarred with many wounds, Just at the hour of victory, he should strip
His badge of office and his well-gained honors,

And thrust him back into the ranks again.

(Opens the Mandamus, and hands it to BELLINGHAM ; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.)

Here read it for yourself ; you see his words
Are pleasant words — considerate — not reproachful —
Nothing could be more gentle — or more royal ;

But then the meaning underneath the words,
Mark that. He says all people known as Quakers

Among us, now condemned to suffer death
Or any corporal punishment whatever, Who are imprisoned, or may be obnoxious

To the like condemnation, shall be sent forthwith to England, to be dealt with there

In such wise as shall be agreeable Unto the English law and their demerits.

Is it not so ?

Bellingham (returning the paper).

Ay, so the paper says.

Endicott. It means we shall no longer rule the Province ;
It means farewell to law and liberty, Authority, respect for Magistrates,
The peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.

If all the knaves upon this continent Can make appeal to England, and so thwart

The ends of truth and justice by delay, Our power is gone forever. We are nothing

But ciphers, valueless save when we follow

Some unit ; and our unit is the King ! 'T is he that gives us value.

Bellingham. I confess
Such seems to be the meaning of this paper.

But being the King's Mandamus, signed and sealed,
We must obey, or we are in rebellion.

Endicott. I tell you, Richard Bellingham, — I tell you,
That this is the beginning of a struggle Of which no mortal can foresee the end.
I shall not live to fight the battle for you,

I am a man disgraced in every way ; This order takes from me my self-respect

And the respect of others. 'T is my doom,

Yes, my death-warrant, but must be obeyed !

Take it, and see that it is executed



So far as this, that all be set at large ;
But see that none of them be sent to
England

To bear false witness, and to spread
reports
That might be prejudicial to ourselves.

[Exit BELLINGHAM.]

There 's a dull pain keeps knocking at
my heart,

Dolefully saying, "Set thy house in
order,

For thou shalt surely die, and shalt not
live !"

For me the shadow on the dial-plate
Goeth not back, but on into the dark !

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *The street. A crowd, reading a placard on the door of the Meeting-house.* NICHOLAS UPSALL among them. Enter JOHN NORTON.

Norton. What is this gathering here ?
Upsall. One William Brand,

An old man like ourselves, and weak in
body,

Has been so cruelly tortured in his
prison,

The people are excited, and they
threaten

To tear the prison down.

Norton. What has been done ?

Upsall. He has been put in irons,
with his neck

And heels tied close together, and so
left

From five in the morning until nine at
night.

Norton. What more was done ?

Upsall. He has been kept five days
in prison without food, and cruelly

beaten,
So that his limbs were cold, his senses
stopped.

Norton. What more ?

Upsall. And is this not enough ?

Norton. Now hear me.

This William Brand of yours has tried
to beat

Our Gospel Ordinances black and blue ;
And, if he has been beaten in like
manner,

It is but justice, and I will appear
In his behalf that did so. I suppose
That he refused to work.

Upsall. He was too weak.

How could an old man work, when he
was starving ?

Norton. And what is this placard ?

Upsall. The Magistrates,

To appease the people and prevent a
tumult,

Have put up these placards throughout
the town,

Declaring that the jailer shall be dealt
with

Impartially and sternly by the Court.

Norton (*tearing down the placard*).

Down with this weak and cowardly
concession,

This flag of truce with Satan and with
Sin !

I fling it in his face ! I trample it
Under my feet ! It is his cunning

craft,

The masterpiece of his diplomacy,
To cry and plead for boundless toleration.

But toleration is the first-born child
Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's triumphant
army

For tolerationists. And if an Angel
Preach any other gospel unto you

Than that ye have received, God's
malediction

Descend upon him ! Let him be ac-
cursed !

[Exit.]

Upsall. Now, go thy ways, John
Norton ! go thy ways,

Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men call
thee !

But even now there cometh out of
England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing con-
science,

An outraged man, to call thee to ac-
count

For the unrighteous murder of his son !

[Exit.]

SCENE V. — *The Wilderness.* Enter
EDITH.

Edith. How beautiful are these
autumnal woods !

The wilderness doth blossom like the
rose,
And change into a garden of the Lord !
How silent everywhere ! Alone and
lost

Here in the forest, there comes over me
An inward awfulness. I recall the
words

Of the Apostle Paul : " In journeyings
often,

Often in perils in the wilderness,
In weariness, in painfulness, in watch-
ings,

In hunger and thirst, in cold and
nakedness " ;

And I forget my weariness and pain,
My watchings, and my hunger and my
thirst.

The Lord hath said that he will seek
his flock

In cloudy and dark days, and they shall
dwell

Securely in the wilderness, and sleep
Safe in the woods ! Whichever way I
turn,

I come back with my face towards the
town.

Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond it.
O cruel town ! I know what waits me
there,

And yet I must go back ; for ever louder
I hear the inward calling of the Spirit,
And must obey the voice. O woods,
that wear

Your golden crown of martyrdom,
blood-stained,

From you I learn a lesson of submis-
sion,

And am obedient even unto death,
If God so wills it. *[Exit.*

John Endicott (within). Edith !
Edith ! Edith !

(He enters.)

It is in vain ! I call, she answers not !
I follow, but I find no trace of her !
Blood ! blood ! The leaves above me
and around me

Are red with blood ! The pathways of
the forest,

The clouds that canopy the setting sun,
And even the little river in the meadows,
Are stained with it ! Where'er I look,
I see it !

Away, thou horrible vision ! Leave me !
leave me !

Alas ! yon winding stream, that gropes
its way

Through mist and shadow, doubling on
itself,

At length will find, by the unerring law
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of

man,
Groping through mist and shadow, and
recoiling

Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious
ways

Subject to law ? and when thou seem-
est to wander

The farthest from thy goal, art thou
still drawing

Nearer and nearer to it, till at length
Thou findest, like the river, what thou
seekest ? *[Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Daybreak. Street in front
of UPSALL'S house. A light in the
window. Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*

John Endicott. O silent, sombre,
and deserted streets,

To me ye 're peopled with a sad pro-
cession,

And echo only to the voice of sor-
row !

O houses full of peacefulness and sleep,
Far better were it to awake no more

Than wake to look upon such scenes
again !

There is a light in Master Upsall's win-
dow.

The good man is already risen, for
sleep

Deserts the couches of the old.

(Knocks at UPSALL'S door.)

Upsall (at the window). Who's
there ?

John Endicott. Am I so changed
you do not know my voice ?

Upsall. I know you. Have you
heard what things have happened ?

John Endicott. I have heard noth-
ing.

Upsall. Stay ; I will come down.
John Endicott. I am afraid some
dreadful news awaits me !

I do not dare to ask, yet am impatient
To know the worst. O, I am very weary
With waiting and with watching and
pursuing!

(Enter UPSALL.)

Upsall. Thank God, you have come
back! I've much to tell you.
Where have you been?

John Endicott. You know that
I was seized,
Fined, and released again. You know
that Edith,
After her scourging in three towns, was
banished

Into the wilderness, into the land
That is not sown; and there I followed
her,

But found her not. Where is she?

Upsall. She is here.

John Endicott. O, do not speak that
word, for it means death!

Upsall. No, it means life. She
sleeps in yonder chamber.

Listen to me. When news of Leddra's
death

Reached England, Edward Burroughs,
having boldly

Got access to the presence of the King,
Told him there was a vein of innocent
blood

Opened in his dominions here, which
threatened

To overrun them all. The King replied,
"But I will stop that vein!" and he
forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates,
That they proceed no further in this
business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at large.

John Endicott. Thank God! This
is a victory for truth!

Our thoughts are free. They cannot
be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death on
scaffolds!

Upsall. Come in; the morning air
blows sharp and cold
Through the damp streets.

John Endicott. It is the dawn of day
That chases the old darkness from our
sky,

And fills the land with liberty and light.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The parlor of the Three
Mariners. Enter KEMPTHORN.*

Kemphthorn. A dull life this, — a dull
life anyway!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard,
Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind
blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle
lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded
bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, "What's to be
done?"

Says he: "Just slip your hawser in the
night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail,
Simon."

But that won't do; because, you see,
the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it.
Here are King Charles's Twelve Good

Rules, that Cole
Thinks as important as the Rule of

Three. (*Reads.*)
"Make no comparisons; make no long

meals."

Those are good rules and golden for a
landlord

To hang in his best parlor, framed and
glazed!

"Maintain no ill opinions; urge no
healths."

I drink the King's, whatever he may
say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends.
Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a good

opinion,
And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion;

And both of these opinions I'll main-
tain

As long as there's a shot left in the
locker.

(*Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-
trumpet.*)

Butter. Good morning, Captain
Kemphthorn.

Kemphthorn. Sir, to you.
You've the advantage of me. I don't

know you.
What may I call your name?

Butter. That's not your name?
Kemphthorn. Yes, that's my name.

What's yours?

Butter. My name is Butter.
I am the treasurer of the Common-wealth.

Kemphorn. Will you be seated?

Butter. What say? Who's con-
ceited?

Kemphorn. Will you sit down?

Butter. O, thank you.

Kemphorn. Spread yourself
Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

Butter (*sitting down*). A fine morn-
ing.

Kemphorn. Nothing's the matter
with it that I know of.

I have seen better, and I have seen
worse.

The wind's nor'west. That's fair for
them that sail.

Butter. You need not speak so loud;
I understand you.

You sail to-day.

Kemphorn. No, I don't sail to-day.
So, be it fair or foul, it matters not.

Say, will you smoke? There's choice
tobacco here.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against
the law to smoke.

Kemphorn. Then, will you drink?
There's good ale at this inn.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against
the law to drink.

Kemphorn. Well, almost every-
thing's against the law

In this good town. Give a wide berth
to one thing,

You're sure to fetch up soon on some-
thing else.

Butter. And so you sail to-day for
dear Old England.

I am not one of those who think a sup
Of this New England air is better worth
Than a whole draught of our Old Eng-
land's ale.

Kemphorn. Nor I. Give me the
ale and keep the air.

But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

Butter. Ah yes; you sail to-day.

Kemphorn. I'm under bonds
To take some Quakers back to the
Barbadoes;

And one of them is banished, and an-
other

Is sentenced to be hanged.

Butter. No, all are pardoned,

All are set free, by order of the Court;
But some of them would fain return to
England.

You must not take them. Upon that
condition

Your bond is cancelled.

Kemphorn. Ah, the wind
has shifted!

I pray you, do you speak officially?

Butter. I always speak officially.

To prove it,

Here is the bond.

(*Rising, and giving a paper.*)

Kemphorn. And here's my hand
upon it.

And, look you, when I say I'll do a
thing

The thing is done. Am I now free to go?

Butter. What say?

Kemphorn. I say, confound
the tedious man

With his strange speaking-trumpet!
Can I go?

Butter. You're free to go, by order
of the Court.

Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kemphorn (*shouting from the win-
dow*). Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!

If ever a man was happy to leave Boston,
That man is Simon Kemphorn of the
Swallow!

(*Re-enter BUTTER.*)

Butter. Pray, did you call?

Kemphorn. Call? Yes, I hailed
the Swallow.

Butter. That's not my name. My
name is Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

Kemphorn (*shaking hands*). Good
by! Good by!

Butter. Your servant, sir.

Kemphorn. And yours
a thousand times! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — GOVERNOR ENDICOTT'S
private room. An open window.

ENDICOTT *seated in an arm-chair.*
BELLINGHAM *standing near.*

Endicott. O lost, O loved! wilt thou
return no more?

O loved and lost, and loved the more
when lost!

How many men are dragged into their
graves

By their rebellious children ! I now
feel

The agony of a father's breaking heart
In David's cry, " O Absalom, my son ! "

Bellingham. Can you not turn your
thoughts a little while

To public matters ? There are papers
here

That need attention.

Endicott. Trouble me no more !
My business now is with another world.

Ah, Richard Bellingham ! I greatly
fear

That in my righteous zeal I have been
led

To doing many things which, left un-
done,

My mind would now be easier. Did I
dream it,

Or has some person told me, that John
Norton

Is dead ?

Bellingham. You have not dreamed
it. He is dead,

And gone to his reward. It was no
dream.

Endicott. Then it was very sudden ;
for I saw him

Standing where you now stand not long
ago.

Bellingham. By his own fireside, in
the afternoon,

A faintness and a giddiness came o'er
him ;

And, leaning on the chimney-piece, he
cried,

" The hand of God is on me ! " and fell
dead.

Endicott. And did not some one say,
or have I dreamed it,

That Humphrey Atherton is dead ?

Bellingham. Alas !
He too is gone, and by a death as sud-
den.

Returning home one evening, at the
place

Where usually the Quakers have been
scourged,

His horse took fright, and threw him to
the ground,

So that his brains were dashed about
the street.

Endicott. I am not superstitious,
Bellingham,

And yet I tremble lest it may have been
A judgment on him.

Bellingham. So the people think.
They say his horse saw standing in the
way

The ghost of William Leddra, and was
frightened.

And furthermore, brave Richard Da-
venport,

The captain of the Castle, in the storm
Has been struck dead by lightning.

Endicott. Speak no more.
For as I listen to your voice it seems

As if the Seven Thunders uttered their
voices,

And the dead bodies lay about the
streets

Of the disconsolate city ! Bellingham,
I did not put those wretched men to
death.

I did but guard the passage with the
sword

Pointed towards them, and they rushed
upon it !

Yet now I would that I had taken no
part

In all that bloody work.

Bellingham. The guilt of it
Be on their heads, not ours.

Endicott. Are all set free ?

Bellingham. All are at large.

Endicott. And none have been sent
back

To England to malign us with the King ?

Bellingham. The ship that brought
them sails this very hour,
But carries no one back.

(*A distant cannon.*)

Endicott. What is that gun ?

Bellingham. Her parting signal.
Through the window there,

Look, you can see her sails, above the
roofs,

Dropping below the Castle, outward
bound.

Endicott. O white, white, white !
Would that my soul had wings

As spotless as those shining sails to fly
with !

Now lay this cushion straight. I thank
you. Hark !

I thought I heard the hall door open
and shut!

I thought I heard the footsteps of my
boy!

Bellingham. It was the wind.

There 's no one in the passage.

Endicott. O Absalom, my son! I
feel the world

Sinking beneath me, sinking, sinking,
sinking!

Death knocks! I go to meet him!

Welcome, Death!

*(Rises, and sinks back dead; his head
falling aside upon his shoulder)*

Bellingham. O ghastly sight! Like
one who has been hanged!

Endicott! Endicott! He makes no
answer!

(Raises ENDICOTT's head.)

He breathes no more! How bright
this signet-ring

Glitters upon his hand, where he has
worn it

Through such long years of trouble, as
if Death

Had given him this memento of af-
fection,

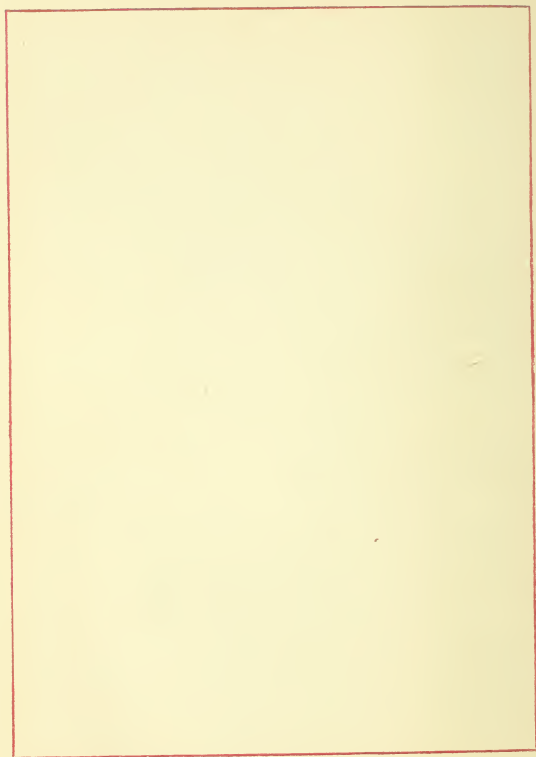
And whispered in his ear, "Remember
me!"

How placid and how quiet is his face,
Now that the struggle and the strife are
ended!

Only the acrid spirit of the times
Corroded this true steel. O, rest in
peace,

Courageous heart! Forever rest in
peace!

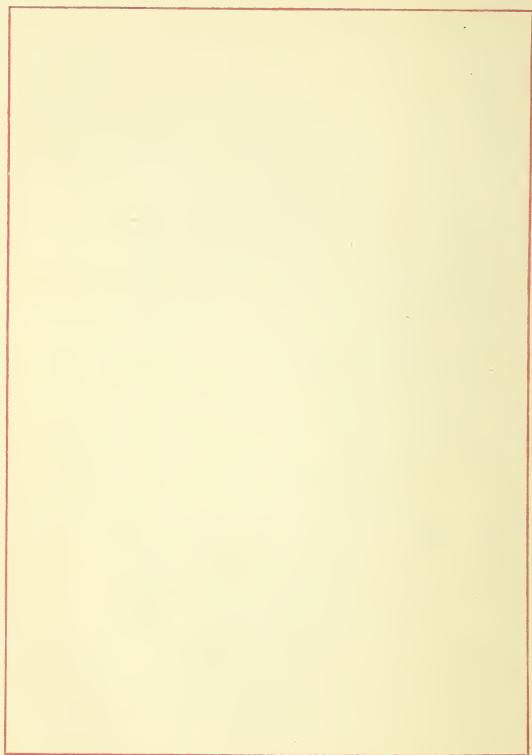
II.
GILES COREY
OF THE
SALEM FARMS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILES COREY	<i>Farmer.</i>
JOHN HATHORNE	<i>Magistrate.</i>
COTTON MATHER	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
JONATHAN WALCOT	<i>a youth.</i>
RICHARD GARDNER	<i>Sea-Captain.</i>
JOHN GLOYD	<i>Corey's hired man.</i>
MARTHA	<i>wife of Giles Corey.</i>
TITUBA	<i>an Indian woman.</i>
MARY WALCOT	<i>one of the Afflicted.</i>

The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.



PROLOGUE.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have
been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world
unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the
stoutest hearts, —

These are our theme to-night; and
vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the
atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird figures
cast
In shadow on the background of the
Past.

Who would believe that in the quiet
town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that
crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sun-
ny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal
arms, —

Who would believe that in those peace-
ful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the sum-
mer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes
through brain and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest, —
Who would believe such deeds could
find a place

As these whose tragic history we re-
trace?

'T was but a village then: the good-
man ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and
spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the
sun;
The only men of dignity and state

Were then the Minister and the Magis-
trate
Who ruled their little realm with iron
rod,

Less in the love than in the fear of God;
And who believed devoutly in the
Powers

Of Darkness, working in this world of
ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations
dread,

And shrouded apparitions of the dead.
Upon this simple folk "with fire and
flame,"

Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil
came;

Scattering his firebrands and his poi-
sonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and
hearts!

And 't is no wonder; for, with all his
host,

There most he rages where he hateth
most,

And is most hated; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous
things!"

Something of this our scene to-night
will show;

And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first
stone,

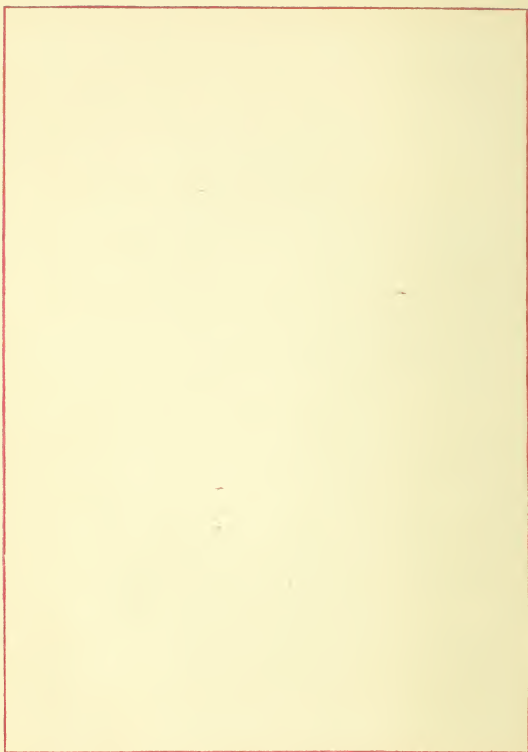
Nor think New England bears the guilt
alone.

This sudden burst of wickedness and
crime

Was but the common madness of the
time,

When in all lands, that lie within the
sound

Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned
or drowned.



GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— *The woods near Salem Village. Enter TITUBA, with a basket of herbs.*

Tituba. Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the blood ;
And deadly nightshade, that makes men see ghosts ;
And henbane, that will shake them with convulsions ;
And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,
That rack the nerves, and puff the skin with dropsy ;
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-bright,
That cause eruptions, nosebleed, rheumatisms ;
I know them, and the places where they hide
In field and meadow ; and I know their secrets,
And gather them because they give me power
Over all men and women. Armed with these,
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
Am stronger than the captain with his sword,
Am richer than the merchant with his money,
Am wiser than the scholar with his books,
Mightier than Ministers and Magistrates,
With all the fear and reverence that attend them !
For I can fill their bones with aches and pains,

Can make them cough with asthma,
shake with palsy,
Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts,
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand ;
A touch from me, and they are weak with pain,
A look from me, and they consume and die.
The death of cattle and the blight of corn,
The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire, —
These are my doings, and they know it not.
Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,
Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to me !

(*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER, booted and spurred, with a riding-whip in his hand.*)

Mather. Methinks that I have come by paths unknown
Into the land and atmosphere of Witches ;
For, meditating as I journeyed on,
Lo ! I have lost my way ! If I remember
Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned
That tells the story of a man who, praying
For one that was possessed by Evil Spirits,
Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face ;
I, journeying to circumvent the Witches,
Surely by Witches have been led astray.
I am persuaded there are few affairs

In which the Devil doth not interfere.
 We cannot undertake a journey even,
 But Satan will be there to meddle with it
 By hindering or by furthering. He
 hath led me
 Into this thicket, struck me in the face
 With branches of the trees, and so en-
 tangled
 The fetlocks of my horse with vines and
 brambles,
 That I must needs dismount, and
 search on foot
 For the lost pathway leading to the
 village.

(*Re-enter TITUBA.*)

What shape is this? What monstrous
 apparition,
 Exceeding fierce, that none may pass
 that way?
 Tell me, good woman, if you are a
 woman —

Tituba. I am a woman, but I am not
 good.

I am a Witch!

Mather. Then tell me, Witch
 and woman,

For you must know the pathways
 through this wood,
 Where lieth Salem Village?

Tituba. Reverend sir,
 The village is near by. I'm going
 there

With these few herbs. I'll lead you.
 Follow me.

Mather. First say, who are you? I
 am loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for fear
 Of being misled, and left in some morass.
 Who are you?

Tituba. I am Tituba the Witch,
 Wife of John Indian.

Mather. You are Tituba?
 I know you then. You have renounced
 the Devil,

And have become a penitent confessor.
 The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll fol-
 low you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse, that
 stands

Tethered among the trees, not far from
 here.

Tituba. Let me get up behind you,
 reverend sir.

Mather. The Lord forbid! What
 would the people think,
 If they should see the Reverend Cotton
 Mather
 Ride into Salem with a Witch behind
 him?

The Lord forbid!

Tituba. I do not need a horse;
 I can ride through the air upon a stick,
 Above the tree-tops and above the
 houses,

And no one see me, no one overtake me!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A room at JUSTICE HATHORNE'S. A clock in the corner.*
Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.

Hathorne. You are welcome, rever-
 end sir, thrice welcome here
 Beneath my humble roof.

Mather. I thank your Worship.

Hathorne. Pray you be seated. You
 must be fatigued
 With your long ride through unfre-
 quented woods.

(*They sit down.*)

Mather. You know the purport of
 my visit here, —

To be advised by you, and counsel with
 you,

And with the Reverend Clergy of the
 village,

Touching these witchcrafts that so
 much afflict you;

And see with mine own eyes the won-
 ders told

Of spectres and the shadows of the
 dead,

That come back from their graves to
 speak with men.

Hathorne. Some men there are, I
 have known such, who think

That the two worlds — the seen and the
 unseen,

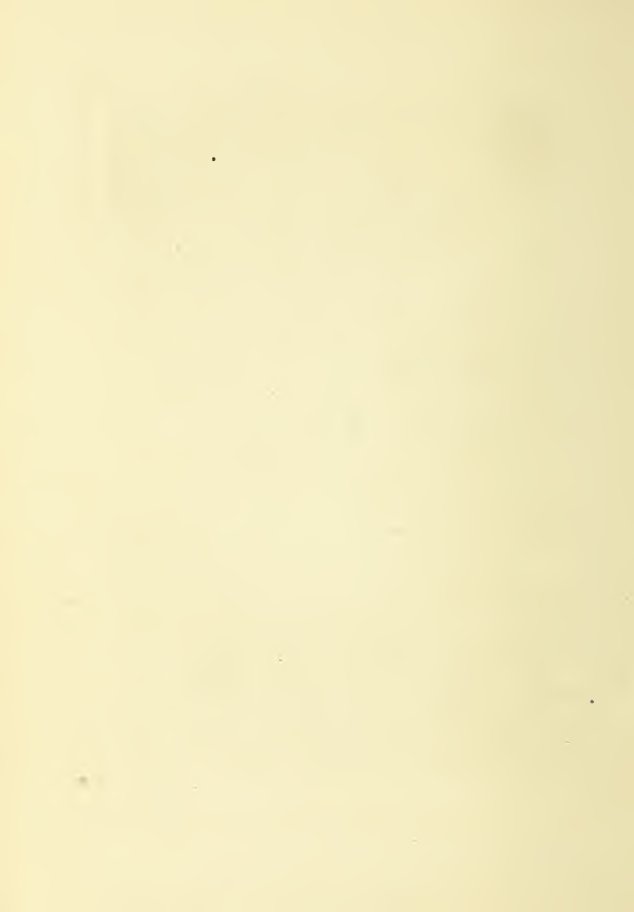
The world of matter and the world of
 spirit —

Are like the hemispheres upon our
 maps,

And touch each other only at a point.
 But these two worlds are not divided
 thus,

Save for the purposes of common
 speech.





They form one globe, in which the parted seas

All flow together and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.

Mather. I doubt it not. The spiritual world

Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms

That come and go, and we perceive them not

Save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them

To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

Hathorne. You, who are always welcome here among us,

Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,

Your learning in these things, to be our guide.

The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,

And ravages the land with all his hosts.

Mather. The Unclean Spirit said,
"My name is Legion!"

Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction!
But when our fervent, well-directed prayers,

Which are the great artillery of Heaven,
Are brought into the field, I see them scattered

And driven like Autumn leaves before the wind.

Hathorne. You, as a Minister of God, can meet them

With spiritual weapons; but, alas!

I, as a Magistrate, must combat them
With weapons from the armory of the flesh.

Mather. These wonders of the world invisible, —

These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations, —

The multiplied and manifold afflictions
With which the aged and the dying saints

Have their death prefaced and their age imbittered, —

Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim

The Second Coming of our Lord on earth

The evening wolves will be much more abroad,

When we are near the evening of the world.

Hathorne. When you shall see, as I have hourly seen,

The sorceries and the witchcrafts that torment us,

See children tortured by invisible spirits,
And wasted and consumed by powers unseen,

You will confess the half has not been told you.

Mather. It must be so. The death-pangs of the Devil

Will make him more a Devil than before,
And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will be heated

Seven times more hot before its putting out.

Hathorne. Advise me, reverend sir. I look to you

For counsel and for guidance in this matter.

What further shall we do?

Mather. Remember this,
That as a sparrow falls not to the ground

Without the will of God, so not a Devil
Can come down from the air without his leave.

We must inquire.

Hathorne. Dear sir, we have inquired;

Sifted the matter thoroughly through and through,

And then resifted it.

Mather. If God permits
These Evil Spirits from the unseen regions

To visit us with surprising informations,
We must inquire what cause there is for this,

But not receive the testimony borne
By spectres as conclusive proof of guilt
In the accused.

Hathorne. Upon such evidence
We do not rest our case. The ways are many

In which the guilty do betray themselves.

Mather. Be careful. Carry the knife
with such exactness,

That on one side no innocent blood be shed

By too excessive zeal, and, on the other,
No shelter given to any work of darkness.

Hathorne. For one, I do not fear excess of zeal.

What do we gain by parleying with the Devil?

You reason, but you hesitate to act!

Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in such cases

The only safety is in acting promptly.

'Tis not the part of wisdom to delay

In things where not to do is still to do

A deed more fatal than the deed we shrink from.

You are a man of books and meditation,
But I am one who acts.

Mather. God give us wisdom
In the directing of this thorny business,

And guide us, lest New England should become

Of an unsavory and sulphurous odor

In the opinion of the world abroad!

(The clock strikes.)

I never hear the striking of a clock

Without a warning and an admonition

That time is on the wing, and we must quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying Heavenward,

As Israel did in journeying Canaanward!

(They rise.)

Hathorne. Then let us make all haste; and I will show you

In what disguises and what fearful shapes
The Unclean Spirits haunt this neighborhood,

And you will pardon my excess of zeal.

Mather. Ah, poor New England!

He who hurricanoed

The house of Job is making now on thee

One last assault, more deadly and more snarled

With unintelligible circumstances
Than any thou hast hitherto encountered!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in WALCOT'S house. MARY WALCOT seated in an arm-chair. TITUBA with a mirror.*

Mary. Tell me another story, Tituba.
A drowsiness is stealing over me

Which is not sleep; for, though I close mine eyes,

I am awake, and in another world.

Dim faces of the dead and of the absent

Come floating up before me, — floating, fading,

And disappearing.

Tituba. Look into this glass.

What see you?

Mary. Nothing but a golden vapor.

Yes, something more. An island, with the sea

Breaking all round it, like a blooming hedge.

What land is this?

Tituba. It is San Salvador,

Where Tituba was born. What see you now?

Mary. A man all black and fierce.

Tituba. That is my father.

He was an Obi man, and taught me magic,

Taught me the use of herbs and images.
What is he doing?

Mary. Holding in his hand

A waxen figure. He is melting it

Slowly before a fire.

Tituba. And now what see you?

Mary. A woman lying on a bed of leaves,

Wasted and worn away. Ah, she is dying!

Tituba. That is the way the Obi men destroy

The people they dislike! That is the way

Some one is wasting and consuming you.

Mary. You terrify me, Tituba! O, save me

From those who make me pine and waste away!

Who are they? Tell me.

Tituba. That I do not know,

But you will see them. They will come to you.

Mary. No, do not let them come!

I cannot bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am dying.

(Falls into a trance.)

Tituba. Hark! there is some one coming!

(Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and WALCOT.)

Walcot. There she lies,
Wasted and worn by devilish incanta-
tions!

O my poor sister!

Mather. Is she always thus?

Walcot. Nay, she is sometimes tor-
tured by convulsions.

Mather. Poor child! How thin she
is! How wan and wasted!

Hathorne. Observe her. She is
troubled in her sleep.

Mather. Some fearful vision haunts
her.

Hathorne. You now see
With your own eyes, and touch with
your own hands,

The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

Mather. One would need
The hands of Briareus and the eyes of
Argus

To see and touch them all.

Hathorne. You now have entered
The realm of ghosts and phantoms,—
the vast realm

Of the unknown and the invisible,
Through whose wide-open gates there
blows a wind

From the dark valley of the shadow of
Death,

That freezes us with horror.

Mary (starting). Take her hence!
Take her away from me. I see her
there!

She's coming to torment me!

Walcot (taking her hand). O my
sister!

What frightens you? She neither hears
nor sees me.

She's in a trance.

Mary. Do you not see her there?

Tituba. My child, who is it?

Mary. Ah, I do not know.

I cannot see her face.

Tituba. How is she clad?

Mary. She wears a crimson bodice.

In her hand

She holds an image, and is pinching
it

Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures
me!

I see her face now. It is Goodwife
Bishop!

Why does she torture me? I never
harmed her!

And now she strikes me with an iron
rod!

O, I am beaten!

Mather. This is wonderful!

I can see nothing! Is this apparition
visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

Hathorne. It is. The spectre is in-
visible

Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

Mary. Look! look! there is another
clad in gray!

She holds a spindle in her hand, and
threatens

To stab me with it! It is Goodwife
Corey!

Keep her away! Now she is coming
at me!

O mercy! mercy!

Walcot (thrusting with his sword).
There is nothing there!

Mather (to Hathorne). Do you see
anything?

Hathorne. The laws that govern
The spiritual world prevent our seeing
Things palpable and visible to her.

These spectres are to us as if they were
not.

Mark her, she wakes.

(*TITUBA touches her, and she awakes.*)

Mary. Who are these gentlemen?

Walcot. They are our friends. Dear
Mary, are you better?

Mary. Weak, very weak.

(*Taking a spindle from her lap, and
holding it up.*)

How came this spindle here?

Tituba. You wrenched it from the
hand of Goodwife Corey
When she rushed at you.

Hathorne. Mark that, reverend sir!

Mather. It is most marvellous, most
inexplicable!

*Tituba (picking up a bit of gray
cloth from the floor).* And here,
too, is a bit of her gray dress,

That the sword cut away.

Mather. Beholding this,
It were indeed by far more credulous
To be incredulous than to believe.

None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all
Pertaining to the spiritual world,
Could doubt such manifest and dam-
ning proofs!

Hathorne. Are you convinced?
Mather (to Mary). Dear child, be comforted!
 Only by prayer and fasting can you drive
 These Unclean Spirits from you. An
 old man
 Gives you his blessing. God be with
 you, Mary!

ACT II.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S farm.
Morning. Enter COREY, with a horseshoe and a hammer.

Corey. The Lord hath prospered me.
 The rising sun
 Shines on my Hundred Acres and my
 woods
 As if he loved them. On a morn like
 this
 I can forgive mine enemies, and thank
 God
 For all his goodness unto me and mine.
 My orchard groans with russets and
 pears; main;
 My ripening corn shines golden in the
 sun;
 My barns are crammed with hay, my
 cattle thrive;
 The birds sing blithely on the trees
 around me!
 And blither than the birds my heart
 within me,
 But Satan still goes up and down the
 earth;
 And to protect this house from his as-
 saults,
 And keep the powers of darkness from
 my door,
 This horseshoe will I nail upon the
 threshold.

(Nails down the horseshoe.)

There, ye night-hags and witches that
 torment
 The neighborhood, ye shall not enter
 here! —
 What is the matter in the field? — John
 Gloyd!
 The cattle are all running to the
 woods! —
 John Gloyd! Where is the man?
(Enter JOHN GLOYD.)

Look there!
 What ails the cattle? Are they all be-
 witched?

They run like mad.

Gloyd. They have been overlooked.

Corey. The Evil Eye is on them sure
 enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go after
 them!

(Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.)

Martha. What is amiss?

Corey. The cattle are bewitched.
 They are broken loose and making for
 the woods.

Martha. Why will you harbor such
 delusions, Giles?

Bewitched? Well, then it was John
 Gloyd bewitched them;

I saw him even now take down the bars
 And turn them loose! They're only
 frolicsome.

Corey. The rascal!

Martha. I was standing in the road,
 Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I
 saw him.

Corey. With Proctor's wife? And
 what says Goodwife Proctor?

Martha. Sad things indeed; the
 saddest you can hear

Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out
 upon!

Corey. Poor soul! I've known her
 forty year or more.

She was the widow Wasselby; and then
 She married Oliver, and Bishop next.

She's had three husbands. I remem-
 ber well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's
 tavern

In the old merry days, and she so gay
 With her red paragon bodice and her
 ribbons!

Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a
 Witch!

Martha. They'll little help her now,
 — her caps and ribbons

And her red paragon bodice, and her
 plumes,

With which she flaunted in the Meeting-
 house!

When next she goes there, it will be for
 trial.

Corey. When will that be?

Martha. This very day at ten.
Corey. Then get you ready. We will go and see it.

Come ; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

Martha. Not I. You know I do not like such things.

I wonder you should. I do not believe In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

Corey. Well, I do. There 's a strange fascination in it all, That draws me on and on. I know not why.

Martha. What do we know of spirits good or ill, Or of their power to help us or to harm us ?

Corey. Surely what 's in the Bible must be true. Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul ? Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost

Of Samuel from his grave ? The Bible says so.

Martha. That happened very long ago.

Corey. With God There is no long ago.

Martha. There is with us.

Corey. And Mary Magdalene had seven devils, And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion !

Martha. God's power is infinite. I do not doubt it.

If in his providence he once permitted Such things to be among the Israelites, It does not follow he permits them now, And among us who are not Israelites. But we will not dispute about it, Giles. Go to the village, if you think it best, And leave me here ; I 'll go about my work [Exit into the house.]

Corey. And I will go and saddle the gray mare.

The last word always. That is woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife, He must make up his mind to many things.

It 's putting new cloth into an old garment,

When the strain comes, it is the old gives way.

(Goes to the door.)

O Martha ! I forgot to tell you something.

I 've had a letter from a friend of mine, A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-vessel ; He writes that he is coming down to see us.

I hope you 'll like him.

Martha. I will do my best.

Corey. That 's a good woman. Now I will be gone.

I 've not seen Gardner for this twenty year ;

But there is something of the sea about him, —

Something so open, generous, large, and strong,

It makes me love him better than a brother. [Exit.]

(MARTHA comes to the door.)

Martha. O these old friends and cronies of my husband,

These captains from Nantucket and the Cape,

That come and turn my house into a tavern

With their carousing ! Still, there 's something frank

In these seafaring men that makes me like them.

Why, here 's a horseshoe nailed upon the doorstep !

Giles has done this to keep away the Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will bring with him

A gale of good sound common-sense, to blow

The fog of these delusions from his brain !

Corey (within). Ho ! Martha ! Martha !

(Enter COREY.)

Have you seen my saddle ?

Martha. I saw it yesterday.

Corey. Where did you see it ?

Martha. On a gray mare, that somebody was riding

Along the village road.
Corey. Who was it ? Tell me

Martha. Some one who should have stayed at home.

Corey (restraining himself). I see! Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me where it is.

Martha. I've hidden it away.

Corey. Go fetch it me.

Martha. Go find it.
Corey. No. I'll ride down to the village

Bare-back; and when the people stare and say,

"Giles Corey, where 's your saddle?" I will answer,

"A Witch has stolen it." How shall you like that?

Martha. I shall not like it.

Corey. Then go fetch the saddle.

[*Exit* MARTHA.

If an old man will marry a young wife, Why then — why then — why then — he must spell Baker!*

(*Enter* MARTHA *with the saddle, which she throws down.*)

Martha. There! There 's the saddle.

Corey. Take it up.

Martha. I won't!

Corey. Then let it lie there. I'll ride to the village,

And say you are a Witch.

Martha. No, not that, Giles.

(*She takes up the saddle.*)

Corey. Now come with me, and saddle the gray mare

With your own hands; and you shall see me ride

Along the village road as is becoming Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, your husband! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village. People coming and going. Enter GILES COREY.*

Corey. A melancholy end! Who would have thought

* A local expression for doing anything difficult. In the old spelling-books, Baker was the first word of two syllables, and when a child came to it he thought he had a hard task before him.

That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this?

Accused, convicted, and condemned to death

For Witchcraft! And so good a woman too!

A Farmer. Good morrow, neighbor Corey.

Corey (not hearing him). Who is safe?

How do I know but under my own roof

I too may harbor Witches, and some Devil

Be plotting and contriving against me?

Farmer. He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbor Corey!

Corey. Good morrow.

Farmer. Have you seen John Proctor lately?

Corey. No, I have not.

Farmer. Then do not see him, Corey.

Corey. Why should I not?

Farmer. Because he 's angry with you.

So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

Corey. Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me?

Farmer. He says you burned his house.

Corey. I burn his house? If he says that, John Proctor is a liar!

The night his house was burned I was in bed,

And I can prove it! Why, we are old friends!

He could not say that of me.

Farmer. He did say it. I heard him say it.

Corey. Then he shall unsay it. *Farmer.* He said you did it out of spite to him

For taking part against you in the quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell; that you trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no more. And so beware of him; that 's my advice!

[*Exit.*]

Corey. By Heaven! this is too much!
I'll seek him out,
And make him eat his words, or stran-
gle him.
I'll not be slandered at a time like this,
When every word is made an accusa-
tion,
When every whisper kills, and every
man
Walks with a halter round his neck!

(*Enter GLOYD in haste.*)

What now?
Gloyd. I came to look for you. The
cattle —

Corey. Well,
What of them? Have you found them?
Gloyd. They are dead.

I followed them through the woods,
across the meadows;
Then they all leaped into the Ipswich
River,
And swam across, but could not climb
the bank,
And so were drowned.

Corey. You are to blame for this;
For you took down the bars, and let
them loose.

Gloyd. That I deny. They broke
the fences down.

You know they were bewitched.

Corey. Ah, my poor cattle!
The Evil Eye was on them; that is
true.

Day of disaster! Most unlucky day!
Why did I leave my ploughing and my
reaping
To plough and reap this Sodom and
Gomorrhah?

O, I could drown myself for sheer vexa-
tion!
[*Exit.*]

Gloyd. He's going for his cattle.
He won't find them.

By this time they have drifted out to
sea.

They will not break his fences any more,
Though they may break his heart. And
what care I?
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—COREY'S kitchen. A table
with supper. MARTHA knitting.

Martha. He's come at last. I hear
him in the passage.

Something has gone amiss with him to-
day;

I know it by his step, and by the sound
The door made as he shut it. He is
angry.

(*Enter COREY with his riding-whip.
As he speaks, he takes off his hat
and gloves, and throws them down
violently.*)

Corey. I say if Satan ever entered
man
He's in John Proctor!

Martha. Giles, what is the matter?
You frighten me.

Corey. I say if any man
Can have a Devil in him, then that
man

Is Proctor, — is John Proctor, and no
other!

Martha. Why, what has he been
doing?

Corey. Everything!
What do you think I heard there in the
village?

Martha. I'm sure I cannot guess.
What did you hear?

Corey. He says I burned his house!
Martha. Does he say that?

Corey. He says I burned his house.
I was in bed

And fast asleep that night; and I can
prove it.

Martha. If he says that, I think the
Father of Lies

Is surely in the man.

Corey. He does say that,
And that I did it to wreak vengeance on
him

For taking sides against me in the
quarrel

I had with that John Gloyd about his
wages.

And God knows that I never bore him
malice

For that, as I have told him twenty
times!

Martha. It is John Gloyd has stirred
him up to this.

I do not like that Gloyd. I think him
crafty,

Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful.
Come, have your supper. You are tired
and hungry.

Corey. I'm angry, and not hungry.
Martha. Do eat something.

You'll be the better for it.

Corey (sitting down). I'm not hungry.

Martha. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Corey. It has gone down upon it, and will rise

To-morrow, and go down again upon it. They have trumped up against me the old story

Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on him.

Martha. O, that is false. I know it to be false.

Corey. He has been dead these fourteen years or more.

Why can't they let him rest? Why must they drag him

Out of his grave to give me a bad name? I did not kill him. In his bed he died,

As most men die, because his hour had come.

I have wronged no man. Why should Proctor say

Such things about me? I will not forgive him

Till he confesses he has slandered me

Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle gone.

Martha. They will come back again.

Corey. Not in this world.

Did I not tell you they were overlooked? They ran down through the woods, into

the meadows, and tried to swim the river, and were

drowned. It is a heavy loss.

Martha. I'm sorry for it.

Corey. All my dear oxen dead. I loved them, Martha,

Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,

And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils,

And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought

It gave me strength only to look at them.

And how they strained their necks against the yoke

If I but spoke, or touched them with the goad!

They were my friends; and when Gloyd came and told me

They were all drowned, I could have drowned myself

From sheer vexation; and I said as much

To Gloyd and others.

Martha. Do not trust John Gloyd With anything you would not have repeated.

Corey. As I came through the woods this afternoon,

Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed

With all that I had heard there in the village,

The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me,

Like an enchanted palace, and I wished I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft

To change them into gold. Then suddenly

A tree shook down some crimson leaves upon me,

Like drops of blood, and in the path before me

Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone.

Martha. Were you not frightened?

Corey. No, I do not think I know the meaning of that word.

Why frightened? I am not one of those who think the

Lord Is waiting till he catches them some day

In the back yard alone! What should I fear?

She started from the bushes by the path,

And had a basket full of herbs and roots For some witch-broth or other, — the

old hag!

Martha. She has been here to-day. *Corey.* With hand outstretched

She said: "Giles Corey, will you sign the Book?"

"Avaunt!" I cried: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

At which she laughed and left me. Put a voice

Was whispering in my ear continually: "Self-murder is no crime. The life of

man Is his, to keep it or to throw away!"

Martha. 'T was a temptation of the Evil One !
Giles, Giles! why will you harbor these dark thoughts?

Corey (rising). I am too tired to talk. I 'll go to bed.

Martha. First tell me something about Bridget Bishop.
How did she look? You saw her? You were there?

Corey. I 'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.

I 'll go to bed.

Martha. First let us pray together.

Corey. I cannot pray to-night.

Martha. Say the Lord's Prayer, and that will comfort you.

Corey. I cannot say,
"As we forgive those that have sinned against us,"

When I do not forgive them.

Martha (kneeling on the hearth).
God forgive you!

Corey. I will not make believe! I say, to-night
There's something thwarts me when I wish to pray,

And thrusts into my mind, instead of prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that are not prayers.

Something of my old self, — my old, bad life, —

And the old Adam in me, rises up,
And will not let me pray. I am afraid

The Devil hinders me. You know I say
Just what I think, and nothing more

nor less,

And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.

I cannot say one thing and mean another.

If I can't pray, I will not make believe!

(*Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S kitchen.

Morning. COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-table.

Corey (rising). Well, now I 've told you all I saw and heard

Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

Martha. Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.

Last night you came back tired and out of humor.

Corey. Say, angry; say, right angry. I was never

In a more devilish temper in my life. All things went wrong with me.

Martha. You were much vexed; So don't go to the village.

Corey (going). No, I won't. I won't go near it. We are going to

mow
The Ipswich meadows for the after-math,

The crop of sedge and rowens.

Martha. Stay a moment. I want to tell you what I dreamed last

night.
Do you believe in dreams?

Corey. Why, yes and no. When they come true, then I believe in

them;

When they come false, I don't believe in them.

But let me hear. What did you dream about?

Martha. I dreamed that you and I were both in prison;

That we had fetters on our hands and feet;

That we were taken before the Magistrates,

And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned to death!

I wished to pray; they would not let me pray;

You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it.

But the most dreadful thing in all my dream

Was that they made you testify against me!

And then there came a kind of mist between us;

I could not see you; and I woke in terror.

I never was more thankful in my life than when I found you sleeping at my side!

Corey (with tenderness). It was our talk last night that made you dream.

I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself
Another time, and keep my temper
down!

I do not like such dreams.—Remember,
Martha,

I'm going to mow the Ipswich River
meadows;

If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where
to find me. [Exit.

Martha. So this delusion grows from
bad to worse.

First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,
Ragged and wretched, and without a
friend;

Then something higher. Now it's
Bridget Bishop;

God only knows whose turn it will be
next!

The Magistrates are blind, the people
mad!

If they would only seize the Afflicted
Children,

And put them in the Workhouse, where
they should be,

There 'd be an end of all this wicked-
ness. [Exit.

SCENE II. — *A street in Salem Village*
Enter MATHER and HATHORNE.

Mather. Yet one thing troubles me.
Hathorne. And what is that?

Mather. May not the Devil take the
outward shape
Of innocent persons? Are we not in
danger,

Perhaps, of punishing some who are
not guilty?

Hathorne. As I have said, we do not
trust alone

To spectral evidence.

Mather. And then again,
If any shall be put to death for Witch-
craft,

We do but kill the body, not the soul.
The Unclean Spirits that possessed
them once

Live still, to enter into other bodies.
What have we gained? Surely, there's
nothing gained.

Hathorne. Doth not the Scripture
say, "Thou shalt not suffer
A Witch to live"?

Mather. The Scripture sayeth it,

But speaketh to the Jews; and we are
Christians.

What say the laws of England?

Hathorne. They make Witchcraft
Felony without the benefit of Clergy.
Witches are burned in England. You
have read—

For you read all things, not a book
escapes you—

The famous Demonology of King
James?

Mather. A curious volume. I re-
member also

The plot of the Two Hundred, with
one Fian,

The Registrar of the Devil, at their
head,

To drown his Majesty on his return
From Denmark; how they sailed in
sieves or riddles

Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lothian,
And, landing there, danced hand in
hand, and sang,

"Goodwife, go ye before! goodwife, go
ye!

If ye'll not go before, goodwife, let
me!"

While Geillis Duncan played the
Witches' Reel

Upon a jews-harp.

Hathorne. Then you know full well
The English law, and that in England
Witches,

When lawfully convicted and attainted,
Are put to death.

Mather. When lawfully convicted;
That is the point.

Hathorne. You heard the evidence
Produced before us yesterday at the
trial

Of Bridget Bishop.

Mather. One of the Afflicted,
I know, bore witness to the apparition
Of ghosts unto the spectre of this Bishop,
Saying, "You murdered us!" of the
truth whereof

There was in matter of fact too much
suspicion.

Hathorne. And when she cast her
eyes on the Afflicted,

They were struck down; and this in
such a manner

There could be no collusion in the
business.

And when the accused but laid her
hand upon them,
As they lay in their swoons, they straight
revived,
Although they stirred not when the
others touched them.

Mather. What most convinced me
of the woman's guilt
Was finding hidden in her cellar wall
Those poppets made of rags, with head-
less pins
Stuck into them point outwards, and
whereof

She could not give a reasonable account.

Hathorne. When you shall read the
testimony given

Before the Court in all the other cases,
I am persuaded you will find the proof
No less conclusive than it was in this.
Come, then, with me, and I will tax
your patience

With reading of the documents so far
As may convince you that these sorcer-
ers

Are lawfully convicted and attainted.
Like doubting Thomas, you shall lay
your hand

Upon these wounds, and you will doubt
no more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *A room in COREY'S
house. MARTHA and two Deacons
of the church.*

Martha. Be seated. I am glad to
see you here.

I know what you are come for. You
are come

To question me, and learn from my
own lips

If I have any dealings with the Devil;
In short, if I'm a Witch.

Deacon (sitting down). Such is our
purpose.

How could you know beforehand why
we came?

Martha. 'T was only a surmise.

Deacon. We came to ask you,
You being with us in church covenant,
What part you have, if any, in these
matters.

Martha. And I make answer, No
part whatsoever.

I am a farmer's wife, a working woman;

You see my spinning-wheel, you see my
loom,
You know the duties of a farmer's wife,
And are not ignorant that my life among
you
Has been without reproach until this
day.

Is it not true?

Deacon. So much we're bound to
own;

And say it frankly, and without reserve.

Martha. I've heard the idle tales
that are abroad;

I've heard it whispered that I am a
Witch;

I cannot help it. I do not believe
in any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

Deacon. How can you say that it is
a delusion,

When all our learned and good men
believe it? —

Our Ministers and worshipful Magis-
trates?

Martha. Their eyes are blinded, and
see not the truth.

Perhaps one day they will be open to it.

Deacon. You answer boldly. The
Afflicted Children

Say you appeared to them.

Martha. And did they say
What clothes I came in?

Deacon. No, they could not tell.
They said that you foresaw our visit here,
And blinded them, so that they could
not see

The clothes you wore.

Martha. The cunning, crafty girls!
I say to you, in all sincerity,

I never have appeared to any one
in my own person. If the Devil takes

My shape to hurt these children, or
afflict them,

I am not guilty of it. And I say
It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

Deacon. I greatly fear that you will
find too late

It is not so.

Martha (rising). They do accuse me
falsely.

It is delusion, or it is deceit.

There is a story in the ancient Scriptures
Which much I wonder comes not to
your minds.

Let me repeat it to you.

Deacon. We will hear it.
Martha. It came to pass that Naboth had a vineyard
 Hard by the palace of the King called Ahab.
 And Ahab, King of Israel, spake to Naboth,
 And said to him, Give unto me thy vineyard,
 That I may have it for a garden of herbs,
 And I will give a better vineyard for it,
 Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its worth
 In money. And then Naboth said to Ahab,
 The Lord forbid it me that I should give
 The inheritance of my fathers unto thee.
 And Ahab came into his house displeas'd
 And heavy at the words which Naboth spake,
 And laid him down upon his bed, and turned
 His face away; and he would eat no bread.
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came
 And said to him, Why is thy spirit sad?
 And he said unto her, Because I spake
 To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and said,
 Give me thy vineyard; and he answered, saying,
 I will not give my vineyard unto thee.
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said,
 Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel?
 Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart be merry;
 I will give Naboth's vineyard unto thee.
 So she wrote letters in King Ahab's name,
 And sealed them with his seal, and sent
 the letters
 Unto the elders that were in his city
 Dwelling with Naboth, and unto the nobles;
 And in the letters wrote, Proclaim a fast;
 And set this Naboth high among the people,
 And set two men, the sons of Belial,
 Before him, to bear witness and to say,
 Thou didst blaspheme against God and the King;
 And carry him out and stone him, that he die!

And the elders and the nobles of the city
 Did even as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,
 Had sent to them and written in the letters.
 And then it came to pass, when Ahab heard
 Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose to go
 Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and to take
 Possession of it. And the word of God
 Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise,
 Go down to meet the King of Israel
 In Naboth's vineyard, whither he hath gone
 To take possession. Thou shalt speak
 to him,
 Saying, Thus saith the Lord! What! hast thou killed
 And also taken possession? In the place
 Wherein the dogs have licked the blood
 of Naboth
 Shall the dogs lick thy blood,—ay, even
 thine!

(Both of the Deacons start from their seats.)

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,
 Said, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?
 Elijah the Prophet answered, I have
 found thee!
 So will it be with those who have stirred
 up
 The Sons of Belial here to bear false
 witness
 And swear away the lives of innocent
 people;
 Their enemy will find them out at last,
 The Prophet's voice will thunder, I
 have found thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Meadows on Ipswich River.* COREY and his men mowing; COREY in advance.

Corey. Well done, my men. You see, I lead the field!
 I'm an old man, but I can swing a scythe
 Better than most of you, though you be
 younger.

(Hangs his scythe upon a tree.)

Gloyd (aside to the others). How strong he is ! It 's supernatural. No man so old as he is has such strength. The Devil helps him !

Corey (wiping his forehead). Now we 'll rest awhile, And take our nooning. What 's the matter with you ? You are not angry with me,—are you, Gloyd ?

Come, come, we will not quarrel. Let 's be friends.

It 's an old story, that the Raven said, "Read the Third of Colossians and fifteenth."

Gloyd. You 're handier at the scythe, but I can beat you

At wrestling.

Corey. Well, perhaps so. I don't know.

I never wrestled with you. Why, you 're vexed !

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

Gloyd. You are afraid.

Corey. What should I be afraid of ?

All bear witness

The challenge comes from him. Now, then, my man.

(*They wrestle, and GLOYD is thrown.*)

One of the Men. That 's a fair fall.

Another. 'T was nothing but a foil !

Others. You 've hurt him !

Corey (helping GLOYD rise). No ; this meadow-land is soft.

You 're not hurt,—are you, Gloyd ?

Gloyd (rising). No, not much hurt !

Corey. Well, then, shake hands ; and there 's an end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug, my lad ?

And now we'll see what 's in our basket here.

Gloyd (aside). The Devil and all his imps are in that man !

The clutch of his ten fingers burns like fire !

Corey (reverentially taking off his hat). God bless the food he hath provided for us,

And make us thankful for it, for Christ 's sake !

(*He lifts up a keg of cider, and drinks from it.*)

Gloyd. Do you see that ? Don't tell me it 's not Witchcraft. Two of us could not lift that cask as he does !

(*COREY puts down the keg, and opens a basket. A voice is heard calling.*)

Voice. Ho ! Corey, Corey !

Corey. What is that ? I surely heard some one calling me by name !

Voice. Giles Corey !

(*Enter a boy, running, and out of breath.*)

Boy. Is Master Corey here ?

Corey. Yes, here I am.

Boy. O Master Corey !

Corey. Well ?

Boy. Your wife — your wife —

Corey. What 's happened to my wife ?

Boy. She 's sent to prison !

Corey. The dream ! the dream ! O

God, be merciful !

Boy. She sent me here to tell you.

Corey (putting on his jacket).

Where 's my horse ?

Don't stand there staring, fellows.

Where 's my horse ?

[*Exit Corey.*]

Gloyd. Under the trees there. Run, old man, run, run !

You 've got some one to wrestle with you now

Who 'll trip your heels up, with your Cornish hug.

If there 's a Devil, he has got you now. Ah, there he goes ! His horse is snorting fire !

One of the Men. John Gloyd, don't talk so ! It 's a shame to talk so ! He 's a good master, though you quarrel with him.

Gloyd. If hard work and low wages make good masters,

Then he is one. But I think otherwise. Come, let us have our dinner and be

merry, And talk about the old man and the

Witches. I know some stories that will make you

laugh.

(*They sit down on the grass, and eat.*)

Now there are Goody Cloyse and Goody
Good,
Who have not got a decent tooth be-
tween them,
And yet these children — the Afflicted
Children —
Say that they bite them, and show marks
of teeth
Upon their arms !

One of the Men. That makes the
wonder greater.
That's Witchcraft. Why, if they had
teeth like yours,
'T would be no wonder if the girls were
bitten !

Gloyd. And then those ghosts that
come out of their graves
And cry, " You murdered us ! you murder-
ed us ! "

One of the Men. And all those Appa-
ritions that stick pins
Into the flesh of the Afflicted Children !

Gloyd. O those Afflicted Children !
they know well
Where the pins come from. I can tell
you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got a
horseshoe
Nailed on his doorstep to keep off the
Witches,
And all the same his wife has gone to
prison.

One of the Men. O, she's no Witch.
I'll swear that Goodwife Corey
Never did harm to any living creature.
She's a good woman, if there ever was
one.

Gloyd. Well, we shall see. As for
that Bridget Bishop,
She has been tried before ; some years
ago

A negro testified he saw her shape
Sitting upon the rafters in a barn,
And holding in its hand an egg ; and
while
He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had
vanished.

And now be quiet, will you ? I am tired,
And want to sleep here on the grass a
little.

(*They stretch themselves on the grass*)

One of the Men. There may be
Witches riding through the air

Over our heads on broomsticks at this
moment,
Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the
woods
To be baptized.

Gloyd. I wish they'd take
you with them,
And hold you under water, head and
ears,
Till you were drowned ; and that would
stop your talking,
If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I say.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of the
village Meeting-house. An excited
crowd gathering. Enter JOHN
GLOYD.*

A Farmer. Who will be tried to-day ?

A Second. I do not know.

Here is John Gloyd. Ask him ; he
knows.

Farmer. John Gloyd,

Whose turn is it to day ?

Gloyd. It's Goodwife Corey's.

Farmer. Giles Corey's wife ?

Gloyd. The same. She is not mine.
It will go hard with her with all her
praying.

The hypocrite ! She's always on her
knees ;

But she prays to the Devil when she
prays.

Let us go in.

(*A trumpet blows.*)

Farmer. Here come the Magistrates.

Second Farmer. Who's the tall
man in front ?

Gloyd. O, that is Hathorne,

A Justice of the Court, and Quarter-
master

In the Three County Troop. He'll
sift the matter.

That's Corwin with him ; and the man
in black

Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston.

(*Enter HATHORNE and other Magis-
trates on horseback, followed by the
Sheriff, constables, and attendants
on foot. The Magistrates dismount,
and enter the Meeting-house, with
the rest.*)

Farmer. The Meeting-house is full.

I never saw

So great a crowd before.

Gloyd. No matter. Come.

We shall find room enough by elbow-

ing

Our way among them. Put your

shoulder to it.

Farmer. There were not half so many

at the trial

Of Goodwife Bishop.

Gloyd. Keep close after me.

I'll find a place for you. They'll want

me there.

I am a friend of Corey's, as you know,

And he can't do without me just at present.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meeting-house. MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY WALCOT in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.*

Hathorne. Call Martha Corey.

Martha. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward.

(*She ascends the platform.*)

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and

Lady

The King and Queen, here present, do

accuse you

Of having on the tenth of June last

past,

And divers other times before and after,

Wickedly used and practised certain

arts

Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and In-

cantations,

Against one Mary Walcot, single wo-

man,

Of Salem Village; by which wicked

arts

The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tor-

mented,

Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed,

and wasted,

Against the peace of our Sovereign

Lord and Lady

The King and Queen, as well as of the

Statute

Made and provided in that case. What

say you?

Martha. Before I answer, give me

leave to pray.

Hathorne. We have not sent for you,

nor are we here,

To hear you pray, but to examine you

In whatsoever is alleged against you.

Why do you hurt this person?

Martha. I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge against

me.

Mary. Avoid, she-devil! You torment

me now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch!

Martha. I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witchcraft

Since I was born. I am a gospel wo-

man.

Mary. You are a gospel Witch!

Martha (clasping her hands). Ah

me! ah me!

O, give me leave to pray!

Mary (stretching out her hands).

She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

Hathorne. Who made these marks

Upon her hands?

Martha. I do not know. I stand

Apart from her. I did not touch her

hands.

Hathorne. Who hurt her then?

Martha. I know not.

Hathorne. Do you think

She is bewitched?

Martha. Indeed I do not think so.

I am no Witch, and have no faith in

Witches.

Hathorne. Then answer me: When

certain persons came

To see you yesterday, how did you know

Beforehand why they came?

Martha. I had had speech.

The children said I hurt them, and I

thought

These people came to question me

about it.

Hathorne. How did you know the

children had been told

To note the clothes you wore?

Martha. My husband told me

What others said about it.

Hathorne. Goodman Corey,
Say, did you tell her?

Corey. I must speak the truth ;
I did not tell her. It was some one
else.

Hathorne. Did you not say your
husband told you so ?
How dare you tell a lie in this assembly ?
Who told you of the clothes ? Confess
the truth.

(*MARTHA bites her lips, and is silent.*)

You bite your lips, but do not answer
me !

Mary. Ah, she is biting me ! Avoid,
avoid !

Hathorne. You said your husband
told you.

Martha. Yes, he told me
The children said I troubled them.

Hathorne. Then tell me,
Why do you trouble them ?

Martha. I have denied it.

Mary. She threatened me ; stabbed
at me with her spindle ;
And, when my brother thrust her with
his sword,

He tore her gown, and cut a piece away.
Here are they both, the spindle and the
cloth.

(*Shows them.*)

Hathorne. And there are persons
here who know the truth
Of what has now been said. What
answer make you ?

Martha. I make no answer. Give
me leave to pray.

Hathorne. Whom would you pray
to ?

Martha. To my God and Father.

Hathorne. Who is your God and
Father ?

Martha. The Almighty !

Hathorne. Doth he you pray to say
that he is God ?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and not
God.

Mary. There is a dark shape whis-
pering in her ear.

Hathorne. What does he say to you ?

Martha. I see no shape.

Hathorne. Did you not hear it whis-
per ?

Martha. I heard nothing.

Mary. What torture ! Ah, what
agony I suffer !

(*Falls into a swoon.*)

Hathorne. You see this woman can-
not stand before you.
If you would look for mercy, you must
look

In God's way, by confession of your
guilt.

Why does your spectre haunt and hurt
this person ?

Martha. I do not know. He who
appeared of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and glorified,
May come in whatsoever shape he
chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at heart !

Corey. O Martha, Martha ! let me
hold your hand.

Hathorne. No ; stand aside, old
man.

Mary (*starting up*). Look there !
Look there !

I see a little bird, a yellow bird,
Perched on her finger ; and it pecks at
me.

Ah, it will tear mine eyes out !

Martha. I see nothing.

Hathorne. 'T is the Familiar Spirit
that attends her.

Mary. Now it has flown away. It
sits up there

Upon the rafters. It is gone ; is van-
ished.

Martha. Giles, wipe these tears of
anger from mine eyes.

Wipe the sweat from my forehead. I
am faint.

(*She leans against the railing.*)

Mary. O, she is crushing me with
all her weight !

Hathorne. Did you not carry once
the Devil's Book

To this young woman ?

Martha. Never.

Hathorne. Have you signed it,
Or touched it ?

Martha. No ; I never saw it.

Hathorne. Did you not scourge her
with an iron rod ?

Martha. No, I did not. If any Evil
Spirit

Has taken my shape to do these evil deeds,

I cannot help it. I am innocent.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Magistrates were blind?

That you would open their eyes?

Martha (with a scornful laugh).

Yes, I said that;

If you call me a sorceress, you are blind!

If you accuse the innocent, you are blind!

Can the innocent be guilty?

Hathorne. Did you not

On one occasion hide your husband's saddle

To hinder him from coming to the Sessions?

Martha. I thought it was a folly in a farmer

To waste his time pursuing such illusions.

Hathorne. What was the bird that this young woman saw

Just now upon your hand?

Martha. I know no bird.

Hathorne. Have you not dealt with a Familiar Spirit?

Martha. No, never, never!

Hathorne. What then was the Book you showed to this young woman, and besought her

To write in it?

Martha. Where should I have a book?

I showed her none, nor have none.

Mary. The next Sabbath

Is the Communion-Day, but Martha Corey

Will not be there!

Martha. Ah, you are all against me.

What can I do or say?

Hathorne. You can confess.

Martha. No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

Hathorne. We have the proof of many witnesses

That you are guilty.

Martha. Give me leave to speak.

Will you condemn me on such evidence,—

You who have known me for so many years?

Will you condemn me in this house of God,

Where I so long have worshipped with you all?

Where I have eaten the bread and drunk the wine

So many times at our Lord's Table with you?

Bear witness, you that hear me; you all know

That I have led a blameless life among you,

That never any whisper of suspicion was breathed against me till this accusation.

And shall this count for nothing? Will you take

My life away from me, because this girl, who is distraught, and not in her right mind,

Accuses me of things I blush to name?

Hathorne. What! is it not enough?

Would you hear more?

Giles Corey!

Corey. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward, then.

(COREY ascends the platform.)

Is it not true, that on a certain night you were impeded strangely in your prayers?

That something hindered you? and that you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone

Upon the hearth?

Corey. Yes; I cannot deny it.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Devil hindered you?

Corey. I think I said some words to that effect.

Hathorne. Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,

To you belonging, broke from their enclosure

And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

Corey. It is most true.

Hathorne. And did you not then say that they were overlooked?

Corey. So much I said. I see; they're drawing round me closer,

closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot escape from! (*Aside.*)

Hathorne. Who did these things?

Corey. I do not know who did them.

Hathorne. Then I will tell you. It is some one near you ;

You see her now ; this woman, your own wife.

Corey. I call the heavens to witness, it is false !

She never harmed me, never hindered me In anything but what I should not do.

And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,

And in God's house here, that I never knew her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,

Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,

A virtuous and industrious and good wife !

Hathorne. Tut, tut, man ; do not rant so in your speech ;

You are a witness, not an advocate !

Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison.

Martha. O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life !

Mary. Go, go and join the Witches at the door.

Do you not hear the drum ? Do you not see them ?

Go quick. They're waiting for you. You are late.

(*Exit MARTHA ; COREY following.*)

Corey. The dream ! the dream ! the dream !

Hathorne. What does he say ? Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty ?

Corey. I know my death is foreordained by you, —

Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not answer.

(*During the rest of the scene he remains silent.*)

Hathorne. Do you refuse to plead?— 't were better for you

To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty.—

Do you not hear me?— Answer, are you guilty ?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty ?

Where is John Gloyd ?

Gloyd (coming forward). Here am I.

Hathorne. Tell the Court ; Have you not seen the supernatural power Of this old man ? Have you not seen

him do Strange feats of strength ?

Gloyd. I've seen him lead the field, On a hot day, in mowing, and against

Us younger men ; and I have wrestled with him.

He threw me like a feather. I have seen him

Lift up a barrel with his single hands, Which two strong men could hardly lift

together,

And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

Hathorne. That is enough ; we need not question further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey ?

Mary. See there ! See there !

Hathorne. What is it ? I see nothing.

Mary. Look ! Look ! It is the ghost of Robert Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder

By stamping on his body ! In his shroud

He comes here to bear witness to the crime !

(*The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.*)

Hathorne. Ghosts of the dead and voices of the living

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die !

It might have been an easier death. Your doom

Will be on your own head, and not on ours.

Twice more will you be questioned of these things ;

Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court, And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be condemned

To the *peine forte et dure!* To have
your body
Pressed by great weights until you shall
be dead!
And may the Lord have mercy on your
soul!

ACT V.

SCENE I. — COREY'S farm as in Act II.

Scene 1. Enter RICHARD GARDNER,
looking round him.

Gardner. Here stands the house as
I remember it,
The four tall poplar-trees before the
door;
The house, the barn, the orchard, and
the well,
With its moss-covered bucket and its
trough;
The garden, with its hedge of currant-
bushes;
The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far
beyond,
The pleasant landscape stretching to the
sea.

But everything is silent and deserted!
No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,
No sound of flails, that should be beat-
ing now;
Nor man nor beast astir. What can
this mean?

(Knocks at the door.)

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho! Giles
Corey! —

No answer but the echo from the barn,
And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,
That yonder wings his flight across the
fields,
As if he scented carrion in the air.

(Enter TITUBA with a basket.)

What woman's this, that, like an appa-
rition,
Haunts this deserted homestead in
broad day?

Woman, who are you?

Tituba. I am Tituba.

I am John Indian's wife. I am a
Witch.

Gardner. What are you doing here?

Tituba. I'm gathering herbs, —
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and penny-
royal.

Gardner (looking at the herbs). This
is not cinquefoil, it is deadly
nightshade!

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore!
This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane!
Do you come here to poison these good
people?

Tituba. I get these for the Doctor
in the Village.

Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children;
Make little poppets and stick pins in
them,
And then the children cry out they are
pricked.

The Black Dog came to me, and said,
"Serve me!"

I was afraid. He made me hurt the
children.

Gardner. Poor soul! She's crazed,
with all these Devil's doings.*Tituba.* Will you, sir, sign the Book?

Gardner. No, I'll not sign it.
Where is Giles Corey? Do you know
Giles Corey?

Tituba. He's safe enough. He's
down there in the prison.*Gardner.* Corey in prison? What
is he accused of?

Tituba. Giles Corey and Martha Co-
rey are in prison
Down there in Salem Village. Both
are Witches.

She came to me and whispered, "Kill
the children!"

Both signed the Book!

Gardner. Begone, you
imp of darkness!

You Devil's dam!

Tituba. Beware of Tituba!
[Exit.]

Gardner. How often out at sea on
stormy nights,
When the waves thundered round me,
and the wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my
ship
Clove through the solid darkness, like
a wedge,

I've thought of him, upon his pleasant
farm,

Living in quiet with his thrifty house-
wife,

And envied him, and wished his fate
were mine!

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly,
Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,
And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man !
[Exit.]

SCENE II. — *The prison.* GILES COREY at a table on which are some papers.

Corey. Now I have done with earth
and all its cares ;
I give my worldly goods to my dear children ;
My body I bequeath to my tormentors,
And my immortal soul to Him who made it.
O God ! who in thy wisdom dost afflict me
With an affliction greater than most men
Have ever yet endured or shall endure,
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour
For any pains of death to fall from thee !

(MARTHA is heard singing.)

Arise, O righteous Lord !
And disappoint my foes ;
They are but thine avenging sword,
Whose wounds are swift to close.

Corey. Hark, hark ! it is her voice !
She is not dead !
She lives ! I am not utterly forsaken !

(MARTHA, singing.)

By thine abounding grace
And mercies multiplied,
I shall awake, and see thy face ;
I shall be satisfied.

(COREY hides his face in his hands.
Enter the JAILER, followed by RICHARD GARDNER.)

Jailer. Here 's a seafaring man, one
Richard Gardner,
A friend of yours, who asks to speak
with you.

(COREY rises. They embrace.)

Corey. I'm glad to see you, ay,
right glad to see you.

Gardner. And I most sorely
grieved to see you thus.

Corey. Of all the friends I had in
happier days,

You are the first, ay, and the only one,
That comes to seek me out in my dis-
grace !

And you but come in time to say fare-
well.

They 've dug my grave already in the
field.

I thank you. There is something in
your presence,

I know not what it is, that gives me
strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of a man
Familiar with all dangers of the deep,
Familiar with the cries of drowning
men,

With fire, and wreck, and foundering
ships at sea !

Gardner. Ah, I have never known a
wreck like yours !

Would I could save you !

Corey. Do not speak of that.
It is too late. I am resolved to die.

Gardner. Why would you die who
have so much to live for ? —

Your daughters, and —

Corey. You cannot say the word.
My daughters have gone from me.

They are married ;
They have their homes, their thoughts,
apart from me ;

I will not say their hearts, — that were
too cruel.

What would you have me do ?

Gardner. Confess and live.

Corey. That 's what they said who
came here yesterday

To lay a heavy weight upon my con-
science

By telling me that I was driven forth
As an unworthy member of their church.

Gardner. It is an awful death.

Corey. 'T is but to drown,
And have the weight of all the seas
upon you.

Gardner. Say something ; say
enough to fend off death

Till this tornado of fanaticism
Blows itself out. Let me come in be-
tween you

And your severer self, with my plain
sense ;

Do not be obstinate.

Corey. I will not plead.
If I deny, I am condemned already,

In courts where ghosts appear as witnesses,
 And swear men's lives away. If I confess,
 Then I confess a lie, to buy a life
 Which is not life, but only death in life.
 I will not bear false witness against any,
 Not even against myself, whom I count least.

Gardner (aside). Ah, what a noble character is this!

Corey. I pray you, do not urge me to do that
 You would not do yourself. I have already
 The bitter taste of death upon my lips;
 I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
 That will crush out my life within this hour;
 But if a word could save me, and that word
 Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve
 A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!

Gardner (aside). How mean I seem beside a man like this!

Corey. As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr, —
 Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,
 Though numberless, do but await the dark
 To manifest themselves unto all eyes, —
 She who first won me from my evil ways,
 And taught me how to live by her example,
 By her example teaches me to die,
 And leads me onward to the better life!

Sheriff (without). Giles Corey!
 Come! The hour has struck!

Corey. I come!
 Here is my body; ye may torture it,
 But the immortal soul ye cannot crush!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A street in the Village.*
Enter GLOYD and others.

Gloyd. Quick, or we shall be late!

A Man. That 's not the way.
 Come here; come up this lane.

Gloyd. I wonder now
 If the old man will die, and will not speak?

He's obstinate enough and tough enough
 For anything on earth.

[*A bell tolls.*]

Hark! What is that?
A Man. The passing bell. He's dead!

Gloyd. We are too late.
 [*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE IV. — *A field near the graveyard.* GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The Sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. *Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

Hathorne. This is the Potter's Field—
 Behold the fate
 Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and,
 When questioned,
 Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,
 And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

Mather. O sight most horrible! In
 a land like this,
 Spangled with Churches Evangelical,
 Inwrapped in our salvations, must we seek
 In mouldering statute-books of English Courts
 Some old forgotten Law, to do such deeds?
 Those who lie buried in the Potter's Field
 Will rise again, as surely as ourselves
 That sleep in honored graves with epitaphs;
 And this poor man, whom we have made a victim,
 Hereafter will be counted as a martyr!

FINALE.

ST. JOHN.



ST. JOHN.

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the face
of the Earth.*

St. John. The Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years ;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears !
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind !
The world itself is old ;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay ;
But the evil doth not cease ;
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate ;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight,
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea !

But alas ! alas for me,
Not yet this rest shall be !

What, then ! doth Charity fail ?
Is Faith of no avail ?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night ?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again !
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes ;
Before him the demons flee ;
To the dead he sayeth : Arise !
To the living : Follow me !
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be !

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men ;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen ;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry :

Lo, here ! lo, there, the Church !
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,

Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still :
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

NOTES.



NOTES.

Page 73. THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1202.

He called his book simply "Legends of the Saints." The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible."

This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B.* Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance.

It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *Alt-deutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

Page 73.

*For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!*

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."—*Edinburgh*

Encyclopædia, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI. 776.

Page 83. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

"Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ." — *Epistola Abalardi Heloissæ*.

Page 92. *To come back to my text!*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

*Nescit predicare
Qui nescit Barlettare.*

"Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I., where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prædicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs*; par G. P. Philomeste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vin-

cent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.*, Lib. I. cap. 4.

Page 93. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's "Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays, in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play, which has been preserved, is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X^e Siècle*. Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell,

quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* : —

"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi day ; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto ; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators : and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi, or Ludus Coventriae*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city."

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her "Art-Student in Munich," Vol. I. Chap. IV. She says : —

"We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of him we naturally imagined must be in a peasant's Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures

of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us ; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant color of drapery, — the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly colored drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful ; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his "Eldorado," gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II. Chap. XI.

"Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem ; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead ; the Virgin, mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel ; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the rear. Two characters, of the harlequin sort — one with a dog's head on his shoulders, and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back — played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After

making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister. The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

"In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of 'O pescator dell'onda.' At the proper moment, the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform, and introduced to Herod, as the only king; this did not seem to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where, upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security.

"The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off.

Herod's Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking, and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy's face. Several other boys were caught and served likewise; and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangos in the *mésón*, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars, tinkling to lively polkas."

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston; and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the "Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ," with the characters and the names of the performers.

Page 101. THE SCRIPTORIUM.

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who labored, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labors, which are proper for us," says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as

in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labor of his hands is felt even where he is not."

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorium, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Études Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Cîteaux "many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked."

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Paléographie Græca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons, with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labors. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you,

if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen."

"If anything is well, praise the transcriber: if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnius, a most learned man."

This last colophon, Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

Page 105. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the

hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that "pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment."

Sharpe, in his *History of the Kings of England*, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for comotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

Page 105. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. the doors and walks are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in

short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavor in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavor to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. ah Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. in the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound." — *Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.*

Page 113. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturæ Arcanis*:—

"Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters." — p. 128.

"Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after hav-

ing furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colors, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured, that the staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from rob-

bers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge."—p. 130.

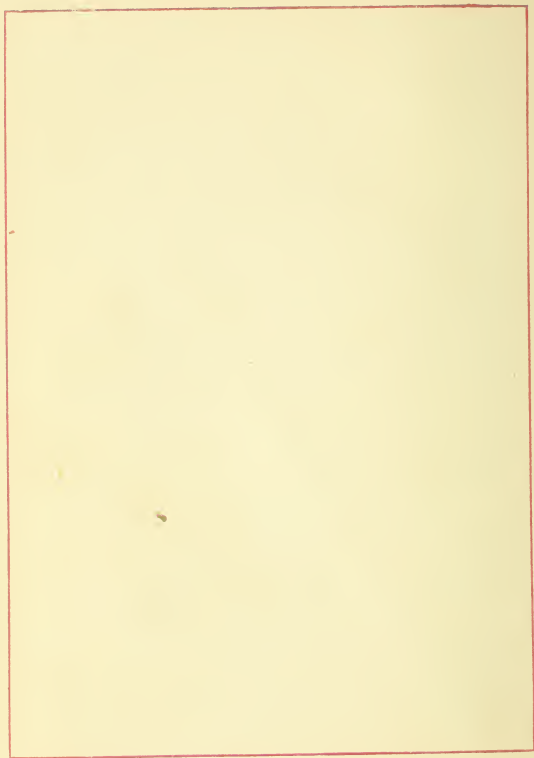
Page 116. *Saint Elmo's stars.*

So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 116. *The School of Salerno.*

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, I. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, II. 354.

THE END.











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